

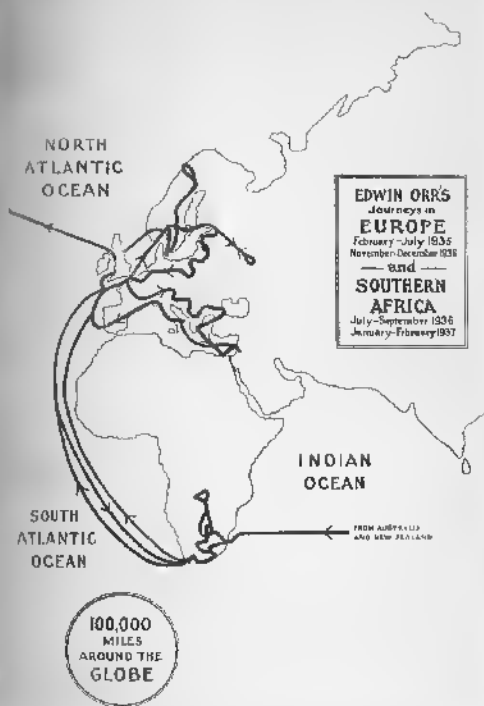
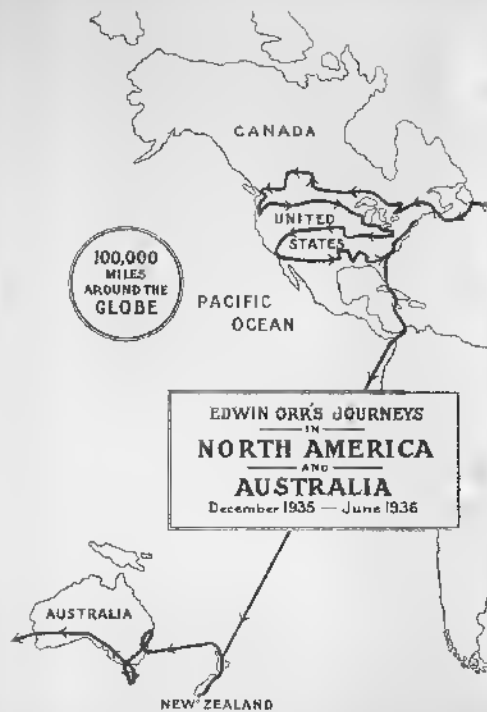
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HAPPEN

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SUCH THINGS HAPPEN





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# SUCH THINGS HAPPEN

100,000 MILES AROUND THE GLOBE

By  
J. EDWIN ORR

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#### PUBLISHER'S FOREWORD

This book in outline was first suggested to the author by several Crusader leaders who expressed a desire to have a record of his travels which they could give to "the man in the street." And so this new publication has been put together to interest the average individual who knows little about religious work.

To those who know Mr. J. Edwin Orr as an author, it is necessary to explain that *Such Things Happen* contains most of the travel stories, anecdote, humour, adventure and remarkable records of answers to prayer already published in the first seven books from the author's pen. It omits the mass of detail which appeals only to the man with experience of present-day Evangelical work. *Such Things Happen* includes, besides, much hitherto unpublished material of interest, with accounts of further travels in the Arctic and in Africa up to the time of the author's marriage. A Christian reader will find this book a most suitable one for passing on to friends and outsiders.

To those who have not read Mr. Orr's writings, we may explain that the author is a young man of twenty-five, who has toured over fifty countries, and who has become in a couple of years (to

quote a contemporary magazine) "the most-discussed evangelist of to-day." His published works have reached a circulation of 300,000, and crowds of many thousands flock to hear him wherever he speaks.

To all, the real value of this book lies in its demonstration that there is a God Who takes an interest in personal, human affairs. Otherwise, this record of a tour of 100,000 miles around the globe—begun without money or support—would be entirely unbelievable.

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## SUCH THINGS HAPPEN

### CHAPTER I

#### BEGINNING OF THINGS

September 28, 1933. . . . Birkenhead.

We stood talking together, Frank and I.

"How much money have you in hand?" he asked.

"Two shillings and eightpence farthing," I replied.

"But where will you sleep tonight?"

"I'm sure I don't know," and the Irishman in me added: "I'll sleep in bed, I suppose."

"Ycs, yes, old man," Frank retorted, "how will you get your next meal?"

"I don't know that either," I explained, "but I know where to put it."

Frank did not know what to say. His Irish pal of Rover Scout days had arrived suddenly in Birkenhead, and had told him confidentially that he was setting out to tour the world alone, without money and without friends, and without begging either. Frank was baffled.

"And where are you going to?" was his next question.

9



"I've no idea."

"Well, Edwin," he said ruefully, "you describe this as a 'call from God.' I call it a bit of rotten luck, I do."

"Frank," I replied, "my Father in Heaven knows all about my funds, and He will provide my next meal and bed—why should I worry?"

"I don't understand it at all, Edwin. Those sort of things simply don't happen nowadays. How far do you hope to travel this week?"

"Two hundred miles to London," I ventured.

This was too much for Frank. He told me that on a certain occasion, he had run short of cash while cycling in the south of England, and that he found it exceedingly difficult to get back.

"If you manage to do it," he exploded, "it will be *two hundred miles of miracle*. But it is impossible."

"There is nothing impossible to God," I asserted. "Besides, I hope to visit every part of Britain in a year."

He made a quick calculation.

"Well, chummy. Best of luck. Either you're a terrible fool about it all, or else it's going to be ten thousand miles of miracle, Edwin."

We parted on the Chester road outside Birkenhead, and an hour later I was cycling down the road to nowhere, convinced that it led to everywhere.

And that is how I began a world tour which

ultimately stretched to one hundred thousand miles—a trip around the globe which took me through fifty countries—a journey completed by aeroplane, seaplane, icebreaker, motorship, fast car, streamlined trains, and a score of modes of travel—besides walking many weary miles on foot. The journey began with approximately half a crown, and was finished without any solicitation for money. I started as a *tramp*, and ended as an author, preacher, and globetrotter.

But let us go back to beginnings.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ireland was in a very disturbed state during the early days of 1912, and no one could predict what lay ahead. Sir Edward Carson was defying the Government to do its worst—the Government was trying to threaten Carson and his Ulster supporters. 1912 was the year of the Solemn League and Covenant, of the Gunrunning, of the Ulster Volunteer Drillings, of trouble. But the outbreak of the Great War, two years later, swept away the stage—and Ulstermen joined up to fight in the armies of Britain.

In the early days of 1912, actually on the 15th January, I was born. My parents were staunch Royalists—someone has facetiously said that my first two utterances were the Lord's Prayer and the Ulster slogan "We will not have Home Rule." I have hazy recollections of being given a bar of chocolate as a reward for waving a Union Jack and

saying "No Home Rule." In consequence, I had become a Loyalist too.

My father died when I was nine years old, and so my lasting impressions of him are consequently few. But I still remember his easy-going kindness to all his children. He was never very strong.

One day I walked into the kitchen, and finding a neighbour-woman there instead of my mother, I asked her what was wrong.

"Sit down a minute," she said, hesitantly.

I was bewildered. It was all so mysterious.

"Well, Edwin," she said at last, "your father has passed away."

No tears came to my eyes—but I went out miserably to tell my younger brother "Daddy's dead." That was the second death in the family, for a little baby sister had been taken the year before, breaking (I think) my father's heart.

Mother was always a totally different type to my father—she was practical. I well remember her working till the small hours making clothes for her children, or spending half her time nursing the sick. Her self-denial ruined her health.

There were five children. Alan, the eldest, showed very early promise of becoming a clever artist. He was six feet tall, broadshouldered, well-proportioned, but he inherited his father's weakness. Alan had a very mischievous and adventurous spirit. His spirit chafed under red-tape

to the hospital, and so we were not surprised when he quarrelled with his doctors and came home to cure himself. He was expected to live a few weeks, but instead of that, Alan went off to the mountains of Mourne, slept much, kept warm, ate well, and lived a healthy life. He had ever-improving health for over four years—but at last he caught a chill, relapsed, and died within sight of the beautiful mountains of Mourne that we all loved.

The youngest child was Margaret Louise, the little baby who died. The next youngest was my brother Bertram—now in London: and the second eldest was my sister Evelyn, now married.

I came in for a great deal more teasing than did the others. For instance, at ten years of age, I began to write poetry—most imaginative rhyme about life on Mars and what not, including epic poems on Mohammed's retreat from Mecca to Medina. Next to the Bible, my favourite book was Washington Irving's 'Life of Mahomet and his Successors'—which book I had read through thirteen times before my eleventh birthday. So this strange propensity for reading deep books earned me the nickname of *Professor* at school. Although fond of outdoor sports, I was greatly handicapped by always being the youngest in the class and therefore being sadly knocked about. Going strange places was my hobby from earliest

days—never getting lost, although often I lost other people.

In due course, I followed in Alan's footsteps, and took a scholarship in the local Municipal College. I much enjoyed it. My schoolmates discovered that I could write poetry, so my services were much in demand with the fellows who had sweethearts among the girls at the college. Everything went well. I wrote the poetry—they claimed authorship. Once, however, I made the mistake of giving the same poem to two different fellows paying attention to the same girl. The results were catastrophic for me. But I wrote more. I began my first novel when I was fourteen—it was a love-story combined with Allenby's conquest of Palestine. Written in longhand, it was circulated among my intimate friends as a serial, but never published. Many were our pranks at College together. One day our class armed itself with a liberal supply of stink-bombs made secretly in the chemical laboratory. We distributed ourselves among the dense crowd which packed out Woolworth's Store in High Street. At a pre-arranged signal, the stink-bombs were broken. Not long afterwards, Woolworth's was empty save for a few shopwalkers and assistants crouching 'the boy who stood on the burning deck.'

Another favourite trick was to place stink-bombs in the masters' pockets, accidentally bump against them, and disappear. The masters never

dreamed to like it. It was my great joy to plan a bit of the mischief, and a fellow-student named Elliot carried out the plots.

Years later, I had a letter from a young missionary in far away China, a fellow who, like myself, was a member of this "very wicked" class of boys which terrorised its masters. "I'm sure," he wrote, "that Bouncer, our old headmaster, would be dumbfounded if he discovered how many of us became ministers, preachers, and missionaries!" Strange, but many did.

A second year scholarship was followed by a third year award, but it was just then that my brother, the family's breadwinner, took ill. I gave up my studies and entered business at 15. Finding employment in a big bakery concern, I was the only young fellow among sixteen girls. I professed to be a woman-hater, but no one believed me, for I loved playing pranks upon them.

On one occasion, I entered the office, saddened.

"What's the matter, Edwin?"

"Haven't you heard the news?" I asked sadly.

"No. What's wrong?" inquired the girls.

"Poor old Mac was found with his head in a gas-oven this morning."

"Ah, no. Surely not. What a pity."

"It's true," I assured them, sadly.

"Who told you, Eddie?"

"Oh, I saw him myself," I replied cheerfully.

"He was looking in to see if the biscuits were all right, and he brought his head out again."

I enjoyed my work, and was finally transferred to a responsible position in the transport side of the firm. But I was still fond of mischief. So for seven years, my fellow-workers regarded me as a mischievous clown who must never be taken seriously.

• • • • •  
Then there came a change.

My family was what Ulster folk call 'good-living.' We were all given a religious training, and early each one was led to a profession of conversion. I was converted when I was nine—on my ninth birthday. But after a few years, I backslid—and had little or nothing to distinguish my life from that of my companions in the world. But as I entered my twenties, I began to be more interested in Christian work, felt ashamed of my frivolous existence, and began to take an active part in Christian service. A friendship with a good girl helped to divert my interests into proper channels. One day I met an old friend.

"Hallo, Jim. Want to ask you a question. Can you preach?"

"No, I don't think so. Can you?"

"No. But I want to. So what about starting with me?"

"But where could we preach?"

"In the open-air! What about it?"

We prayed about it. I had a ukelele, and Jim had a powerful voice. So, starting in the Shankill Road district of Belfast, we attracted a crowd, and preached as best we knew how. We decided to form a team of young men of all denominations to carry on with us. I had had a varied denominational training—first a Brethren Sunday School, then a Baptist Church, a Methodist Christian Endeavour Society, a Presbyterian Bible Class, Church of Ireland Rover Scouts, etc. The young men were of many persuasions. The band grew.

In September 1933, a gentleman in London offered me a salary to set up the work all over the world. I gave notice in business and told all my friends that I had received a call from God. Some were pleased, some were dubious, but it made no difference to me. I was sure that it was all right, and assured Mother that it would make no difference to the family income.

Then came the crash of my hopes. The gentleman in London suddenly disappointed me, postponed his offer, and put me off. My mother was a widow, my brother was out of work, my sister was ill, and I was the sole support of the home. But I had boasted that God could answer prayer: I felt that I could not go back to work after saying that God had answered my prayers by releasing me for this work.

"But what will become of us?" my mother asked.

"I don't know. But I promise to send you the usual contribution every week."

"But where will it come from?"

"I don't know. But it says in the Bible 'My God shall supply all your need' and either that's true or else it's not. If it is true, we'll be all right; if it's not true, the sooner we find out the better. But of course it's true."

I had about three pounds saved up, so I gave this to mother.

"Have you enough left for yourself?" she asked.

"Oh, yes, quite."

I possessed a ticket to Liverpool, and 2/8½—two shillings and eightpence farthing, or sixty-five cents. But I believed the promises of God, and so I started out to tour the world, striving to get Christians united in brotherly love, and trying to prepare the way for a religious revival which would make Christians much more like their Master.

I arrived in Liverpool with my old bicycle as a future means of transport, had breakfast with my only Liverpool friends, crossed over to Birkenhead.

This brings us to September 28, 1933—and here we take up the narrative.

## CHAPTER II

### ROUND BRITAIN ALONE

Some hours after I had left Birkenhead, I began to realise what I had done. Here I was in England, a lonely young Irishman, without any prospects ahead, and without even the money to return to Belfast. I began to think of the home I had left, of the parting with friends, of the hopeless outlook, developing that peculiar complaint called "lump in the throat." I was miserable, and Satan was making the most of my misery. Just then a quiet voice seemed to say, "Do you believe the promises of God?"

*The promises of God.* One came to mind. "My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus." Was it true? Of course it was true. How could one profess to be a Christian and deny such a fundamental of the faith? Did I believe the promises of God?

"Of course I do," I said to myself. Oh! what joy came into my heart at that moment. Not long afterwards I prayed for the opportunity of witnessing for God that day; an hour later, I addressed a Women's meeting in a church in Chester where I was absolutely unknown; two hours later I enjoyed a hearty meal with the leader, a saintly woman who

has since become one of my dearest friends. I was offered a night's hospitality by this newly adopted mother, but I declined, saying that I felt that the Lord wanted me to push on to Shrewsbury (or somewhere near there) in Salop.

A quarter of an hour later, I regretted the refusal, for rain commenced to fall heavily. I asked the Lord to enable me in some mysterious way to reach Shrewsbury, forty miles to the south, without getting wet. Before I had time to realise how impossible was that request, a young lorry-driver on the road mistook me for Bert Cook, a pal of mine from Northampton, 100 miles away! He gave me a lift to Wellington, and I had the joy of pointing him to Christ on the way. It was 11 p.m. when I arrived at the Column in Shrewsbury, and the next problem was bed and breakfast! So I spied a policeman on night duty, and was soon asking him where I could obtain reasonable accommodation for the night, explaining to him that I was an evangelist.

"How am I to know that you are genuine?" was one of his questions.

So I took out my pocket-book, and picked one of six letters of recommendation given me by leaders in various denominations in Belfast. This one was signed "William Phillips."

The constable perused it carefully, and then shook hands very warmly. Not only was he a Christian, but he was also a *friend of Mr. Phillips*.

I praise God always for introducing me to such a circle of devoted friends in Shrewsbury, of whom the best is my friend in the force, Constable Maulc.

"My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." This policeman told me long afterwards that he was at the wrong police box when I arrived at the spot. I very nearly missed him.

At first I felt very lonely in England. I had no friends to whom to go—I was tired out by exertions on a bicycle. But the driving force of the dream of a world tour conquered all else—hunger and thirst, hardship and unfriendliness. Day by day, strange adventures befel me.

Such experiences happened daily on my journey south, and I reached London safely. Here my problems were multiplied—where to stay?—what about the weekly instalment for mother? In a most remarkable way I met my old friend, T. B. Rees (now working with the C.S.S.M.), and helped him in his evangelistic work in a North London parish. Owing to the kindness of the vicar's wife (one of the sweetest Irishwomen I have ever met) that vicarage became a "home from home," and the vicar a firm friend.

I remember, one Sunday night in the vicarage, kneeling at midnight to ask the Lord for the instalment of money to send home to mother. The letter was written, addressed, and left open, in anticipation of the Lord sending the amount before

11 a.m. At breakfast on the following day the maid left a letter beside my plate. I picked it up. It was addressed to "Mr. Hoare" (Cockney for Orr!) and inside was an anonymous note. "I feel that it is the will of Jesus to send you this," with the *exact amount* for which I prayed. Week by week, the Lord sent this money, and I felt greatly encouraged.

The first journey round the British Isles started on October 24th; I had only 4½d. and I estimated the cost at £15 all told. I arrived in Dublin early one morning; from Belfast I crossed over to Glasgow.

At Berwick-on-Tweed came a terrible test of faith. All doors seemed to be closed against me, and my funds were down to 1s. 9d. What could one do? In desperation, after spending 3d. on a fish supper, I started at 10 p.m. to walk the three hundred miles to London. I commended my life to God, knowing full well that it would take me ten days to reach London and wondering how long sixteen pence would last. I shall never forget the bitter cold of that night on the Northumbrian roads; it made me realise that I would not be worth much if I sat down for a rest. I prayed for a lift.

Next moment a party in a car, returning from a theatre, mistook me for an old friend of theirs, and gave me a lift south. At 1 o'clock, and at 3 o'clock, I got other lifts, and arrived at Newcastle-

on-Tyne at 4 a.m. I was exhausted. I asked the nearest policeman where I could get a sleep, and he took me to a tramps' boarding house—not very select, but the only place which was open—where I paid 6d. for a bed. I had said that I would not object to sharing my bed with someone else, but I did not bargain for over one hundred bedmates in a single bed, each one too small to see! It was then that I realised the meaning of Byron's words, "There is society where none intrudes." Anyhow, I kept on my top-coat, hoped for deliverance from the attacks of my enemies, and slept the sleep of the just.

In Newcastle, I discovered an uncle whom I had not seen for a long time, and was taken up to Stocksfield for a visit to my cousins. Eventually I arrived in London on a furniture van, and was then able to complete a journey of over one thousand miles with 4½d. and I went on touring England.

On another occasion, on the way down to London I decided to cycle all night, leaving Chester at 1 a.m. When passing through Nantwich, I was stopped by the police as a suspicious character! They wanted to know what I was doing on the roads at 4 a.m., where I was going, etc. So quite mischievously I told them that I had *no fixed abode and no visible means of support!* They then asked me what my profession was, whereupon I said that I was an evangelist. The constable, cycling

my guitar, remarked to the sergeant, "I think he must be a street singer." I asked if they would let me prove that I was an evangelist and, on being given permission, preached the Gospel to them for twenty minutes. This convinced them. *They let me go!* All night and all next day I was on the road, arriving in time for the meeting in London.

On the way to Gravesend my antiquated old bicycle broke down. Discovering that it would need new back rims, new three-speed gear, new pedals, new crank, new tyres, new tubes, new carrier, and sundry other parts, I felt that it would be wisest to pray for a new machine, for my total balance-in-hand was one farthing, and I knew that if I spent *that* there would be no change! I prayed for either a good machine, or else the money to buy one.

Next day was Christmas Eve, Sunday. I had the privilege of delivering the Christmas sermons in a beautiful church at Hornchurch, Essex. Imagine my amazement when a deacon, who knew nothing of my prayer or my need of a bicycle, met me on the pulpit steps and wanted to know if I would be offended if asked to accept the gift of a bicycle which had cost £20. Needless to say, I took it and gave thanks to God, telling the deacon that I would not be offended, seeing that it was Christmas time.

In Belfast (early in 1934), I had a happy experience. Billy Brice, one of my friends who was determined to emphasise the work of the Holy Spirit, invited me to speak at one of his meetings. The scripture given me was from the introduction to the gospel of Luke "that Thou mightest know the certainty of those things wherein thou has been instructed." But first of all there was earnest prayer for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, Who fell on me and all in an amazing way, the message being delivered with a power certainly not my own. Praise God for many decisions recorded that night. One man had entered the meeting using foul language and under the influence of drink. The Spirit convicted him of sin, and he found his way into the enquiry room. This drunkard was weeping like a child when I spoke to him, and he said,

"I'm a leper with drink and sin—you wouldn't speak to me if you knew me."

"There's no case too hard for the Lord," I replied. Five minutes later, he wiped his wet face and said "I believe I'm saved!" I saw him back again at subsequent meetings—at first I did not recognize him, his personal appearance was so much improved. Many young children sought the Lord that night. As I was born again on my ninth birthday, I have every confidence in early decisions. Many evangelists discourage the young, thinking that they are not quite responsible. Is not the



Lord able to keep all that the little mites commit to Him? "Suffer little children to come unto Me."

For months following, the Lord answered Brice's prayers in a wonderful way. He started prayer meetings at six o'clock in the morning, and though his critics predicted failure, there was a splendid attendance for months. He used to say to me, "Edwin, if Christians would only give over and above their reasonable service, the Lord would give over and above the usual blessing." And so it was, for I knew of scores of decisions there in four months.

I decided to visit Carrickfergus, Lame, Ballymena, Coleraine, Londonderry, Enniskillen, Dungannon, Portadown, Lurgan, Lisburn, Newtownards, and Bangor; and on the 27th January, I left Belfast with a few shillings in hand.

I well remember leaving Enniskillen for Dungannon, forty miles away. Now, I have an uncle who lives some miles outside the latter town, and I felt that I would have very little time to go to see him. I started to walk again and when I got to the village of Tempo, I sat down and prayed for a lift. None came, so what saith the scriptures? "Let us come *boldly* unto the throne of grace," therefore as I had been nearly shaken to pieces in an old lorry the day before, I prayed: "please send me a saloon car next time." A few minutes later there was a screech of brakes applied

and a beautiful big Humber saloon stopped. The driver asked me if I could direct him the best possible way to Cookstown, some distance beyond Dungannon. Although I had never been in Tyrone in my life before I *volunteered to show him the way*. He left me off at the nearest point to Dungannon on his road—*close beside my uncle's house*. After tea, I reached Dungannon by car.

### CHAPTER III

#### ADVENTURES IN SCOTLAND

"Beautiful morning," said a cheerful voice.

"Yes," I replied, looking up to meet the gaze of a breezy young commercial traveller. "I'm glad that it is, for this is my first day in this part of Scotland."

"Then you are travelling?"

"About twelve hundred miles a month," I replied.

"I hope you don't mind my asking—business or pleasure?"

"Business," I said, "but I have succeeded in making it a pleasure also."

"I'm a commercial," my new friend informed me, and then went on, "I suppose you are representing some firm?"

"Well, not exactly," said I. "I'm travelling for my Father, you see."

"Is that why you're in Scotland?"

"Precisely! I am doing special work for Him. I had my apprenticeship round about London; then I travelled round Ireland; now I'm doing Scotland. See?"

I passed him the marmalade.

"Is there much money in it?" was his next question.

"Believe it or not," I said with a smile, "I'm not really interested in the financial side. My Father is what you would call a multi-millionaire, and He sends me anything I need. Besides, I really enjoy the work, it is so interesting."

My Scottish friend waxed enthusiastic.

"Well, well! You *are* a lucky blighter!"

"I'm the happiest fellow on earth," said I.

"Not a bit of wonder," said Cameron, taking the opportunity of introducing himself, "I wish I were employed by your concern."

"No reason why you shouldn't be," said I warmly. "At least you ought to be in touch."

"Who's your managing director?" he enquired.

"The Holy Spirit," I returned very evenly.

Cameron looked dumbfounded, but he gave me a very good hearing while I described the nature of my travels. Before we left the hotel I had the joy of acceding to his request for an introduction to our Principal, the Lord Jesus Christ. God grant that he found a Saviour.

Cameron warned me that I would be stopped

by snow on the way up to Glasgow. I laughed at him and told him that my Father was Clerk of the weather also. So I left Stranraer and cycled along the shores of lovely Loch Ryan.

After lunch I wheeled my bicycle up to the pass of the App. Whilst I was going down the other side, a terrific north-easterly hail storm burst on me, blowing me to a standstill and compelling me to stand up on the pedals in order to make headway. Four times was I blown from the bicycle, once nearly over into the sea. The hail and sleet were followed by torrential rain, but as there was no other means of transport available, I stuck it until I reached Girvan, and took the train to Ayr. In the latter place I began to shiver miserably and prayed very earnestly that I might not take pneumonia so far away from home. The Lord unexpectedly met the need in an unsolicited hot bath.

In Glasgow, I renewed my acquaintance with the well-beloved Principal of the Bible Training Institute. This conversation with Dr. McIntyre was the first of a series of a dozen interviews with leading members of this Council. He was very sympathetic and helpful, and before I left his study he told me of a Mid-Scotland Rally of Christian workers being held that day in Stirling under the auspices of the Scottish Evangelistic Council. Dr. McIntyre thought that I would meet many leaders of the movement there, so I decided to go.

"Are you sure that you have enough money to go?" he asked kindly.

"Quite enough," said I, without telling him that I had not enough spare cash to come back again.

So off I went to Stirling on a single bus ticket. The Rally was splendid and we had two fine addresses, one from Rev. J. R. S. Wilson on the need of revival in Bonnie Scotland, and the other from Rev. D. Gunn Sutherland dealing with his experiences of the Welsh 1905 revival. After that we had tea, during which I was introduced to many keen people, and then we broke up.

One by one, the friends who knew me went away, until there were only three or four strangers left. Now, I was anxious to get back to Glasgow immediately, for I had promised to speak at 8 p.m. in the Seamen's Bethel for Pastor Alexander Galbraith. So I prayed, and I was still praying when a cheery voice interrupted.

"Hallo, young fellow! Where do you come from?"

I looked up into a cheerful countenance wreathed in a radiant smile.

"I come from Belfast," I replied, "My name is Orr, secretary of the Revival Fellowship."

"Well, I never!" said my questioner. "I've been wanting to meet you, for I've heard something about your work. I'm Austin Stirling, pastor of the Baptist Church in Cumnock. Could you

come down and see me sometime? I'd like to have a chat!"

"I'm afraid Cumnock is too far away from Glasgow," said I, regretfully.

"Well, we shall have to manage somehow! Would you mind not using your return ticket to Glasgow?"

"Why?" I asked with an audible grin.

"I've got a car round the corner. I'll motor you back to Glasgow, and then we shall have our talk."

At that time, Stanley Donnan, whose "digs" I was sharing, volunteered to help me in my work in Scotland. I was delighted, having appreciated the work which he had accomplished for the Lord as an evangelist in the North of Ireland. Together we planned a tour east, Bathgate, Edinburgh, Portobello, Musselburgh, and back again.

On the night of the 19th March, we were approaching Edinburgh, singing the Chorus, "No never alone!" It was getting rather late, about 10.30 p.m.

"Where are we going to sleep to-night?" Stanley asked suddenly.

"I'm sure I don't know," said I.

"What are we going to do about it?" he persisted.

"Why worry?" I replied. "Our Father knows all about it."

"Quite so! but I'd like to know too!"

"Very well. We'll ask Him then!"

So we free-wheeled, and prayed simply that the Lord would provide us with bed and breakfast.

"Now, Stanley," said I, "we have asked Him, and His word tells us that He heareth us. Are you quite sure that you believe?"

"I do," said Donnan, "praise the Lord!"

"Well," said I, "it is rather late to expect hospitality, but I feel that God will provide it. We'll call on certain acquaintances of mine at Merchiston Grove and if the Lord gives us an exceptional sign, we'll know that we are not imposing in accepting hospitality."

When we arrived at the house, we made a remarkable discovery. These friends, who had seen me only once before, had that day received from South America a letter enquiring for me. They decided to write to me at my Belfast address and the letter was lying on the table when I called. Delightful hospitality was provided and from there we completed our tour and returned to Glasgow. Donnan then left for Ireland.

A remarkable thing happened in Cumnock Baptist Church in which I was speaking for Rev. Austin Stirling. A local miner walked up to me and asked,

"Mr. Orr, is your bicycle all right?"

"Yes!" I replied.

"But have you all your fittings," he enquired.

"I have!" I answered.

"I mean, have you all your parts?" asked the miner, this time in a confused manner.

"Of course, I have," I wondered what on earth was troubling him. He got even redder in the face, but kept on asking questions, until I said—to put him off,

"Well, brother, I've had no trouble with that bicycle since the Lord sent it to me."

He looked disappointed, until I added,

"At least except that someone stole my pump in Glasgow, but that's a very common complaint."

Then I discovered that he had come up to offer me a pump!

Before I crossed the border into England I had another experience of a different kind. Just beyond Dumfries I passed a beggarly-looking tramp, and feeling sorry for him, I turned back.

"Good morning," said I, "can you tell me the way to Carlisle?"

"Straight ahead!" said the emaciated old fellow.

"Thank you," I replied, "and do you know the way of salvation?"

"Marey," he frowned, "if you were on the roads like me hardly knowin' where your next meal was comin' frae, ye'd wonder if there was a God!"

"Don't know about that," I returned cheerfully.

"For the past six months I haven't known where my next bed or meal would come from, and yet God is a friend of mine and He told me to give

you this." I passed him a shilling. That gave me a start. For half an hour I endeavoured to find some weak point in his armour against God. He told me his story—he had been a forester, but drink brought about his fall, and he seemed to blame God. I was almost giving up in despair, when suddenly I had an idea.

"What do you remember most about your mother?" I asked.

"My mither! My mither taught me to—say my prayers at her knee." He buried his face in his hands. "She was good-livin' like yersel', mister. God forgive me!"

"Supposing we pray again?" I suggested.

Together we knelt under the hedge—I commended him to the Lord, and he repeated the words of the Saviour Whom his mother loved.

An hour later I arrived at the border. Before I crossed, I dismounted and prayed that a mighty awakening would shake Scotland.

#### CHAPTER IV

##### NORTHERN ENGLAND

Continuing these cycle tours, North of England came next on my programme.

On the ninth of April, 1934, I left Newcastle with *rod*, and a hard-boiled egg! On the 9th I cycled via Jarrow to Sunderland, staying in the

Salvation Army Hostel; on the 10th West Hartlepool and Stockton-on-Tees; on the 11th, Middlesbrough and Darlington, reaching Stocksfield in a downpour. On the 12th, I caught a train to Carlisle and visited Maryport; on the 13th, Keswick, Penrith and Kendal, and back to Carlisle. That night I got back to Newcastle. The idea behind this tour was that of linking up Christians of all denominations in work for God and prayer for a revival.

On April 11th, I had received a letter from Stanley Donnan in Ireland, saying that he was prepared to give up everything and join me. He left a week later, crossing to Stranraer, and cycling the whole journey of 150 miles in one day! On the 19th at noon, I received a telegram from Dumfries, "delayed owing to heavy rain. Will arrive late." My diary for that day reads, "Much in prayer about Donnan, as it is very wet and cold." Uncle and auntie sat up with me to await his arrival. Just before midnight I had a sudden vision of poor old Stanley arriving at the crossroads at midnight, in difficulties—no one about to direct him to the right house among the thousands of houses that constitute suburban Stocksfield! Impelled by a strange urge, I set out to cycle down the Hexham Road, and strange to say, found Donnan standing bewildered at the crossroads. He had been on that bicycle for sixteen hours!

Donnan's coming was a great tonic to me. His

sunny smile was typical of his spiritual outlook; his loyalty to God, and great faith were of the highest order. During the next couple of days, I took the opportunity of introducing him to Dr. Philp, Mr. West, and the other active leaders; also calling on that dear saint, Sir G. B. Hunter 'the Man who built the *Mauetania*', and on Councillor J. G. Nixon (a former Lord Mayor).

On one occasion, a well-known Christian asked us,

"What age are you two lads?"

"Twenty-one and twenty-two," replied Donnan.

"Well, it beats me! Especially when I know that you get nothing out of it."

"We do get something out of it," replied Donnan quietly, "just the joy of serving the Lord with a single eye to His glory."

Donnan arrived in Newcastle with only 5s. 11d. as total funds, his object in coming being to help me to complete the North of England work. He began well by winning the support of a well-known retired Army Officer, a splendid Christian. I was delighted.

Leaving all the future arrangements in the hands of Dr. Philp and Mr. West, we regretfully said good-bye to my cousins at Stocksfield, and started south. The work had gone so well that we planned to extend it to Yorkshire, Lancashire and Cheshire, cycling to the field of labour by way of the Durham coast. Donnan had 2s. 10½d., and I had 2s. 7½d.

with which we hoped to get to Manchester. Unfortunately Donnan took ill on the way down the coast, leaving me in a bit of a quandary; but prayer again had its answer when certain dear saints looked after him for a couple of days in West Hartlepool. On the 25th, we left our friends in Stockton-on-Tees, and soon reached Thirsk in Yorkshire.

At Thirsk, we decided to part. Donnan undertook to visit York, Beverley, Hull, Doncaster and Sheffield; my work was to visit Ripon, Harrogate, Leeds, Bradford, and Huddersfield; we hoped to meet again at Manchester.

"Where am I going to meet you in Manchester, Edwin?" asked Stanley.

"That is a bit of a problem," I replied.

"Pretty big place, boy," said he.

"That's the problem," said I.

"Well we'll have to trust the Lord to bring us together again."

"Yes," I agreed, "but if I get to Manchester General Post office before you, I'll put a chalk mark on the wall. If you get there first, you can rub it out! See!"

Donnan exploded.

A moment later, we exchanged a confident, "God be with you," and he turned south-east; I rode south-west. I missed him greatly.

The following day I reached Harrogate, Leeds and Bradford, and stayed with my friend Pastor

Phillips in Huddersfield. On the 28th both Donnan and I arrived in Manchester, and accidentally found one another in Cheetham Hill—the New Jerusalem! His travels had reduced his balance-in-hand by 3½d.; and I was 2½d. short.

In Manchester, we had a good time. Besides speaking at a couple of meetings, we met many well-known Manchester Christians.

An amusing incident befell me in Manchester. On my way down to spend the night at the Salvation Army Hostel, I slipped into a fish and chip saloon to have some fish and chips, an equivalent of locusts and wild honey!

A red-faced fellow, not quite sober, staggered over to me.

"You're an Ulsterman," he said.

"How did you know?" I asked.

"I can tell it by yer voice, mate," he replied.

"That's clever. Anything else you know?"

"Yes! You call yourself a Christian!"

"How did you know?"

"I can tell it by yer face, mate."

I let him talk "poly-ticks" first, and then managed to bring the subject round to the way of salvation.

"No, mate," he said. "Religion don't never interest me at no time, in no place, no how, it don't. I'm a Communist, I ham. I believe rhar yer popes and arch-bishops, and clergy, and all the rest are just parasites! Here's me,

mate—can't get no work—I've bin out all night before now. Why, mate, I'm going to stay in th' Army Hostel, to-night, because I've got only three-bob!"

Here he thumped the table.

"What would yer God do for me, ch?"

"Listen to me," I said. "I'm a minister of the gospel, and I've been preaching full time for almost a year. You say you've been out all night—so have I! You say you're going to the Salvation Army to-night—well, that will be my hotel too! You say you have only 3s.—I've only 2s. 5d! And yet I love God, and He does wonderful things for me!"

My listener gaped while I continued to witness for God.

"Mate," he said at last, "you're a most extraordinary kind of Christian, you are. Why, blimcy, you're doing wot Jesus Christ tells yer in 'Oly Scripture. That's wot I says, show me a Christian wot follers 'Oly Scripture and I take off me 'ar to 'im, I does."

"What's more," I went on, "I'll tell you what *you* are. You're a boosier, and you're a swearer, and you're a bad man in other ways too! You asked me what could God do for you! I'll tell you. He can clean up your black, sinful heart."

I expected him to strike me; but instead I found that I was now dealing with a man under

conviction of sin. He became sober and serious, and talked until midnight. I never saw him again.

Donnan left Manchester on the 3rd May, to take up work in Ireland. He suggested visiting various Lancashire towns on his way to Heysham—I heard afterwards that he was quite successful. So I said good-bye to a fine young fellow, and cycled alone into Wales.

## CHAPTER V

### ALMOST KILLED IN WALES

Half an hour after I had succeeded in making the first Welsh contact, I set off from Wrexham with my bicycle overloaded. At King's Mills, on the outskirts of the town, I found myself descending a treacherous hill. My speed was increasing every moment, so I applied my back brakes. At that moment I skidded on something hard and gravelly; I lost my balance, then came a crash . . . and blackness.

A long time of quietness followed—then voices—splashing of water—blackness again—pain—voices—tiredness.

"God help him, he's very white," said one voice. . . . "Man, dear, he is losing a terrible lot of blood!" . . . "Is he still unconscious?" . . . "Some more water there." . . . "Here's the ambulance."

I felt an irrational desire to make them all leave me alone. Then I heard the calm voices of the ambulance men.

"How did this happen?"

Another babel of voices.

"He crashed into the bridge." . . . "He skidded on the hill, marc." . . . "I heard the thud over at the Mills." . . . "It's a wonder he ain't dead already," . . . etc.

The first-aid treatment sickened me. Then I was lifted up on the stretcher and carried into the ambulance.

"It's a death trap, that corner," said the attendant, briefly, as we moved off.

The remainder of that day's recollections consist of a jumbled memory of stitchings, sal volatile, bandages, shivering cold, burning heat, and dull sickening pain from the gap in my head. Then followed a merciful stupor of sleep.

I learned afterwards that I had been very fortunate indeed—that the last cyclist who had been carried in from the same corner with the same sort of injuries, had passed away ten minutes after admission to the hospital.

The next few days seemed as blank as the ceiling above me. I ceased to think, or to pray, or to do anything at all that required exertion. I didn't sleep much during the earlier part of the nights. My temple was nicely gashed; there was another cut beside my mouth; another near my eye; my



shoulder and right arm were badly bruised, giving me more pain than anything else; my hand was badly torn; my knee was cut and so was my ankle.

Every day I looked forward to the visit of the Rev. A. J. Watkins, who was kindness personified. Dozens of letters arrived each day from all parts of the country—the news was in the Press—so I cheered up, and began to get better. The Matron and the nurses were very kind, and the convalescent patients were always ready to oblige.

Six of the friends who wrote to me claimed to have had a presentiment of the accident, and two letters which were forwarded by the post office were actually letters of enquiry! All of these folks were among the great number who remember me in prayer morning and evening, so I can credit their claims as part of the ministry of intercession. One thing I know, the widespread intercession helped me to speedy recovery.

During my convalescence the Clerk of the Hospital came up and informed me that as I was a non-contributor, the treatment would usually cost a considerable sum per week. Would he send the bill to my correspondence address at Fleet Street?

"No," said I, "don't; give me the bill on the day of my discharge, and I'll pay you on the spot! How long am I going to be here?"

His answer gave me food for thought, but I did not tell him that I had only 3s. 9d. to spare!

Shortly afterwards mother sent me enough to "square" the bill, but, guessing how much she had denied herself, I returned it to her, saying that I felt it was not her job to provide for my needs. On the day of my discharge, my prayers were answered, for there arrived from Kent a letter containing enough to cover the bill plus the single fare to Belfast. So I went home like a shot.

It so happened that a friend of mine was knocked down by a car in Belfast at the same time as my own accident. Praise the Lord, his life was spared also.

"Dear me," said one facetious friend, greeting me, "what are the servants of the Lord a-coming to? Did you ever hear the like of it, throwing themselves under cars and banging their heads against bridges? Getting to be regular mad mullahs, eh?"

On the 12th of June, I returned to Wales, arriving in Liverpool with 3s. 3d. to spare; and in the usual miraculous manner the Lord opened up the way to Wrexham, where my bicycle lay. After visiting Corwen, in Merioneth, and Mold, in Flintshire, I started for Shrewsbury.

Arriving in Shrewsbury at midnight, I was consequently unwilling to disturb any of my friends. All the hotels were full except one which wanted 8s. 6d. for bed and breakfast, and as I had only 3s., things looked very hopeless as I wandered about in the rain.

At 1 a.m. I prayed, "Oh, Father, I don't really mind staying out all night, but it won't be good for me after my illness. Please find somewhere—anywhere—to sleep."

A voice interrupted me.

"I say are you looking for a bed?"

It was a well-dressed gentleman in a car.

"I am," I replied, "but I can't find any!"

"Well," he said, "I noticed you looking around and I knew that you wouldn't be successful. My home is in Birmingham, but my wife and I have a bed in my office here. I've no bed to offer you, but I thought I would offer you the key of my garage. You'll be quite comfortable on the pneumatic cushions of the car!"

I thanked this perfect stranger for his kindness, and slept very well in his lovely saloon car, praising the Lord who worketh wonders!

On the 21st, I said good-bye to the Shrewsbury friends, and entrained for Carmarthen, cycling from there to Tenby, in faraway Pembroke. On the 22nd, Carmarthen town and Llanelly were visited; on the 23rd, Gorseinon, and Swansea.

On Tuesday, 26th June, I arrived in Cardiff, and soon afterwards the Welsh tour was successfully completed.

## CHAPTER VI

### MANY MILES THROUGH ENGLAND

Except for another "interview" with a tramp, my journey via Gloucester to Cheltenham was uneventful. Early next morning I left to cross the Cotswold Hills. For an hour I wheeled the bicycle upwards, and on reaching fairly level ground, began to cycle again. Soon afterwards a terrific thunderstorm burst. I took shelter in a wood, but got soaked through by the torrential rain which fell for hours. At last it cleared, and I reached Cirencester in time to catch a train for Swindon.

At 8 p.m. I arrived in *Bath!*

Many opportunities for service came my way in Bristol, and I enjoyed my stay in the city.

I left on the 18th cycling as far as Weston: from Weston-super-Mare I went to Bridgwater: after supper there, to Taunton: from Taunton to Cullompton over the Devon border, leaving this quiet but lovely spot to cycle into Exeter.

In Exeter I did not stop long but cycled south-west. At six p.m. I reached Chudleigh and interviewed the vicar, the Rev. C. Harris. Shortly afterwards he invited me to stay and speak at the week-night service instead of going on to Plymouth as I had intended. We had a happy time.

In the morning at breakfast I told the vicar of my anxiety to reach Plymouth by 12 noon. It was then too late to cycle the whole distance, and to our dismay there was neither train nor 'bus suitable.

"What are you going to do, Mr. Orr?"

"Well," I said, "it seems to be impossible to reach Plymouth on time, but I'm going to try. I believe I'll do it, because I feel that it is God's will for me to get there."

Very simply the vicar knelt down: "Lord, it seems impossible, but enable Thy servant to reach Plymouth in time." I said good-bye and started riding harder than usual. Just as I reached shelter a thunderstorm broke, and the rain came down in torrents. I did not get wet, but the prospect of reaching Plymouth was more hopeless than ever. I kept praying about the Lord's promise to the vicar and me.

Strangely enough there was no traffic about. At last a motor lorry came in sight. I hailed the driver, explained my predicament, and asked for a lift. The driver shook his head and drove on.

From where I stood I could see the road for miles, but there was not a single vehicle on it. I prayed to the Lord all the more, asking Him not to let me down, and not to let Himself down. Then I realised that He couldn't do that. A moment later I heard the "honking" of a motor horn, but was disappointed to hear that it was coming from Plymouth direction. To my surprise it was the

driver whom I had hailed before; he had changed his mind and had come back for me! I arrived at my destination at 11.57 a.m. just in time. Four hours later I was in the train for Penzance, a hundred miles away. Being tired of cycling I left the bicycle in Plymouth.

On Monday 23rd, curiosity took me as far as Land's End. At 7 p.m. I was again in Plymouth, and at 9 p.m. started to cycle in the direction of Torquay. At midnight—still toiling up the southern spurs of Dartmoor, and being tired out—I slipped into a hay field and slept out under the stars. The heavy fall of dew awakened me long before dawn and incidentally washed my face for me, so I got up again and cycled towards the coast, witnessing a lovely sunrise. I cycled on up the coast from Paignton through Torquay, Babbacombe and Teignmouth, arriving in Exeter about 7.30 a.m.

During the month of August, 1934, I toured twelve English Midland Counties.

Before starting I spent some days in London and Gravesend. In the latter place an amusing incident occurred. My friend, Will Hopkins, was speaking to a very small open-air crowd at the Ferry, for apart from the support of a dozen Christians few others were paying attention. Suddenly, a young man, obviously a stranger, began to cross-question the speaker, asking him if it really made any difference to be a Christian, etc.

The crowd began to swell, for the Englishman dearly loves heckling, and it was more interesting still to hear a voice, foreign in accent when compared with Thames-side tongues, questioning the best-loved and most-criticised man in the town. Finally, the stranger challenged the speaker on the grounds of free speech, saying that if he believed in freedom of speech, let him prove it by allowing a stranger to give another side of the question. To the surprise of the crowd, now trebled, Mr. Hopkins immediately vacated his stand as an invitation to the stranger to state his case. As soon as the stranger had announced that he was "a revolutionary," uproar ensued. One or two "drunks" became the noisy protagonists of the Christians, threatening the young man so much that Mr. Hopkins himself had to appeal for a fair hearing. Another uproar greeted the stranger, when he repeated he was a revolutionary. "Stay in Russia," "Clear out of here," "We don't want you," etc.—but he ignored the heckling and went on to address an ever-growing crowd on the revolution which was always necessary to cleanse a corrupt state. Cleansing was the object of the French Revolution—apart from its results—he said, and every thinking man believed that things were mostly corrupt nowadays. But, he asserted, the revolution which he believed in was the revolution in men's hearts. Their nature was so corrupt, nor reformation, but a complete revolution was necessary. And the only

power in this world to do that was the cleansing Blood of the Lord Jesus Christ!

The young stranger with the revolutionary ideas was the author, who then had the privilege of delivering an appeal to a crowd not often gathered in High Street. It was pathetic to find one of the "drunks," who had wanted to put me in the Thames, attempting to embrace me and offering to stand me a glass after the meeting.

On the following day I visited Rugby, and Coventry and arrived in Birmingham for a longer stay. My headquarters for the time being were in a Working Men's Hostel, where I obtained a good breakfast—tea, bread, butter, egg and sausage—for 5½d. During the visit to Birmingham I interviewed about a dozen noted Christians, some of whom were keen to link up in prayer for revival.

The next stop was Kidderminster, from thence to Shrewsbury, where again I had hospitality from complete strangers. Owing to lack of funds I was compelled to cycle most of the way, but this in itself was the means of *one* great joy. Up in the Salop hills I met a tramp and stopped him for a talk about Christ. I have dealt with about one hundred cases of this sort—and harder specimens it is impossible to find. Most of these men, genuinely seeking work, have been manufactured into vagrants. If a man presents himself at a casual ward for shelter he is compelled to work all the next day for it. The nearest casual ward may be twenty or thirty

miles away, so it takes him all his time to reach it by nightfall. These circumstances combine to make him so disreputable that it is impossible to get a job. Incredible hardships ensue, and a deep bitterness takes hold of the tramp's heart. It is impossible for an ordinary Christian to reach these men with the Gospel. When one offers help it is readily accepted, but often with a look which may be interpreted "Curse your charity, I want a decent living!" Is it a wonder that many turn to petty crime and thus get along better than the honest ones? Gradually declining self-respect gives way to vice, for there are many lodging houses where destitute tramps, of the opposite sex are eager to have their night's lodging paid because of their destitution—and at a price which is disgusting. But the majority are genuine, and it is pathetic to see so many of them—I have seen hundreds of them on the Great North Road in a single day.

The particular man whom I met near Craven Arms was a Glasgow artisan who had lost his employment through the depression. He was forty years of age, and had no living relatives. My particular method with such cases was to tell them that I had been "on the road for ten months," and when their aroused curiosity prompted questions, I told them of answers to prayer. The fact that I knew what it was to sleep under the stars, or to walk all night to keep warm, gave me right of way to their hearts: and so it was with Kenneth

F——. By and by I brought round the question of his soul's salvation, and was delighted to find that he was responsive. Kenneth decided for Christ there and then.

I decided to test him, so I told him that when he got to Shrewsbury he could go to the Police Station where he would find a New Testament which I would leave there for him. Most shady characters would not go near the police for a sovereign, much less a New Testament. A week later I received the following:

"I received the New Testament you kindly sent me, and I sat down by the roadside between Shrewsbury and Crosshouses (where I had to go to get shelter for the night) to read the verses you had marked. It made me more happy to know that I am not suffering nearly as much as God did when He gave His only begotten Son——" I believe that he passed from death into life. God grant that he may find a job!

After visiting Hertfordshire, I started for Stoke-on-Trent, via Wem. The following day I reached Burton-on-Trent, where I was hoping (without an address) to find a Christian named Royall. The first man I stopped was his father! That night the Lord again provided for me in Derby at the hands of strangers. The day following I reached Nottingham. Then followed a visit to Lincolnshire.

During the last few days of the month I toured Leicestershire and Rutland, and then went on

through Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, Huntingdon, Cambridge, Bedford, Hertford, Middlesex, Buckingham, Oxford, Berkshire, Hampshire, Sussex, Kent and London.

I visited Colchester, Ipswich, Lowestoft, Norwich, Cambridge, Bedford, St. Neots and Ware, in the first section of the tour. Starting from London again, I met a series of reverses and trials.

In Hertford, Buckingham, Oxford and Berkshire, I was absolutely unsuccessful. I had nothing to car for a whole day, and this was followed by a wetting and a night out, and I arrived back in London with three farthings. Though much disposed to go off to Kent for a rest, I set out for the Thames Valley again, was *successful* this time, but fasted (!) for another whole day, sleeping that night in the Crypt of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields! I comforted myself by reading 2 Corinthians xi, 26-27 (Weymouth Translation) where the Apostle Paul writes:—"I have travelled much, amid dangers from rivers, dangers from robbers, dangers from my own people, dangers from Gentiles; dangers in the city, dangers in the desert, dangers by the sea, dangers among false brethren; in labour and toil, with many a sleepless night, in hunger and thirst, in frequent fastings, in cold and lack of clothing."

Like the great Apostle, I proved in my travels "My Grace is sufficient for thee, and My Strength is made perfect in weakness."

A visit to the south coast completed the tour, and on September 28th, 1934, I was back in London from Brighton—exactly one year from the day which began my first tour in faith. It is surely significant that I had completed my tour of every part of Britain on the anniversary of the day when my Rover Scout pal said that would be 10,000 miles of miracle. It was so impossible, but *such things happen* nowadays.

There was a remarkable sequel to an incident published in my first book *Can God*—? I received a letter something like this:

"I notice that on page 100 of your book, you describe certain hardships which you suffered up the Thames Valley. I feel that this reflects on me, for at that time—I noted the date—I felt the very definite nudge of the Spirit to send you a thank-offering for the benefit your ministry has been to me. I neglected doing so. Any reasons would only be excuses—so please forgive me. The Lord has taught me a great lesson."

Enclosed was "conscience money." It touched me greatly to learn that at the time when I was almost despairing, the Lord was speaking to one of His servants about me. The incident had another strange sequel. My enforced visit to the men's shelter in the Crypt of St. Martin's-in-the-Field opened my eyes to the sufferings of the "down-and-outs." Back in London again, it occurred to me to go down again—this time *on duty*.

When I arrived, a fashionable crowd was pouring out of the church into Trafalgar Square—and disreputable twos and threes were slipping in at the entrance to the Crypt. I went up to one whose face showed much suffering overlaid upon the memories of better days.

"Like a meal?"

"Not half, thanks!"

We walked down the Strand and up a side street to a little Italian restaurant where, as I had hoped, my new friend's appearance did not create a sensation. He ate ravenously—what an appetite!

"When was your last meal?"

"'Bout ten days ago, except for an odd bit of bread and butter."

"You'll have indigestion if you eat like that."

"Indigestion? Indigestion!! Haw, haw! What a lark! *Me have indigestion!*"

He laughed quietly—and then went on eating.

At last he reached his maximum—my opportunity. He spoke first.

"Are you an Eye-talian?"

"Italian? What makes you ask that?"

"You spoke Lye-talian to that fellow over there!"

"That would not prevent my being Irish!"

The conversation went on. At last I worked it round to the question of his salvation. He eyed me queerly.

"Look here, sir, I'm very grateful for the feed—very grateful! But——"

He told me of his hardships, his sufferings, his doubts, his difficulties, his unbelief. Then we argued—I tried to explain—he was unconvinced.

"If there is a God, why? why? why? why?"

And so *ad infinitum*.

"We'll change the subject," I suggested, "and get out of here. I'll pay your night's lodging."

"Thanks awfully"—there was no mistaking his gratitude—"but are you in a position to do all this?"

"My Father is a multi-millionaire," I said laconically.

He took a deep breath.

"Well, mate, it must be fine to have your future assured."

"It is!" I replied. "But, of course, I don't carry much money with me. I won't have much left to-night. I'm travelling about, and my Father sends me just whatever I need."

"All the same," he asserted, "it must be fine. Must be great, I mean, just to *know* that you'll never be in want."

Then I cleared my throat and began to tell him something of my story—how I had started with half-a-crown, how I prayed, how God answered, how that God was my multi-millionaire Father, and that it was because I loved *God* that I picked him up at the Crypt.

"I want to think this over, mate," he said hurriedly. "I never thought——"

I booked a bed alongside his, in a common lodging-house. I prayed for him, for I felt the rattle all the time. In the morning we had breakfast together. He had not slept well *at first*. But his face shone with the joy of sins forgiven.

Again and again, I went back to the fishing-grounds of St. Martin's and the lodging-houses. Sometimes there were results—sometimes not. The vermin provided the sorest trial of all—but I bought a tin of Keating's powder and returned to the fight. Some souls yielded to the Lord. Many did not. But it is a joy to receive letters from several who have either found employment or who are looking for it with new courage.

I remember preaching in North London to a hostile crowd of Communists. One heckler recognised my accent.

"Hey, mate. You come from Ireland?"

"Yes, and proud of it," I retorted.

"Well, mate—stay in Ireland, and don't come over here."

The crowd took up the cry, and soon I found myself being shouted down. I appealed for silence.

"Now, friend," I said, pointing to the man who had denounced me, "I admitted that I came from Ireland. Will you tell us where you come from?"

He might have been Scotch or Jewish or Cockney

for all I knew. But the man was clever. He turned round and pretended to be looking in the direction of my arm, beyond himself. I appealed to the crowd—for an English crowd likes fair play.

"I admitted that I came from Ireland. Now make that man there tell us where he comes from. Him there."

My heckler began to feel himself jostled about by the crowd, which had swung round to my side. I thought I would give him another chance.

"Look here, friend. I appeal to your sense of fair play. You heckled me because I belonged to Ireland. Now where do *you* come from?"

Very meekly he answered:

"I come from Ireland too."

\* \* \* \* \*

In my book, *Can God—?* I told the story of the adventures and vicissitudes of a tramp preacher and that first book painted the picture in living detail. But it was not a complete picture. I scarcely mentioned the times when I suffered hardship in case people would say that I was soliciting by implication. But *now* I can say for instance that I went hungry and did not mind—does not Moses say "The Lord thy God caused thee to suffer hunger that He might know what was in thine heart?" I had wonderful encouragement, too: the encouragement of answers to prayer that took one's breath away: the encouragement of making loyal friends who were true friends. There was much



likewise to discourage: slander and criticism, persecution and misunderstanding—I want to forget the people who did not help. Some have since written to ask my forgiveness: some have kept silent and ashamed: some have quite illogically hated me because *they* treated me unkindly—such is human nature. It was so impossible but *such things happen*.

That first book, *Can God—?* 10,000 Miles of Miracle in Britain, caused a storm of criticism in many quarters. Setting out to tell the truth, I was accused of being a liar, of telling stories that were impossible and incapable of being proved. I soon proved them true.

Then the critics turned right about face, and declared confidently:

"These things have happened because England is a Christian country and the people are naturally kindhearted."

Honour where honour is due. I felt however, that God's power was the same at the North Pole as in London, and that God could answer prayer anywhere in the world. England is certainly a Christian country, I thought, but most of my critics will agree that Soviet Russia is not. If I can go to Soviet Russia without money or friends, the case is proved. So I went.

Before I went, I spent some time thinking over the details of this tour. Two courses were open—to travel to Russia via Scandinavia, returning via Germany: or vice versa. The first appealed to me

more: but I prayed for a sign to confirm my going through Norway en route. At that time, strangely enough, a young lady came up to me in a little meeting in the West of England and asked if I considered delivering my message in her country also. Judge my surprise when she informed me that she was *Norwegian*. She gave me the address of her best friend in Oslo, the daughter of a well-known professor I was told, but both name and address were written closely in the old script—and a week later I discovered that I could not make them out. I decided to go without friends or prospects.

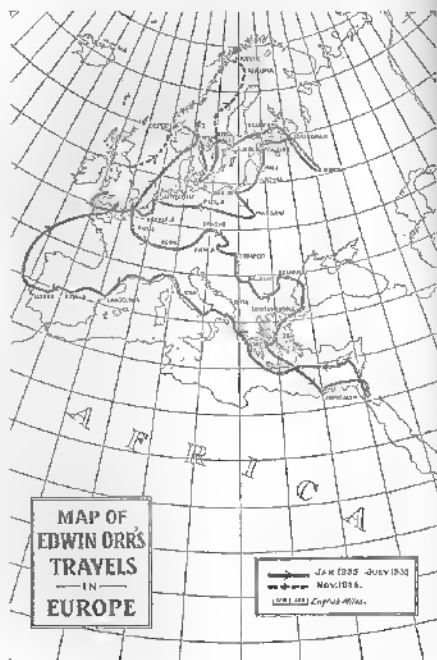
## CHAPTER VII

### SCANDINAVIAN ESCAPADES

TOWARDS the end of January, 1935, I had the privilege of addressing a fine gathering in Down Lodge Hall, Wandsworth, London—the Hall in which Mr. A. Lindsay Gregg, so well beloved, does such a fine work. We had a good meeting on that Sunday evening. Mr. Lindsay Gregg, in introducing me, displayed some of the humour and good nature for which he is well famed.

"Mr. Orr," he stated, "is leaving next week for another tour—another ten thousand miles of miracle—to visit Norway, Sweden, Denmark, the Baltic, and quite a number of countries besides."

He paused to let it sink in.



# SCANDINAVIAN ESCAPADES

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"Now," he said, "I want to ask you a question. Would anyone like to carry his bag?"

That was my "farewell" meeting.

"I hear that you are going to Norway," said a friend, fresh in his mind being some of my adventures—such as starting to walk to Cardiff and arriving there in record time.

"I expect to be in Oslo in early February," I returned evenly.

"I suppose you'll swim out to sea and let a liner overtake you!" was the comic reply.

"Not at all," said I, "but though I do not know how, I'll get there just the same. It is a great thing to trust God."

Some days later I was in the middle of the North Sea—on a ship, of course. Three days before we reached our haven, a terrific storm burst upon us. During the daytime, all that one could see was water—mountains of water, valleys of water, sheets of spray, torrents of rain. I seldom saw the captain—duty glued him to the bridge for two days and two nights. His face showed anxiety.

Night fell. Before dawn I was awakened from my sleep by an uneasy feeling. What was wrong? I listened. The ship was still being pounded by the waves, the wind was still howling its rage, water was still rolling over the decks. Then I realised what was wrong—I missed the familiar throb of the engines. We were lying at the mercy of wind and wave.

For two days we lay there. To go on would mean exposing the decks to the sledge-hammer blows of the stormy seas—so the captain had turned the boat round, facing the wind and taking the shock of the storm bows foremost.

"If we had not done so," I was told, "we would have been smashed in."

Our little coal-boat seemed but a cockle-shell in these mountainous seas. But we were in the hollow of God's hand.

Here is my diary for the 8th February.

"To-day—as I write this—I have caught a glimpse (from the deck of this Norwegian collier) of the snow-capped mountains and rugged coast of Norway. What lies before me, I know not, God knows.

"The past days have been somewhat eventful. Every halfpenny of the passage money was paid by a stranger—an absolute stranger. Other exigencies have been met in the same wonderful way. On the day before I left Penarth Dock, an acquaintance handed me a gift to the work of the Lord—in *Norwegian money*.

"To-morrow morning, I expect to land in Oslo with eleven kroner fifty öre available cash. Norway will give me some surprises, I expect, but I believe that the Lord has prepared the way already."

"'Prove me now,' saith the Lord."

\* \* \* \* \*

Prinsensgaten in Oslo, where I discovered the General Post Office, is a very interesting street, and there is much to catch the eye of a stranger. But it would be impossible to describe the thoughts which filled *my* mind as I watched the traffic go by.

"So this is Norway!"

Everything was interesting: everything was novel: everything was strange: everything was foreign.

Then thought I to myself, "No, everything is not foreign. I am the foreigner!"

In dealing with correspondence a few minutes before, I had bought some stamps and postcards. I had arrived with eleven-and-a-half kroner (eleven shillings) total available cash. Six kroner remained.

"Where shall I go?" I walked towards Karl Johannes Gaten—and then I walked back again—uncertain. My two cases were heavy, so I set them down.

"What is there to prevent me from wandering about like this all day?"

"What will prevent me from suffering hunger?"

"What will prevent me from sleeping out?"

"What is there to prevent me from failure, and returning home?"

"Nothing," said Doubt.

"Only one thing," said Faith, "the promises of God."

"'Prove me now!' saith the Lord."

\* \* \* \* \*

Memory supplied the link. I remembered seeing the name *Ohm* on a parcel of books lying in the dispatch office of Messrs. Marshall, Morgan and Scott, London. "Telephone? I'll see."

"Er det Pastor Ohm?"

"Ja!"

"Jeg er Edwin Orr, av London."

Pastor Ohm spoke excellent English. He quickly told me that he had read my book (*Can God—?*), that it had been a blessing to him (Praise the Lord!) and that he wanted to see me after the meeting in the Tabernacle at twelve noon.

When I arrived, the people were singing: "Jeg er saa glad i min Jesus." It made my heart rejoice—I had found friends; and I received a warm welcome from one and all.

One eager young man came up.

"My cousin gave me your book three days ago. Then I prayed that God would send you to Norway. Here you are. Be so good, I will show you some of the sights in Oslo, the Palace, and others. Yes, please? Afterwards we will go to my cousin's house for tea. God has sent you."

Whilst viewing the Palace with my new friend, Tarauger, I told him that I had left my address-book behind me. Then I explained to him that whilst in Devonshire some months before, I had prayed for a sign to confirm the call to come to Norway. A girl had come up to me at my next meeting and said, "You should go to my home place. I'm

PLATE 7



(1) THE ARCTIC WASTES OF NORTHERN NORWAY. (VISITED NOVEMBER 1934).  
(2) PASSING THROUGH SWITZERLAND. (1935).

[Facing page 65]



(1) MOUNT RINDHA (4,400 FEET) IN SPRINGTIME.  
(2) THE AUTUMN, LEAFLESS IN SNOW, AMONG THE BIG TREES ON THE SLOPE OF MOUNT RINDHA.

## SCANDINAVIAN ESCAPADES

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Norwegian." She had given me her card, but had said that, as she did not expect to be in Oslo when I got there, she would write down the address of her best friend in the city.

"Now, Herr Taranger," said I, "I can read a little Norwegian, but I cannot make out a single word of this address. Will you read it for me?"

He looked at the address. Then he gave a short laugh.

"It is my cousin's. We go there for tea. I said, God has sent you!"

That night, I spoke to a large crowd in the Tabernacle, and on every succeeding day in some crowded gathering—each time in a different church. The following is from the *Belfast Telegraph*, 16th February, 1935:

## SUCCESS OF BELFAST EVANGELIST

The *Oslo Morgenposten* of February 9 last devotes a half column to the wonderful success which has attended the efforts of a young Belfast evangelist, Mr. J. Edwin Orr, in that city.

Mr. Orr reached Oslo in a coal-boat from Cardiff, and, despite the fact that he knew no one in the city, he quickly established contact with the churches, and preached in the Tabernacle, Bethlehem Church, and Albert Lunde's Assembly Hall in Møllergaten with the greatest success.

An Oslo gentleman, Mr. Bjarne Taranger, writing to the *Belfast Telegraph* says—"It should be added

that many Oslo people consider it little short of miraculous that a foreigner should arrive in Norway without a friend and preach in different churches to many people. He has been welcomed by leaders of the various denominations, and so great is the demand for his book, *Can God—?* that Norwegian and Swedish translations are being prepared as quickly as possible.

"Over a thousand seats were filled, and many people stood, to hear his farewell address in the large Assembly Hall at Møllergaten. People were greatly surprised to hear Mr. Ott speak and sing for a couple of minutes in Norwegian, after which Pastor Ohm interpreted.

"It is our prayer that the hundreds of people who heard this young man may respond to the challenge of faith. To-day there are many signs of revival in Norway, but we expect the great outpouring of the Spirit."

I thoroughly enjoyed every moment of the visit to Norway, and a lasting impression of the happy, lovable Norwegians was formed. In due course I had to say good-bye, and set off across the Kattgat to Copenhagen. Before I went, I was on my knees praying for a certain sum of money needed to buy the railway ticket. I did not know how I could get it, but rising from my knees, I pulled my handkerchief out of my overcoat pocket, and was startled when a roll of notes fell out with it. Somebody must have put them there, but I gave thanks to God.

The visit to Denmark began—as in Oslo—without friends, without future, without money.

But with God.

I cannot forget my first morning in Copenhagen. It was pathetic, and humorous.

Leaving my luggage at a shop, I walked along the Boulevards, back and forth—learning Danish all the while and practising it with any willing listener. What else could I do?

Up and down, up and down. Like the Grand Old Duke of York, when I was up, I was up; and when I was down, I was down; and when I was only half-way up, I was neither up nor down.

It was very discouraging. I got hungry, and my tiny balance of money shrunk still more after a hearty meal. I did not shrink. That would have been much worse.

"Then this poor man cried to the Lord—and the Lord heard. . . ."

I remembered a name mentioned to me in Oslo and London, and after study of the telephone book, I traced the address. The gentleman in question was not at home and his wife spoke no English. I endeavoured to explain—in a mixture of five-hours' Danish and the dummy's alphabet. We got on very well. Then I was asked to wait a moment. Back to the hall she came, with my book *Can God—?* in her hand. It had been sent to her husband by a devoted Danish lady-missionary in China. The lady's enthusiasm was unbounded;

my relief was heartfelt; and over lunch, we talked of God's goodness—my hostess in Danish, and I in a mixture of six-hours' Danish and finger-signs.

At six o'clock in the evening I returned and had supper there with this charming couple. As in Oslo, this first contact had remarkable results. I addressed several hundreds that evening, and had engagements every day, meetings sometimes twice a day, in and out of Copenhagen.

All during the first day I was very anxious about a bed. "Just one bed, with the usual four legs, would do fine."

Then came a surprise.

My new friend said to me:

"If you please, you must change your hotel. I have been praying much that you would come to Denmark. Now that you are here, I have arranged for you to become my guest at a hotel near the City Hall."

When shown to my room, I found that it contained *four* beds—all for me.

"You can sleep in them turn about," said the reception-commissionaire, with a giggle.

I crossed over to Sweden from Denmark, and after I had visited Gothenburg and Malmö, set off for Örebro, in middle Sweden. I arrived at 10.15 p.m., very tired, rather lonely. For fifteen minutes I walked about the streets. Then suddenly walked into the nearest hotel.

While waiting for supper, I glanced around.

My eyes fell on a book lying on a chair. I tiptoed across the room. Its title was *Bön om Väckelse*. (Prayer for Revival.)

"Hallelujah," was my very natural comment.

Half an hour later, I walked a young Baptist pastor from Norway. We soon found common ground in our expectancy of great revival. Next day and Wednesday found us preaching together at Filadelfiakyrkan, where we had blessed times. It was also my privilege to speak at the English lectures in the Missionary College.

After two happy days in Örebro, I travelled up to Stockholm, again finding myself alone in a strange city, without friends, and without prospects. But a London friend had sent a copy of my book to a well-known Swedish Christian, and very soon I met him—Principal Rinman, the founder of the Swedish Bible Institute. From him, I received a very cordial welcome, and the exchange of conversation gave me a deep insight into the state of affairs prevailing in Sweden.

On another occasion I was walking down the main street of an inland Swedish town. A young man overtook me. He was a stranger to me. He raised his hat.

"Do you speak English?" I asked in Swedish.

"No," he replied in the same language.

By chatting a little in Swedish, I found that he was a Christian. I think that I also said something about the weather and he replied, adding an un-

deserved compliment regarding my pronunciation of his mother tongue.

Then I got a surprise.

"The Lord tells me," he said in good English, "that I have something for you."

I smiled reproachfully.

"But you said that you could not speak English!"

"I cannot understand," he replied in Swedish.

"You said that you do not speak English," I said, in hesitant Swedish words.

"I speak no English, but I can say some words," he said in Swedish, adding in English, "The Lord tells me that I have something for you."

I was even more surprised when he pressed several banknotes into my hands.

Three days in Sweden were not sufficient to give me a vocabulary equal to the demands of such conversations. The stranger shook his head at my English, and only smiled at my questions and thanks in Swedish.

God works in mysterious ways.

An hour later I was writing in my bedroom at the hotel. A knock came to the door. It was the man from the room at the end of the corridor, bringing a postcard (or something like that) for me. He spoke good English.

"Give him some of that money," said a quiet voice in the depths of my heart.

I hesitated. I wanted the money.

"Freely you have received, freely give."

I called him back.

"That is from the Lord," I said, reaching him a banknote.

"What?" Bewilderment was written on his face.

I repeated what I had said.

Tears came to his eyes. Hurriedly he said:

"No, oh, no! You must not. You are a foreigner here. You will need the money. You have no friends. Oh, no! Thank you! No!"

"That is very strange," I said. "I am quite sure that the Lord told me a moment ago to give it you."

His face was a picture.

"May I ask you a question?" I said, after a long pause. "Are *you* living by faith?"

He nodded. It was news to me.

"And did you pray for *this*—to-day?" I asked.

"I prayed for *this*—this morning." He seemed broken down as he took it.

We had a delightful time of fellowship together. He rejoiced that the Lord had provided for him, thus showing His sign of leading. I rejoiced that the Lord had used me as a channel, thus showing His seal of approval. We praised God together; and I felt so happy.

\* \* \* \* \*

Scrunch-scrunch-scraps-scraps.

I awoke with a start. What was that funny noise? I sat upright in my bunk and listened intently. It was rather mystifying. I looked at my watch—



seven o'clock in the morning—so I dressed and went up on deck.

The mystery was solved. The ship was smashing her way through the ice which lay in her course. We were already in the beautiful Åbo archipelago, passing a promontory, now an island—ice and snow everywhere, the only relief being in the dark shadows of the coniferous trees.

Finland is a land of lakes and islands. The number of lakes is estimated at sixty thousand—and the number of islands has not yet been computed. In some districts there are three lakes to each inhabitant—and in others, seven islands per head of population. This is due to the hard-rock surface of the country.

At Åbo, we landed, and there I had to wait five hours for a train. A Finnish sailor, returning home from America, engaged me in conversation to while away the hours of waiting.

At noon, I slipped away from him. I had very little money, was hungry, and so I felt that I could not afford to ask him to join me in a meal. "If I had money," I thought to myself, "I would ask him. But I will not have much left as a balance-in-hand."

Away from the unsuspecting subject of so much thought, I had a debate with myself. "If I say that my Father is a multi-millionaire, this is not acting as such!"—"Maybe not, but I won't have any money left after a meal for two"—"Do I need a balance-in-hand?"

Feeling ashamed of my lack of faith, I went back to the place where I had left the sailor. He was still there, standing warming himself.

"Come and have coffee with me?"

"Thank you."

Together we went into the restaurant.

"What shall we have?" he asked.

"Tea and sandwiches for me," I replied, "and as much as you like for yourself. You had better order—I don't know Finnish—but I'll square the bill."

He took me at my word, and ordered quite a lot. He ate ravenously, so ravenously that I asked him to tell me when he had eaten his last meal.

Then he explained. He had got out-of-work in America, was deported, and had nothing to eat for two days. I was shocked. The temperature outside was many degrees below zero.

"Didn't like to tell you in case you thought that I was begging," he said. "You see, I'll be home to-morrow morning."

Poor fellow. His necessity was greater than mine. I had only thirteen marks (a Finnish mark equals one English penny) left for my needs in Helsingfors, but I did not care. God had been good to me—need I worry about the future?

In Helsingfors I made a remarkable discovery. Fumbling in one of my pockets I discovered a Swedish banknote. I keep a meticulous record of money—and I could not account for this. Where

did it come from? (On previous occasions, I had discovered Norwegian, Danish and Swedish money in my overcoat pockets. Someone had put it there. Sixty-five per cent of income received in Scandinavia came anonymously.)

Things began to move for me in Helsingfors. I had five meetings, sometimes with Swedish-speaking Christians, and other times with Finnish-speaking. The Lord provided hospitality of a wonderful, "home from home" sort. I also met well-known Christian leaders, professors in the university, pastors, and by each was received with great brotherliness.

In Helsingfors, the temperature was below zero all the time, so there was a thick coating of ice on the water, and horse races were held on the harbour. From Helsingfors, I travelled towards Leningrad.

## CHAPTER VIII

### I VISIT SOVIET RUSSIA

Some sceptics, after reading of miraculous answers to prayer in *Can God*—? decided not to give the glory to the Lord.

"It is easy," they agreed, "to travel at the Lord's expense in Christian England."

"Very well," I resolved. "I will go to Soviet Russia, and there too I will travel at the Lord's expense."

So now that I have travelled over a thousand miles in the Union of Soviet Republics, I expect that my critics will devise some other line of argument in order to rob God of the credit for such an answer to prayer. They said it was impossible, but *such things happen* nowadays.

I was introduced to a man who had been imprisoned in Soviet Russia on account of his Christian principles. Upon hearing that I was going to Russia, he told me:

"You will never get in. You will never get in. You will never get in."

"That's all right," I replied, "I'll get in."

"I tell you," he retorted, "You will never get in. You will never get in. You will never get in."

"Believe me," I insisted. "I have come successfully to Finland, and I'll get in all right."

"I tell you," he said again. "You will never get in. You will never get in. You will never get in."

Some days later, I received permission to get in—official permission through the Inconist Bureau in Moscow. Triumphant I showed it to him. But my sceptical friend was not a bit impressed. He cried:

"You will never get out. You will never get out. You will never get out."

\* \* \* \* \*

At the nearest Soviet agency I applied for a visa. As my passport designated me an "author" it was unnecessary to explain that I hoped to exercise

my powers of observation in the U.S.S.R. Then I learned that I was required to have a certain amount of money and a return ticket home in order to obtain permission to enter.

"I must admit," I explained after a moment's thought, "that I do not possess a return ticket. Neither do I carry much money around with me."

The Soviet official was puzzled. My remarks were noted. Three weeks, I gathered, was the usual time required for a visa, but they would telegraph to the Moscow headquarters. Leaving the matter in the Lord's able hands, I journeyed on towards Russia. At a nearer agency I was met by a telegram, and thus obtained my visa in record time. So I caught the next train to the frontier.

"Shortly after you left," wrote a friend later, "one of our friends rang up and implored me to ask you to be ever so careful. You will remember—it was the friend who had been imprisoned in Russia, the one who was so anxious about your safety. . . ."

An amusing adventure befell me on the Russian border. I was staying in a little Finnish hotel. As the Finnish language is so difficult, I made a habit of using Swedish—generally understood in the towns.

"I want fried eggs," I told the waitress, in Swedish.

She shook her head—she could not understand.

"I want fried eggs," I said in German.

She shook her head.

"I want fried eggs"—this time French.

She could not understand.

"Please bring me fried eggs"—in English.

Again she shook her head. So I gave it up.

"All right," said I, "bring me anything you like."

She shook her head—she could not understand that either.

But finally she understood my gestures, and went to make a breakfast of her own choosing. Suddenly I remembered a language which I spoke when I was a little boy in Ireland. I called her back: stood up: flapped my 'wings': and cackled like a hen announcing an egg. It worked. She brought me an omelette.

\* \* \* \*

In Finland, I had complained that my ears were being affected by the cold, whereupon one of my friends presented me with a white fur cap.

"We laughed so very heartily," wrote an Estonian friend afterwards, "when thinking of how you went into Russia in a Finnish White Guard's cap. Those Finns were the bitterest fighters against the Bolsheviks. Other White Guards, including Russians, wore such caps—so you walked into the enemy's territory in a conqueror's cap—Hallelujah!"

Since then I have taken up my memory, and I must confess that I cannot recollect having seen another winter cap in Russia *quite* like mine.

Next day I was in Leningrad, from thence to Moscow. In these two cities I indulged in twenty sightseeing excursions—sometimes alone, sometimes accompanied by an interpreter. Many and various were these trips. I inspected the schools, baths, hospitals, factories, houses of rest, and other places where one could study the social side. I also viewed museums, churches, famous buildings and the like in order to get an insight into the cultural and religious conditions.

The editor of a well-known daily paper for which I used to report, once told me in friendly conversation:

"The secret of successful journalism is found in the maxim—*Observe well, record well.*"

In Russia, I sought to be absolutely fair and unprejudiced: I kept my eyes and ears open; and I asked many searching questions.

It is difficult to record impressions in proper sequence—but one must make a beginning. I cannot do better than to say at first how soon I noticed the open-hearted friendliness of the Russian common people. They seem to be so lovable, so simple.

The next impression is of the very shabby dress of the people everywhere. The unemployed in Great Britain are much better dressed than the workers in Soviet Russia. In reply to a question about the cause of this, a foreign Communist said:

"The more clothes—the less food. They cannot have both, and they have no need of luxuries."

Although noting the absence of other such "luxuries" I must add that in Moscow and Leningrad I saw no evidence of privation.

"The Capitalists say that we have people running about barefooted," said my interpreter, "but you can see for yourself that it is not true."

"Moscow and Leningrad are show places," said the son of an American-Russian engineer. "Come away inland where my Dad is working and I'll show you things a lot worse than bare feet."

Even if the rest of Russia were at the same level with the two biggest cities, I would still say that the standard of living in Russia was much lower than in the surrounding states and much lower than in Britain or Germany.

Heavy industry has been given the most attention in the Five Year Plan. All things are sacrificed to its success. Cheap and efficient labour is essential to the success of the Communist policy, internal and external. This fact partly explains the many amenities for workers in Moscow—baths and hospitals similar to our own, schools which combine elementary and technical education, convalescent homes, houses of culture.

"But believe me," I was told by a Russian, "these things are only show places for the tourist cities."

Moscow, as the new capital, has been growing rapidly, so I mentioned to him the blocks of tenements which I saw going up in Moscow.

"Not far from Stalingrad," said he, "I could show you habitations like a pig-sty."

The cost of living everywhere is very high. I had a long chat with the department overseer of a Soviet factory. He said that the minimum wage for an experienced worker was 250 roubles a month, and the maximum 600 roubles. As this was apparently three times the amount I used to hand out to the best workers in our department (in Belfast) I asked him:

"What, then, do your men do with all that money?"

He tried to explain, but his replies were very unconvincing. One of our best-paid men, working for half the Russian minimum (?) wage, was able to run a private car, rent a good house, and give his son and daughter a good education. And yet these Russian workers seemed to have about as much as our unemployed in England.

"The cost of living, therefore," I said to a young foreigner resident in Russia, "must be five times higher than in England."

"Did that department boss say two hundred and fifty roubles?"

"He did."

"He is a liar!" The opinion was briefly expressed. "I know specialists in our factory getting less than that."

Whatever the actual facts are, it is painfully obvious that the standard of living does not compare with Britain.

My next impression is of a different nature, but it may help to explain many things. Russia keeps up a huge war establishment. That the U.S.S.R. is well-equipped for war, I do not doubt, for I never saw so many soldiers and airmen in my life. It is obvious, too, that the Red Army is composed of the best of Russia's manhood, well-fed, well-dressed, well-armed, well-drilled. Counting reserves, their number is estimated between twelve and fifteen million fighters.

"I can tell you privately," said one Communist acquaintance, "we expect war—a great war. The two most obvious dangers are Japan in the east and Germany in the west. In the early days of the Soviets, my country had to fight for its existence against ten other armies. We have not forgotten the lesson so we are ready now."

The common people suffered much under the autocracy of the Tsars. The Revolution was inevitable. But there is something mysterious—something satanic—about the way in which the Bolshevik *Council of Ten* seized power and crushed the Kerensky regime. The well-laid plans, the methodical timing, the ruthless genius—all are suggestive of something deeper than the intellect of man.

"I am sure I do know what is at the bottom of it all," said the disillusioned son of a prominent Communist technician, to me. "The more I consider the whole scheme, the more I am bewildered. It's the devilish cleverness that upsets me."

"You have described it."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I think that the devil is at the bottom of the whole business."

He considered.

"No, I do not believe in God. But maybe you are right—maybe you are right."

In the thirty-eighth and thirty-ninth chapters of Ezekiel's prophecy is to be found a terrible picture of the part to be played by Russia's hordes in the near future.

A flood of thoughts came to my mind as I stood in the square outside the Winter Palace in Leningrad. Here was the residence of the Tsar, and here also the oppression which for centuries, ground down the Russian masses. The very ground on which I stood was the scene of the butchery, the stupid, senseless butchery, of multitudes of poor people who paraded peaceably in 1903, to present a petition to the Tsar.

Here, too, was centred the Government of Kerensky and the Moderates which took office after the Bloodless Revolution had overthrown the monarchy. Then came the Revolution of October, 1917. The storming of this Winter Palace by the Bolshevik forces was the beginning of the end of the Revolution. History was made in this square.

Again at Smolny, the headquarters of the Communists during the fateful days which preceded the October rising, there was much to interest me.

I saw the Council-room where Lenin, in the Council of Ten, fixed the date of the Revolution and arranged the details which, working so perfectly, culminated in the declaration of the Dictatorship of the Proletariat, which exists to-day.

Lenin's bedroom provided a surprise. It was plain and simple, void of all luxury. In one corner was his bed. Alongside was his wife's. There was a table. And so it was here that this genius planned the establishment of the first Communist State.

The prime characteristics of Vladimir Lenin were cleverness and ruthless determination. These still characterise the system rightly called Leninism, and Joseph Stalin has inherited them. Lenin succeeded in his plans. His successors are succeeding in their plans. Why? Behind this amazing system stands the sinister power of Satan. Russia is marching on to the day of her judgment. Till then, till God intervenes, the group of men who have made robots of one hundred and sixty million people, must succeed in their plans, for these originated in the fertile brain of the great enemy of mankind.

I walked across Red Square in Moscow in the shadow of the Kremlin. Stretched right across the square was a long queue, waiting patiently to enter Lenin's Mausoleum. It was composed of hundreds of Red soldiers, airmen, shock workers, men, women, and young people. Two hours later, I again crossed the square. There was still a long queue—a different one.

Passing through the granite portals guarded by sentries, I descended to the vault. In the dim light I saw there the embalmed body of Lenin—Russia's man of destiny. His features were small and finely chiselled; and he had a small beard and moustache. His eyes were closed, and his hand was clenched, lying across his breast.

Even in death, genius and ruthless determination were written across his face. Walking round the glass container, I gazed upon one of the greatest geniuses of our day, the man who created Soviet Russia. My light step was re-echoed by the heavy footfall of a long file of soldiers of the Red Army, the greatest military force in the world, Lenin's own creation.

*Vladimir Lenin*—whose name will go down in all history.

But before ascending the stone stairs which led to light and life, I glanced back once more—at the lifeless, senseless, sightless, speechless clay of a puny man who once boasted that he would dethrone the God of Heaven.

My heart was full of pity, void of scorn. It is appointed unto man once to die, and after death, the judgment.

\* \* \* \* \*

"If, as you say," I said to the officials at the Soviet Tourist Bureau, "there is no religious persecution, will you put me into touch with some Christians? If they agree with you, I will gladly tell the truth everywhere I go."

They gave me no assistance whatever.

Afterwards, in another place—shall we say north-west of Odessa?—I went exploring on my own account. It was a Soviet working day, but our Sunday. At last, unexpectedly, I found a church. Not knowing whether it was Greek Orthodox, Roman Catholic, or Protestant, I went in. Immediately I felt the presence of the Holy Spirit in the meeting. I could scarcely understand a word, but my heart soon grasped the fact that these folk were members of my Father's family—Evangelical Christians. They kneeled to pray, and stood during the reading of the Word of God. Then followed a Communion service (in which I joined) to show forth the Lord's death till He come. It brought tears to my eyes and a prayer to my lips, "Even so, come quickly, Lord Jesus."

I introduced myself after the service. The pastor, to whom I spoke, understood German, and then we found one who could speak English. But they were frightened.

"It is dangerous, dear brother," they said. "We are glad to see you, but——"

I told them of God's call to me; how I left home to encourage believers all over the world to pray for revival: how I had prayed that God would enable me to meet some of His own in Russia to whom I might pass on the same message with a word of comfort and cheer: how God had answered that prayer.

My listener was deeply moved.

"Thank you, thank you, for coming. It is indeed a miracle that you have come here."

I was given a message to deliver.

"You may say that it is very difficult for us to be Christians. We do not know what may happen next. Some have been sent away—and some have not come back. It is so impossible that we almost despair. But we are still holding on. We pray continually for revival. *Take our love to every other congregation of the Lord's people. Ask them to pray for us.*"

I asked for the address of an assembly of a certain other denomination.

"It is better that we do not give it to you. They meet in secret. You have been followed here perhaps, and you would be followed there. Will you slip out a different way?"

"Very well! Good-bye, and God be with you."

"Good-bye, dear English brother. We shall meet in heaven."

The streets were crowded as I picked my way along. I hurried back to seek my bedside. There the sorrow of heart, which I had repressed in the company of God's suffering children, overcame all restraint. I wept much as I poured out my soul in prayer to our Father.

"O God, in Thy love and mercy, remember Russia—remember the hundred millions without

the Light, prevented from seeing the Light. O God——"

How often must the Russian believers pray (in the words of Psalm 44):

"Thou makest us a reproach to our neighbours, a scorn and a derision to them that are round about us.

"Thou makest us a byword among the heathen, a shaking of the head among the people.

"All this is come upon us; yet have we not forgotten Thee——"

"Yea, for Thy sake are we killed all the day long; we are counted as sheep for the slaughter."

"Awake, why sleepest Thou, O Lord; arise and cast us not off for ever."

"Wherefore hidest Thou Thy face, and forgettest our affliction and our oppression?"

The words of the Saviour answer their prayer:

"And shall not God avenge His own elect which cry night and day unto Him, though He bear long with them? I tell you He will avenge them speedily."

The days of violent persecution of the Christians seem to have passed. But a deeper and more subtle oppression has replaced it.

"Does your father read the Bible?" a child is asked at school.



If he does, some *good* excuse is found to deprive him of his food ticket.

The arrest, deportation, and execution of pastors still continues, according to reliable evidence given me privately. In every conceivable way, the congregations are "discouraged" in their practice and worship. Malevolent hate soon finds a way to persuade the masses that its victims are "counter-revolutionary."

In Moscow I took the opportunity of visiting the Anti-Religious Museum. Not knowing where it was, I asked for a guide.

"Why do you want to go there?"

"Curiosity!"

They placed a limousine, a chauffeur, an interpreter, and a guide at my disposal.

The museum, with its exhibits, is based mainly on two great fallacies—the evolution of man from beasts, and the evolution of monotheism from polytheism.

All along the walls of the first section are illustrations of the out-of-date dogmas of Darwinian doctrine. For example, their ape-man—supposed missing link—is shown as a great, hairy, heavy-browed, heavy-jawed, ugly half man, half ape, of twenty stone weight, and, as it is well known, this reconstruction is based on the discovery of a little piece of jawbone and a few inches of thigh-bone.

However, as I have seen worse at home, I will

add no further comment. The recent vigorous denunciation of Darwinian speculations has seemingly quite upset the theories of many God-hating scientists. I leave the battle to Sir Ambrose Fleming!<sup>1</sup>

Fresh in my mind also, was news of recent discoveries which have been evidenced in proving that monotheism was the earliest form of religion, and that all other baser forms are downgrade products—right to the lowest form of animism. This made me smile at the cleverly-illustrated second section—the supposed evolution of religious belief from primitive animism through various stages up to the (admittedly) highest form, the teachings of Christ.

"Jesus Christ," said my interpreter, "was a great Socialist teacher, like Karl Marx!"

"You think so, in Russia?"

"Yes! Definitely."

"I am a disciple of Christ. Would I be encouraged to set forth His doctrines in the Soviet Union?"

No reply. The followers of the great Socialist teachers, Marx, Engels, and Lenin, would gladly crucify afresh the Son of God.

<sup>1</sup> Sir Ambrose Fleming, the well-known scientist, created quite a sensation when he vigorously denounced the theory of Darwinian evolution at the Victoria Institute of the Philosophical Society of Great Britain.

No one was more surprised than myself when—a few days after writing the above—I was given an opportunity of briefly addressing the same Institute on the Communist manipulation of the equally fallacious theories of the "Evolution of Religions."

But if truth is to be fairly stated, I must admit that the Christianity of the Russian Orthodox Church is deserving of most of the exposure and contempt heaped upon it by the Communists.

Ikons, pictures, images, relics, and other superstitious humbug, were all shown as part and parcel of the system which kept the Russian masses downtrodden. I saw enough there to realise what a ghastly misrepresentation the Russian Church has made of the Saviour of the World.

I saw one ikon depicting the *canonisation* of all the Tsars and Tsarinas of Russia—including of course the "saintly" Nicholas I, who continually abused the chastity of his wife's ladies-in-waiting, and indulged in all manner of lasciviousness from the age of nineteen until his death at sixty.

In Leningrad I have seen the house of Prince Yousopoff, the alleged murderer of Rasputin, the monk who had the confidence of the late Tsar, and who taught and practised all manner of abuse and fornication with the corrupt court of his day. Are the Communists wrong in exposing all this? Not at all. They have been used as a scourge . . . and judgment has fallen upon a corrupt Church.

I patiently viewed all the exhibits—noting that the Communists very cunningly classified the most sacred things of genuine Christianity along with the grossest misrepresentation.

"That, of course, is taught in the Bible," said my

guide, pointing at some product of priestly imagination used to frighten a superstitious peasantry.

"Have you read the Bible?" I asked innocently.

"We do not read fables," said my interpreter with a sneer.

"Read it," said I, "and when you come to the place where *that* is taught, write and tell me. I have never seen it there, nor any other of these things, either!"

"What are these things down here?" I asked a moment later.

"They are not of much importance," I was told.

The following day I slipped out of the hotel, and made my way back to the Museum, a rather severe test of memory. I waited till I noticed that the guide's attention was occupied elsewhere, and then I took my place among the other Russian visitors, and thus procured my ticket with an unintelligible grunt directed at the face in the office-box.

My suspicions were verified. I discovered quite a number of hitherto unnoticed cartoons and caricatures.

Here was one. It showed a picture of God the Father—a wicked-looking old man standing upon a heap of skulls, in his hand a cruel sword, blood dripping from it.

Evidently the devil's version of the sublime truth—"God is Love."

Another picture showed a group of bloated exploiters of the poor, robbers, thieves, murderers, blackmailers—and at the head, leading them, with a sneer on his face, and his arms outstretched in a mocking gesture of invitation—the Lord Jesus Christ.

Again a cartoon—this time a picture of Christ, in His arms—a lamb?—no, a man behind a machine-gun, belching forth death.

Yet another caricature: the Cross upraised—being used as a gallows, with rope and hangman.

There were many more—but perhaps it is wiser not to mention them. There were other exhibits which I want to forget.

And this militant, bestial, gloating atheism is the religion officially prescribed for 160,000,000 people.

The cleverest blow aimed at religion in Russia is the Soviet holiday system. Every sixth day, 6th, 12th, 18th, 24th, and 30th of each month, is a workers' holiday. One day in seven, of course, is the day for the Christian worship and fellowship so necessary to spiritual well-being. In other words, forty-four of the fifty-two Sundays of 1935 are working days, in which worship is impossible.

But the persecution has had one good result. Hypocrites, hangers-on, parasites, and the like, have been swept out of the Church: priestcraft has been utterly smashed: and the remaining Christians who dare name the name of Christ

are mostly poorer gold passing through refining fires. And this seems true of former Orthodox and Roman Catholics. Robbed of their churches, deprived of pastors, often meeting in secret, they are compelled to turn to their treasured and guarded copies of Holy Scripture. Surely nothing but the Grace of God can make this handful stand up for Jesus in the face of such trouble?

A friend of mine was invited by a young Greek Orthodox layman to a meeting. He went. There were hundreds of Soviet workmen there (it was lunchtime), a handful of women, two dethroned bishops, and some students—and the young layman was giving Bible readings on Keswick lines. Of course, he did not get his ideas from Keswick—they were products of the combined influence of the Holy Spirit and Holy Scripture.

This young man of twenty-two was soon afterwards arrested, and sent to Siberia. Then he was released and offered a position as Communist orator. He refused steadily. He went back to his old work, and began all over again. He was arrested again, and sent to the Archangel lumber camps. But he escaped, and came once more to the city, there to preach the gospel as boldly as ever.

"Now he has disappeared," said my friend. "Probably he was shot."

I know of two other pastors who were disposed of quite recently.

A reliable authority stated to another friend of mine that there were nine million more-or-less Evangelicals in the U.S.S.R., and that there was an underground revival. I am unable to say anything about such a figure, but I have heard that the Baptists are the strongest group now. As the Soviet authorities have more recently thrown over their policy of comparative toleration of the Baptists—who once suffered along with Communists in Tsarist days—and are now trying to stamp them out, it is quite probable that the Baptists are everywhere increasing.

I was able to do quite a lot of personal work in Russia, for Russians are great linguists. I do not know of any trophies of grace as a result, except for two "comrades" who were led to admit their position as sinners and their belief in God. I managed to get on good terms with quite a number of people, and sooner or later they heard my testimony to the God of Heaven. I was warned to desist, but I persisted.

On the evening of my departure from Moscow, one young man came to me and said in faltering English:

"I think that God must have sent you to Moscow to give me fresh courage."

He had been following Christ afar off, and as he was passing through a time of great distress, I knew that his words were sincere.

At that time, I was preparing to leave Russia, for I had packed a great deal into my short stay at the Lord's expense. While there, I found it necessary to give more time to prayer and Bible reading—in order to counteract a peculiar influence which tended to drag me away from God. As I crossed the border I drew a great sigh of relief. The burden had lifted, and the sinister, persuasive influence had gone.

A few kilometres west of the border of Soviet Russia, I met a pastor who had heard me preach in Sweden.

"I wish that we had known that you were coming, brother," he said. "Or that you would stay some time."

"I have twenty-four hours to spare."

We saw one indefatigable Russian Christian, who had learned of my arrival, going around the market-place to pass along the news. And we had a crowded meeting.

My message was translated into Russian, and through that medium the people were asked to share the burden of my heart—revival. The Holy Spirit began to fall upon the meeting, and its direction was taken out of my hands. One fine young Russian came up to the platform, and spoke in a low voice.

"My heart was once warm towards God. I used to love the place of prayer. I used to love God's Word. But my love has grown cold. God

has spoken to me in this meeting—and I have come up to confess my great need.”

Immediately the people were broken down. Nothing could be heard but sobbing and earnest prayer, and then there were more confessions.

“Praise God,” whispered the pastor to me. “I know these people and I did not think this possible. It is the Holy Spirit Who is here.”

As many confessed failure and sought blessing, there was a change of atmosphere in the meeting. A note of triumph began to replace the tones of despair, and praise ascended to God.

One remarkable thing happened. Just before the meeting the pastor told me that a brother lay dying in a nearby room. During the meeting the sound of crying and confession reached his ears. When the meeting closed at eleven p.m., the pastor said briefly:

“I feel that we ought to go and pray with the brother who is so ill.”

When we reached the sick room, we found the “dying” man praising God, and his sick nurse in tearful distress.

The pastor was amazed. He asked some questions, and then to me explained that, according to the sick man’s story, the Spirit outpoured in the meeting had touched his heart at the same time. He had confessed his need, and immediately felt physical restoration.

## CHAPTER IX

### BACK VIA NAZI GERMANY

I did not stay long in Estonia, but the Lord made my visit there both enjoyable and profitable. Rev. H. Kokamagi, of the British and Foreign Bible Society, in a report to our editor, wrote, “we had a very blessed time by a sudden visit of Mr. J. Edwin Orr. He was two days in Tallinn, and the Lord Himself arranged it so that he could speak in four different places. It being a Common prayer day, Brother Orr was enabled to speak in the Free Church to nearly 2,000 people; and the pastor expressed his joy about all that happened there. It seems to me that Esthonia is ready for revival—only a spark and we are in flames.”

Latvia’s population is about two millions, of whom half a million live in the port of Riga—the capital. *To me* the population resolved itself into two rather unequal sections—section one, *complete strangers*, section two, *acquaintances*. The latter section was comprised solely of Pastor August Korp, a converted soldier of the Red Army and a product of Spurgeon’s College. As we had last met when calling upon our mutual friend, Dr. MacIntyre, in Glasgow, Pastor Korp received quite a surprise upon meeting me in the Post Office in Riga.

Things began to move—two meetings were hurriedly arranged on the first day, and twelve more in the four days succeeding. Pastor Korp acting very efficiently as interpreter. It was a great physical strain to me, but the Lord gave additional strength and grace for the task.

I received a gracious welcome from the Archbishop of Latvia, with whom we talked of spiritual matters for quite a time. In effect, he said that "we in the Lutheran Church in Latvia are one with you throughout the world in fellowship for revival. We are doing all that we can to give a positive lead to our nation—so that the people of Latvia may acknowledge the Christ Who reigns in the hearts of all believers."

On crossing the border into Lithuania, I sensed a different atmosphere. I was warmly welcomed by the Baptist Pastor, for whom also I preached the same evening and with whom I stayed.

"We were very glad to have you in our midst. A number of the young people were stirred and they pray that God will increase their faith to trust Him more. We are sorry that we did not know of your coming to Kaunas at an earlier date, so that we could have arranged a larger meeting—nevertheless we thank God for those who did come, especially for the strangers."—Thus wrote Rev. T. Gerikas of Kaunas.

There is a frontier dispute going on with Poland, Lithuania's powerful neighbour to the south. In

1920, Poland suddenly decided that the Lithuanian Capital, Vilna, was yearning to be torn away from its fellows in order to enjoy Polish rule. Lithuania protested, but Lithuania was weak and Poland was strong. The League of Nations did not improve the situation, so Lithuania closed the new boundary to all comers and has not been friendly with Poland since. Consequently I found that I could not cross the frontier at any point. All this trouble made me most willing to use all my influence in order to settle the dispute, but the League of Nations had failed—could I succeed? Instead, I wandered into East Prussia and there greatly appreciated all the evidence of German efficiency. I alighted at Tetzew, in Polish territory, and to my great amazement, was suddenly arrested and detained by the police.

The police could not speak either English or French and as my knowledge of Polish was summed up in the word for "vodka," I decided that, as a total abstainer, I ought not to practise my Polish. Finally I discovered that I needed special permission to enter Poland. I decided to go to the Free City of Danzig, where next day the Polish Consulate relieved me of what to me was quite a lot of money, for a *visa*. So I got to Poland after all. And after Poland, Germany.

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Many questions have been asked me.

"What is it like in Germany?"

"What do the Christians think of the situation?"  
And so—*ad infinitum*.

Christians in Germany are quite willing to discuss their country—and quite frankly they gave me their opinions.

One opinion which has remained in my mind—it was reiterated often enough—is the claim that the great majority of believers in Germany welcome the advent of Adolf Hitler and National Socialism.

"You see," said one pastor, "Germany was being undermined more and more by Communists, and truly dark days lay ahead for the Fatherland. I am not a National Socialist, but I felt that, when Hitler smashed Communism, God had delivered Germany from a terrible menace."

"Was the menace not exaggerated?"

"No! You can have no idea how much we dreaded a Communist revolution. One of my friends has seen a 'black list' compiled by local Communists in readiness for the coming uprising. The 'black list' contained his name, and my name, and the names of many other pastors."

"A roll of honour?" I queried, ironically.

"Well," he gave a short laugh, "we were all to be quickly disposed of—murdered—so that terror would fall upon the whole Christian community."

"So you think that Hitler's coming to power has benefited the religious life of Germany?"

"In every way except one—yes! That exception exists solely because the more militant Nazis want

to merge all German denominations into one great German Church. This the Evangelicals have strongly resisted. But the resistance has been a blessing in itself, for it has knitted them together in bonds hitherto unrealised."

"Over one hundred pastors were imprisoned last week," I said.

"That is so. But I know Niemöller and also many of his friends who were arrested. *They* will agree with what I have said about the advent of National Socialism."

Many enthusiastic Christians in Germany consider National Socialism to be pro-Christian. I do not. I cannot reconcile it with my ideas of Christianity. But I think that Germany may find that it is a blessing in disguise. Persecution or difficulties of other kinds tend to make Christians more real. The trials which beset believers in Germany to-day are nothing compared to the trials which would have been their portion had Hitler been unsuccessful. The only other alternative—offered by the Communists—has made most Christians reconciled to the advent of the National Socialist dictatorship. Think what another Soviet dictatorship of the proletariat would have meant!

In Russia, I went to see the Museum of the Revolution, which shows how the Communists crushed the autocracy. The Nazis have taken a leaf out of their book, and so in Berlin, I was able to view another "Museum of the Revolution"

which showed how the Nazis had crushed the Communists.

Communism and National Socialism I regard as two dangerous extremes. But I would not hesitate for a moment in a choice between Russia and Germany. There are many contrasts. For instance, the Russians are very shabbily dressed, but the Germans, though they may have equals, have *no superiors* in the wearing of good clothes. In Russia, the people were obviously poor (though equally so). In Germany, despite all that I heard about the depression, evidence of poverty was not obvious.

Again—if in Russia I had attempted to preach the Gospel anywhere, I would have been hurried to the frontier. In Germany, I could have spoken anywhere on any subject except politics. There is no comparison between the state of *religious* affairs in the two countries, so the sooner false notions are dispelled the better.

It is certainly true that a growing section of German folk are quite pagan, and that they want to force their paganism on their Christian countrymen. But, at least, the fight is in the open. In England more insidious means and subtle methods are employed by pagans in their underground warfare against Christianity. The German believers are quite alive to their danger. The English Christians are mostly asleep. There are really only two camps in Germany—for Christ and against Him. The crisis has driven away most

of the treacherous compromisers whose equivalents abound in England.

"Believe me," said another Evangelical, "the crisis of to-day has had a very *deep* effect. 'Is the truth worth dying for?'—and many who never thought of it before are answering, 'Yes,' and are beginning to *live* for the Truth."

There is yet another aspect to be considered.

"One may try," said a young layman, "but no one will be able to procure pornographic literature anywhere in Berlin."

"I think you are right," I replied. "But do you know anything about the *facts*?"

"Well," he replied, "I helped in the work of closing the brothels and destroying pernicious literature."

And a bitter Anti-Nazi (in another country), said: "That is one of the redeeming features of Hitler's character. Berlin, when I knew it, was a sink of iniquity. Now it has been cleaned up."

I smiled when a Jew confided to me his opinion:

"Jews are not popular in Germany."

"But," he went on, "I think that the persecution is dying down somewhat."

Said another friend:

"There are two kinds of Jews in Germany: good citizens whose religion is Judaism, and the International Jews, mostly atheists and communists. The latter did Germany a great deal of harm."



"But," said I, "the Nazi purge made no such distinction."

"What do you expect in a revolution? They are beginning to make a distinction now."

I arrived in Berlin on the same day as Sir John Simon, who had come with Mr. Eden to discuss the thorny questions arising from Hitler's action.

I had no friends in Germany—and I had only enough money to pay for my bed and half my meals.

God answered prayer, and I was invited here and there for dinners, teas, and suppers. I cherish even now happy thoughts of the hospitality and unstinting kindness of Christians in Berlin.

I liked Berlin very much. Three million people inhabit this clean and prosperous city, the capital of the Third Reich (which comprises territory with a population of 65,000,000). There is much to interest a visitor. My great regret was that circumstances had robbed me of time to stay longer in the land of the Swastika—the New Germany.

I received a cordial welcome from journalists of the Berlin Press. One paper asked for details of my visit to Russia, so I gave them my impressions. They said that they would not be able to publish them, as they were afraid that the article would be attributed (by the Soviet Bureau) to their Moscow correspondent, and that he would be expelled. I agreed with them that it would be unwise, under the circumstances, to publish.

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A clock struck ten.

I looked up, and around, in vain. My gaze was attracted by the signplate announcing the name of the street.

"I knew that I would find friends in Amsterdam," I thought, whimsically.

It was Moses and Aaron Street.

At eleven o'clock—one hour later—I was sharing the burden of revival with a group of Christian workers, speaking for forty minutes to Dutchmen whom I had never seen before. And yet when I arrived at the Central Station in Amsterdam, I did not possess even an address.

From the Commissioner for Holland and from other Salvation Army officers I received a cordial welcome. Likewise I was well received at the Y.M.C.A., where, to quote a secretary's words, "We try to pivot all our work upon the only worth-while centre, the Lord Jesus Christ."

Certainly Holland needs a revival.

Personally, I took a great liking to the country and people. I had a fine time there, being shown around by a very kind Christian. On the evening of my departure, I was praying in my hotel. The fare to Brussels was five guildens and I possessed only one and a few cents. Then a gentleman called, giving me four guildens in quite an unexpected way—of course, without knowing my need.

At eight o'clock, I spoke at the Y.M.C.A. 1

had intended to break my journey at Rotterdam and there to stay the night. On the way to the station, it suddenly occurred to me—"I have enough to get to Brussels, but not enough for hotel in Rotterdam. If I take a ticket to Rotterdam, and pay my hotel-bill with the balance, how will I get to Brussels? Or if I go to Brussels—?"

The Lord solved the problem for me, and three minutes before the train moved out, I was unexpectedly handed a ticket to Rotterdam.

"Why are you in such a hurry to get to Brussels?" said the friend who had come to see me off.

"Well, I hope to preach to-morrow evening for Pastor Kerriman, of Brussels."

"Does he know that you are coming?"

"No!"

"Do you know him?"

"No!"

"But you are going to speak—you have arranged—"

"No! I heard Miss MacGill, of London, mention his name, and I have asked the Lord to enable me to be of service to him."

When I arrived in Brussels, the pastor got a surprise—and an hour after I arrived I was enjoying his hospitality. I spoke twice for him that day, once to his young people and the other time at the Methodist Church in Vilvorde, the town where Tyndale was martyred. The following day

it was my privilege to address a conference of pastors and leaders from all over Belgium.

On the morning that I left Mouscron, I felt suddenly that I should alter my programme and return to England immediately. While in Amsterdam I had given much thought to the question of crossing the English Channel. There it was—twenty miles or so of stormy water. Not being a good swimmer and having no cash at the time, it was a problem to me. Away up north I had once walked a long distance on the sea! It was my nearest approach to the North Pole and the sea was frozen, of course. I had been advised that, if anything happened and the ice broke, to lay my hat and gloves at the edge of the hole and so facilitate the search party in their endeavours to locate "this earthly part of me." Some consolation! And so I was trying to visualise leaving my hat and gloves somewhere in the English Channel.

The Lord provided. I crossed from Ostend to Dover, and landed on British soil once again. I had left over two months earlier with eleven shillings, and I arrived back with four shillings and sixpence. Not a bad trip for six shillings and sixpence! I travelled by coal-boat, train, bus, ice-breaker, and what-not.

Some more unkind critics said that I would be dependant upon my English friends. I went to Norway with 11s., and from that day my income

from England stopped (excepting three remittances needed and used to meet demands arising in England). It sounds impossible, but every penny needed for my Continental tour was received from Continental sources. I never advertised my needs. It is more incredible still to find from my diary that seventy per cent reached me through anonymous channels—either stuffed into my overcoat, or in unsigned letters, or given me by strangers incognito. These facts will "knock on the head" quite a lot of the theories which critics have invented to explain away my method of trusting God. If any further doubts remain, let me challenge the doubters to accomplish the same tour under similar conditions. Only with God do such things happen.

## CHAPTER X

### CONSTANTINOPLE NEXT

"Where are you going next?"

"To France."

My friend smiled.

"Will you swim—or fly?"

"Fly!"

At the time it was meant to be a joke; but the suggestion started a train of thoughts in my mind. In order to complete certain tasks, I had arranged to stay in London until nearly the end of the week. And strangely enough, I had the inward conviction

that I would preach during the coming week-end in Paris. Time was precious. *Why not fly?*

The first objection was lack of funds. Again, "What would friends say?" After praying about it, I telephoned an airway company and was surprised to learn that their charges exceeded the railway fare and meals by about ten shillings. And I would gain a whole day!

Next day I had tea in a city club with a good friend who handed me the amount for which I was praying. But on the following morning, I met a Christian who appeared to be in need, and I joyfully raided my "aeroplane fund" on his behalf. Until the morning before my departure, the money had not been replaced. But so convinced was I of the Lord's leading that I telephoned again—this time to reserve a seat on the 'plane.

I had lunch with Ian Thomas and another friend. We parted at two o'clock. Three o'clock found me in the private sanctum of a director of my publishers. The buzzing of the house-telephone interrupted our conversation.

"Yes? He is here. Very well—Mr. Thomas to see you in the showroom, Mr. Orr."

"Ian Thomas? How did *he* know that I was *here*?"

I went down to investigate.

"Hallo, Ian. How did you know I'd come *here*?"

"I asked the Lord's guidance," he replied with a chuckle—and proceeded to explain.

He had been walking down the street with my second book under his arm—when suddenly a gentleman stopped him:

"That text, *Prove Me Now*, was a means of great blessing to me."

And of course, Mr. Thomas told him that he had just lunched with the author of the book, who himself was going to Paris.

"Paris?" said the stranger. "I work in Paris."

Before I had time to comment, Ian Thomas turned to a stranger standing nearby.

"Here is Mr. Orr now."

The stranger bowed and told me his name. He was a colporteur.

"I asked your friend to bring me along, Mr. Orr," he said, "in order to suggest that I might be of service to you in Paris—to show you round, or interpret your remarks, or anything you like—"

"Thank you so much——" I was rather taken aback. "When do you return to Paris?"

"In a day or so."

"But," I explained, "I will be there before you."

"And your address?" he asked.

"Oh! Well—J. Edwin Orr, nowhere in particular, Paris, formerly of nowhere in particular, London."

The colporteur laughed.

"But I want to find you."

"Very well," I said. "Give me *your* address, please, and I'll phone *you* before I leave Paris."

I thanked him once more, and we parted.

That night, God answered prayer again, and I found myself in possession of the fare.

Next day I took my seat in the passenger plane. My feelings were mixed indeed. There was the thrill of a new experience. There was also the knowledge that I was flying to France with only five shillings. There was doubt—and there was confidence.

With a sudden roar the propellers began to rotate rapidly. Then we taxied along the ground of the aerodrome, turned round, and took off against the wind. We began to rise—a few feet, then over the trees, now higher, higher still, now over a farm, higher still, up again, a thousand feet, eighty miles an hour, now ninety, now one hundred. *Now we're off.*

\* \* \* \* \*

"Off where? Off to France. W"

Don't know. Where will you sleep? Don't know. Preach? Don't know. And now we're over London. Good old London!"

I observe that the French girl in front of me is reading *Mon grand ami Shakespeare*. The other passengers are picking out the landmarks. That tall fellow in front is an English viscount.

"Where are we now? There's the Thames. I wonder what town that is. I say, it's Gravesend."

Yes, there's Echo Square—there's the new church—there's Will Hopkins' house, bless him—and there's his car outside! Wonder what he would say if he saw me now?"

Having a soft spot in my heart for the Hopkins household, I look wistfully down, picturing the happy family at lunch. I laughed when I remembered what Will Hopkins had said to me when last we met: "Don't forget, Edwin, to drop in for a spot of lunch next time you're passing this way." I had to refuse the invitation.

Gravesend is fading away—out of the picture. Below us is stretched a wonderful sight—the fields of Kent looking just like one of Mother's patchwork quilts. I smile as I think what Mother would say if she could see her offspring now.

We are approaching the South Coast. Below is the sea. "Well, now, isn't this flying grand?" My mind goes back to the day when I cycled out of Birkenhead with 2s. 8½d. to tour the world. I count my case.

"H'm. Thought I had five shillings. Ah! Here's another sixpence. Mustn't be extravagant with it."

For half an hour we race across the English Channel at one hundred and ten miles per hour. The coast of France comes into view. Ten minutes later we are over another patchwork quilt—Picardy, I guess. Now we are over a railway. Now a forest lies beneath. The French girl puts

away *Mon grand ami Shakespeare*, brings out her vanity bag, and dusts her nose with powder. Silly.

Paris is on the horizon—getting nearer. Quite suddenly the engines stop and we begin to glide down down, down. There is Le Bourget aerodrome.

"Hope he doesn't hit a tree."

Like a seagull swooping down upon the sea, we glide slowly down. A sudden roar of the engines—and now we are taxi-ing over the grass. We stop. I get out first, temporarily deaf.

"So this is Paris!"

\* \* \* \* \*

At six o'clock I found myself in the centre of the city. I walked leisurely along the Boulevard—with the care-free step of one who has no fixed programme for the next two months (literally).

"Well, I promised to convey the best wishes of the Editor of *The Christian* to Madame Blocher at the Tabernacle."

I hailed a taxi and drove to Rue Belliard. The taxi-driver relieved me of fifty per cent. of my balance-in-hand.

Madame Blocher and her son Jacques received me well, and soon I was partaking of supper and enjoying their conversation. The telephone interrupted us. Monsieur Jacques answered. He returned quickly.

"Telephone for Mr. Orr."

I looked at him to see if he were joking.

x

"There is some mistake," said I. "You know I have no friends in Paris and nobody knows that I am here."

He laughed.

"Well, better answer the 'phone."

I did so. *It was the colporteur from London.* Why he telephoned me at Madame Blocher's house is still a question which I cannot answer and which he cannot satisfactorily explain. And so it was this genial colporteur who took me all around Paris, meeting the expense and saving precious time.

That evening I went with M. Jacques Blocher to a meeting in *Le Zone Noir*—the Black Zone. It was unforgettable. I have seen slums in Warsaw which made London's East End look respectable—but the Black Zone of Paris is by far the worst sight I have ever seen. Its origin is peculiar. Many decades ago, the military authorities decreed that around Paris (then much smaller) there should be a zone void of all permanent structures—to be used for defence purposes. The result of the order was a zone of waste land stretching right round the city. The city has since grown and grown until there are as many habitations outside as inside, and the waste land soon became a refuge for outcasts who slept there in the summer time. By-and-bye these poor creatures began to erect temporary shelters of old wood, boxes, and the like. The "zone militaire"—to give it its official title—has now a population of tens of thousands, all of

them living in abominable huts, without lighting, without a water-supply, without sewerage, without anything.

As M. Blocher and I picked our way along the narrow lanes, he explained more about the inhabitants. There were Poles, and Spaniards, Algerians, Frenchmen, and all sorts and kinds. There were thieves, and murderers, pick-pockets, and thugs. Most pitiable were the crowds of little children.

"And why do not the authorities clear out the foul hole?" you ask. I asked that, too. But I got no satisfactory explanation. Officially the zone does not exist as a place of habitation. The "zoniers" are just ignored. Time and time again, they have been promised a transfer to other quarters—but they are still there. A big fire would be the best way of clearing the place out—but then there is the responsibility for the tens of thousands to be removed and provided for.

As one would expect, the Black Zone is strongly Communistic. No wonder! Society regards these outcasts with contempt, and the outcasts return it with *hate*. Policemen do not venture into the zone alone.

"Why then are we walking along its lanes, being greeted by men and women, and being accompanied by the children?" I thought.

"They know that we love them," said Monsieur Jacques. "And in their own way, they love us in

return. At first the children threw stones, but the Communist men-folk scolded them for it."

*There is no fear in love, but perfect love casteth out fear—*

The Tabernacle outpost (together with another little effort) is the only attempt to win these "zoniers" for Christ. I went into the little hall wondering what the service would be like. A few of the "congregation" were somewhat intoxicated and noisy—yet they did not come deliberately to interrupt. I felt strangely heart-warmed when Jacques Blocher and two companions struck up a familiar tune.

*Rédites-moi l'histoire  
de l'amour de Jésus—*

"God bless them in their efforts," I thought, as I looked around. The man in the corner was a murderer, and the others were all rascals of various types. And yet there we were, all singing:

*Tell me the old, old story  
Of Jesus and His love—*

I never saw such broken pieces of humanity in all my life—filthy heads, full of vermin; filthy clothes, full of lice; bleary eyes, bloodshot with drink; broken bodies, ruined by sin; and we told them the old, old story—the same power of God unto salvation. And in spite of these terrible handicaps, four souls have recently been won through the Tabernacle work in the zone.

On the Sunday morning I preached the Word in the Baptist Church at Colombes, a suburb of Paris.

Motoring up to Paris, I spoke in the afternoon at another little church of which Pastor Guedj has the oversight. Next I was privileged to address the folks at the Tabernacle.

Later on that evening, I spoke for the fourth time—this time in the Russian Evangelical Movement church. These Russian Christians were very interested to learn of my experiences in Russia. The meeting lasted ever so long on account of an open time of prayer and individual confession which followed an address on revival.

And so, although I had no prospects when I arrived in Paris, the Lord arranged a programme for me. Hospitality was provided, and all needs were supplied.

I arrived in Switzerland—as usual, without friends, prospects, or money. I spent the night in a hotel at Thun on l'Hunersrüe. I remember well saying to myself that night, "If *something* doesn't happen soon, I wonder what I'll do with these few centimes. I'm nearly penniless."

Something did happen.

*Revival in Europe* gave the address of a certain Doctor of Philosophy—Mrs. Wasserzug. I had heard this godly lady spoken of in places far apart in Europe—so I determined to find her and introduce myself.

Consequently, one bright morning I arrived in Beatenberg, an Alpine village high up in the mountains. Finally I found her house.

"1st Fran Wasserzug hier?" I enquired of the lady who opened the door.

"I am Mrs. Wasserzug," she replied in German.

I fumbled for a visiting card. Before she could have seen it, the lady exclaimed:

"Mr. Orr!"

"Yes! I'm Edwin Orr. But how did you know?"

"Well, I have just now received your second book from Rev. T. Gea Willett of the C.I.M. And some time ago he sent me your first book—so I recognised you from your photograph. Welcome to our home! Do come in!"

All too soon my visit came to an end. But in a rather strange way, the Lord sent me the necessary funds to travel a bit farther. A friend of Frau Wasserzug invited me to address a meeting in his church on Sunday. So on Saturday I arrived in the old town of Aarau and spoke in the Free Reformed church. Pfarrer Gutcher, the pastor, is a godly man, full of expectation of revival.

I wanted to go to Prague. But it was a long distance across three countries, so I was puzzled to know what to do. On the way to the station I found an envelope in my coat pocket, opened it, found a sum of money, with the words "to dear Mr. Orr, for strong tea." Someone who knew

that I was an Irishman, no doubt! In parts of the Continent one is given a pale, coloured water which the natives mistakenly refer to as *tea*. They also supply a jug of hot water "in case it is too strong!"

At the station I was handed my ticket to Zurich by a gentleman whose acquaintance I had made a few hours previously. And then Pfarrer Gutcher appeared with an anonymous gift of money. It took me just to Prague.

In the middle of the night, while I slept, the train crossed the frontier of Switzerland.

Early one morning, as I journeyed from Munich to Prague, I caught my first glimpse of the Danube at Ratisbon (Regensburg) in Bavaria. Crossing the great Bohemian forest, I arrived the same afternoon in Prague, the busy capital of Czechoslovakia. First of all, I went to the Post Office; secondly, to book a cheap room at an hotel; thirdly, to look for the friend of a man whom I had met in Warsaw. All three endeavours were successfully accomplished. I had the pleasure of a walk and a talk with the gentleman in question, who told me that he "had thought that I was getting ready to go to America, had decided to write and ask me to visit Prague first; and he now considered it little less than a miracle that the subject of so much thought should arrive in person."

That night I walked back into the hotel lounge, instructed the porter to have me awakened at 6.15 a.m.—and so to bed. Before retiring, my eye was



caught by a notice hanging on the back of my bedroom door. It was a scale of charges in Czech and German.

"More money," I said to myself, as I noticed that the charge for the room was twenty crowns plus one crown for the chambermaid.

*Rat-tat-a-tat.*

I jumped up, and then called "Ja?"

The door opened, and the porter handed me my bill.

For a moment I was bewildered.

"Can he not trust me till the morning?" I thought.

The porter hesitated.

"I haf gif to you ze bill but you no pay——"

"What *does* he mean?" I thought.

The porter hesitated, and began again:

"I haf you giften ze bill, but it is pay——"

Opening the bill, I found that it was a receipt.

"But I gave you no money!" I said, but I thought, "Am I getting absent-minded? Did I pay in advance?"

"You gif me no money," explained the porter, "But your friend come here just now with pay it."

"Of course!" I said, as I realised the position.

"My friend paid it in advance. Thank you! Good night."

I closed the door behind him.

"Humph!" said I aloud, first in Czech and then in German. And a short time afterwards I was

sleeping peacefully in the bed so strangely provided for.

Czechoslovakia and Austria are separated (near Bratislava) by the Danube. It was via Bratislava that I entered Austria and travelled to Vienna. Arriving at 6.30 a.m., I walked along the streets until I arrived at a park. I was sitting on a seat, eating an apple, when a young man came along and asked for the change of fifty groschen—presumably for the telephone. I spoke to him in English, and to my surprise he replied faultlessly. We struck up a conversation, and then he insisted on accompanying me, carrying my bag to the General Post Office. He was a medical student and a Jew. An hour later we were together in a café, when he raised the question of salvation. So interested was he that he missed his lectures at the University. I discovered that he was not an orthodox Jew, he being instead a sort of agnostic. But he was very eager to learn my "point of view."

Vienna is surely one of the most beautiful of European cities. The wide boulevards, the buildings, the parks—all are of the first order. One-third of Austria's population (nearly seven millions) reside in this beautiful place. But Vienna was formerly capital of a large Empire, and is now too big for the little Republic created after the war. There is a strong desire on the part of the people for union of some sort with Germany, but the Government (a dictatorship) has forbidden any

expression of such a desire. This did not prevent several Austrians telling me that a growing proportion wanted to be incorporated in Hitler's Third Reich. I heard from Christians the warmest approval of Hitler, himself an Austrian.

I preached in the Methodist church in Vienna. The pastor had not heard of me before, nor I of him.

Budapest—the union of the twin cities of Buda and Pest—is the capital, and a very beautiful city it is. "Queen of the Danube," it is called, and it deserves the title.

I arrived in Budapest late one night, had a good sleep, and went in the early morning to the Post Office. My diary for the day records a strange prayer-request. Here it is:

"Prayed that I might meet our friend B. Godfrey Buxton—if he is still in Hungary. What a hope! If all the people in Hungary were to march past me at the rate of ten per minute it would take two years to look at them. But—all things are possible to God!"

I had heard that Captain Buxton had hoped to visit Hungary sometime in May. But what chance was there of meeting him? I prayed all the more.

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At the same time, in a meeting held at the house of a well-known Budapest doctor, Captain Buxton began to open up the Scriptures to eager listeners. Before so doing he made a few preliminary remarks:

"You Hungarian friends have quite an invasion of English people. Present here to-night are myself and my wife; and then we have an Irishman, Mr. Edwin Orr. The day before our departure for the Continent, I was walking in the city of London. I met Mr. Orr—quite by chance one would have thought. And now, just before our departure for London again, who should walk in but Mr. Orr himself. It is very strange. I must confess that I was so overwhelmed with surprise that at first I forgot his name—although I know him well."

*I had been invited to go to this meeting before I learned that Captain Buxton was to be present.*

\* \* \* \* \*

From my diary that night:

'It is almost midnight. Outside my bedroom window I hear a beautiful Hungarian orchestra playing *O! Sole mio!* With my whole heart I can sing the words which we put to the tune at home:

"Oh, how I love Him!  
How I adore Him!  
My breath, my sunshine,  
My all in all.  
The great Creator  
Became my Saviour  
And now God's fulness  
Dwelleth in Him."

When I arrived in Belgrade it was too late to make any calls, and in the morning I discovered

that Mr. Wiles—of the British and Foreign Bible Society—had gone farther south. This put me in a difficult position, for his was the only address of which I had heard. His assistants were most obliging, but they informed me that there would be no public meetings during the short period of my stay. Right until the evening of my departure, I had met no other Christians. I had determined not to leave Yugoslavia without speaking somewhere—and yet I had booked my place on the midnight train! I called at the Y.M.C.A., but there was no one there: I called at the Salvation Army, the Captain was out.

At 7.15 p.m., I went back to the Salvation Army Corps, found the Captain in, and was immediately invited to speak on the deeper truths of Christian experience at a meeting for soldiers only. This Army effort had not been started long.

A party of American tourists (*I am told*) was travelling along the Bulgarian roads in a fast car—which broke down. The gentleman of the party did his best to repair the damage—but his efforts and those of the Bulgarian driver were unavailing. After an hour or so, another big car stopped. Its driver and another man enquired what was the trouble, lent willing help, and soon had the first car ready for the road again.

"What'll I give him for a tip?" said the American to his driver.

The Bulgarian smiled.

"Whatever you like. That is Boris, King of Bulgaria."

The King of Bulgaria is very popular, and he is as friendly as the Bulgarians themselves.

Sofia is the capital, and there I arrived on one hot, sweltering afternoon. I had a cordial letter of introduction to a well-known Christian leader, but as Bulgarian street-names are printed in the difficult Cyrillic characters, I found great difficulty in locating the place. Suddenly I was accosted by a young student who spoke German to me. Although my German is pretty hopeless (never having studied it) I can make myself understood. This new friend insisted on walking the whole of the warm and weary way—and when at last I arrived, we parted. But, to my great surprise, I did not get quite an enthusiastic welcome from the Christian leader, and so I turned away, very disheartened and hopeless, trying to find another address mentioned to me. Just when I was feeling most miserable—who should accost me but the German-speaking student *again*! After an hour's patient and diligent search together (for I had the wrong address) we located the second Christian, and to my relief, were received very graciously indeed.

This second Christian has a wonderful testimony to tell. Of a Pravoslav family, he had drifted into Communism. Wishing to study English, he was led to Christ by the saintly example of an Evangelical pastor, who as tutor, spoke not a word of "religion"

but lived such a life that Mr. Simeonoff got converted. Pastor A. Simeonoff studied in Switzerland, and is a great linguist besides being pastor of a flourishing church.

I crossed the Danube again, this time on a ferry steamer which carried me across the river to Rumania. The next train brought me up to Bucarest, the capital.

In the Rumanian capital I had a touch of the disease vulgarly referred to as "blue funk." And why—? Just because!

If you walked down the streets of Bucarest knowing that after you had paid up for all that you knew was coming, *one shilling remained as spare cash*, how would you feel?

Well, I felt that I wanted to go home. But the distance was nearly two thousand miles as the crow flies—and besides, I cannot fly like a crow. It was just as easy to go on as to go back.

I thought of another plan. Why not send a letter by air-mail to a certain friend in London and ask him to send me money by return air-mail—and hold on till relief came? It was feasible, but—I

Fresh in my mind were the words of a letter from a friend in a responsible position in London. He stated that they would (sometime) be glad to hear "how the Lord has been pleased to guide, keep and bless you during the trip abroad." If I borrowed money to return home, I would not have much of a story to tell my friend.

I had a conversation with myself.

"What'll I do?" "Well, you're not dead yet."  
"Yes, but I haven't a hope." "What about God's promises?" "But supposing—?" "Where's your faith?"

Where indeed?

"Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him."

With new determination, I began to make enquiries. Soon I found my way to the house of a German pastor—he was away in Germany. His little son took me to the house of another pastor. He was not in (I gathered) and as my informant could not speak English, I turned away in despair.

Just then a lady came running up the stairs, and greeted me in English. She was Swiss. Her husband engaged me in conversation (by interpretation) in order to learn my business. Before the conversation had got very far, I was told:

"We are pleased to meet with anyone interested in revival. Perhaps you will be so kind as to become our guest in Bucarest."

An hour later the pastor returned. I introduced myself. He turned out to be a friend of my correspondent in London—the Rev. H. L. Ellison.

Again the Lord supplied my needs in such a way as to make me feel ashamed of my lack of faith, and the next stage was wonderfully provided for. I crossed the Danube (for the last time) near its mouth, en route for Konstanza in the Dobrudja.

At Konstanza I boarded a Rumanian ship, and said good-bye at midnight to Rumania.

A short time ago an American missionary and his wife settled in Constantinople, the commercial capital of Turkey. They had come from the interior of Turkey, where they had worked faithfully for a score of years. It was there, after the time of the Armenian massacres, that these two Christians had the joy of witnessing a remarkable revival which began among the tiny tots of an Armenian orphanage. This strange moving of God's spirit gave them a new hope—a hope which was followed by another effort teaching Moslems with the Gospel. Then followed the usual persecution of converts, many of whom had to flee to other parts of Turkey. To avoid further trouble, the Turkish authorities requested the missionaries to leave, and so they arrived in Constantinople wondering what was going to happen next.

Even more recently a young adherent of the Gregorian Church—one of the dead Churches of the East—began his search for God. Unlearned he was, yet he found something which the learned often miss. Vahram found salvation in Christ.

In Constantinople, the missionary (Mr. Lyman) and Vahram got together. One after another, young people unconnected and untouched by any Protestant Church were won for the Saviour.

"I hadn't much to do with it," says Mr. Lyman. "Vahram was wonderfully used."

"It was Mr. Lyman's prayers," is Vahram's opinion.

Anyhow, this Turkish-speaking group of believers grew and grew. Babes in Christ, possessing more enthusiasm than experience, yet they were uncompromising in condemning the half-hearted life of nominal Christians—an attitude which aroused some opposition in the Protestant churches in the neighbourhood. So this group of "live" members of the "dead" Gregorian Church continued as such, terribly in earnest, and eager for spiritual truth—with Mr. Lyman as spectator, sympathiser and adviser.

Vahram and his friends began to get a broader vision. They began to ask awkward questions in their earnest search for information about such "obscure" doctrines as *full surrender, victory over sin, and the fulness of the Spirit*. Their Bibles spoke of these things, yet few Christians seemed to have experienced them.

So Vahram began to quote extracts to the group from *The Revival We Need* (by Oswald Smith of Toronto): And Mr. Lyman added extracts from *Prove Me Now!* (by J. Edwin Ott of nowhere in particular), a book which had been given him on his birthday. Thus Vahram and Mr. Lyman and their friends began to pray for a revival.

One Sunday morning, there came steaming down the Black Sea the s.s. *Dacia*, a Rumanian ship bearing a number of important passengers. Travelling

in the cheapest part of the boat was a passenger of no importance whatever—except that he, too, was praying for revival. The boat sailed majestically along the Bosphorus—Asia on one side and Europe on the other—and then anchored at the port of Istanbul (Constantinople).

"I wish to land," said this passenger to the police officials.

"Where is your *visa*?" they asked.

"I am sorry. I was not able to get one in Rumania."

"Then it will cost you ten Turkish pounds," said the police. "We'll take it now."

"I have got it in foreign currency but not in Turkish money," replied the passenger.

"Well, you had better get it changed."

The passenger made enquiries. He was informed that he could not get change for the *visa* anywhere except on shore. He was next informed that he could not get on shore without the *visa*—for which he needed the change!

"What can I do?" he asked the Turkish police.

"Did you say that you were going to Athens? Well, this boat sails for Athens in three hours! That's the easiest way out of it!"

For ten minutes, the passenger of no importance considered it. The easiest thing to do was to go on. Yes?—No?—Yes!—No!

"No, I want to land."

They "stretched a point" and let him land, taking the foreign currency in the meantime.

\* \* \* \* \*

I walked up the quay at Constantinople—uncertain as to the next step, without friends in the city. All that I could hear was the continuous and unintelligible chatter in Turkish.

"Are you looking for a hotel?"

I looked round to see who it was who spoke such good English. It was a young man whose skin spoke of an even warmer climate.

"No, thank you."

He came after me again.

"Please, may I find you a hotel?"

"No, thank you," I replied. "I shall probably stay with friends."

I could see that he was eager to practice his English.

"Very good, sir," he said. "I will please find your friends for you."

"Well——"

"What is their name? What is the street?"

I was unable to tell him, for I simply had no friends at all in Turkey.

"If I can be of service——" he said.

"Well, if you would be good enough, please show me a telephone-box."

At the telephone-box I searched the directory for the name of Dr. MacCallum of the American

Bible House—found it—introduced myself—and arranged to meet him.

Dr. MacCallum received me cordially, and while conversing, showed me over the wonderful St. Sophia Mosque in Stamboul.

"The person likely to be most interested in your short stay here," he said, "is Mr. Lyman—an American missionary, and a man of prayer. So, if you like, we'll go along to see him."

And so the Lyman home became my headquarters in Constantinople.

A marvellous answer to prayer came when I left Constantinople for Athens. At the Tourist Agents, I had enquired the amount of the fare, and had been told £12 (Turkish). Not having enough money, I prayed for it and told nobody that I was praying for it. The boat sailed at nine o'clock in the morning, and at midnight the night before I had said good-bye to almost all my friends and still the passage-money had not arrived. Half an hour later I was given a thank offering which had been taken without my knowledge. We counted it—£22 (Turkish). Next morning I had to go on board to get my ticket.

"Who said twelve pounds?" asked the Italian purser.

"Cook's," I replied.

"They are wrong this time," he replied. "The fare to Athens is twenty-one Turkish pounds and fifty piastres."

What providence!

And so good-bye, Constantinople! I was really sorry to leave the house of the Lymans, a haven of hospitality and fellowship. Vahram carried my bag to the boat and kissed my hand in the Turkish fashion.

We steamed out of the picturesque Golden Horn, into the beautiful Bosphorus, watching the magnificent skyline of mosque and minaret fade away. Soon we were into the deep blue waters of the Sea of Marmora, heading for the Dardanelles and the Aegean Sea. On either side lay Turkey—the land of opportunity.

## CHAPTER XI

### PILGRIMAGE THROUGH PALESTINE

The weather appeared to be extremely hot when I stepped off the Lloyd Triestino steamer at Piræus. It seemed to be hotter still when I walked up to the General Post Office in Athens, thinking things over.

*Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.*

What an illuminating definition.

What things did I hope for? Opportunities for service, blessing for Christians, conversions of sinners. And these things—how could they be?

But in faith one could claim everything. Faith

is the substance—the evidence; and substance and evidence are very real. Faith is reality.

*Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you.*

With this in mind I went down to Old Phaleron to look for friends of my host in Istanbul. I received a cordial welcome.

"Tell me, doctor," I asked in the course of conversation, "where is the grass here? I have not seen any!"

"The grass? Well, you see, it has not rained in Athens for two months and it may not rain for another three."

Who would have thought it?

The missionary doctor then asked me a few questions—would I like to stay a few days in order to preach? would I tell the local Armenians of the times of reviving in Istanbul? would I like to speak to Greeks also? I was delighted. My stay in Athens seemed impossible—but I agreed immediately, saying:

"If you will be so kind, do arrange as many meetings as you like for three days. I want to be of service."

"Very well. And let me say also that we will be glad to have you as our guest for that time."

*—all these things shall be added.*

As soon as possible, we went down to see the pastor of the Greek Evangelical Church in Piræus. As the pastor anticipated a surgical operation in

a few days' time, he regarded me as a God-send. I was offered the morning and evening services on the Sunday.

Landing at Haifa gave me a real thrill. Dreams were coming true and my expectations were being realised at last. So my first thought was one of thankfulness to the Lord Who had brought me thus far.

"He shall fulfil the desire of them that fear Him."

This pilgrimage to Palestine was one of the great desires of my heart. As a boy, I used to read travel books galore, secretly vowing that when I became a rich man I would travel. Strange, is it not? I did not commence travelling until, giving up all prospects of business success, I became a poor man for the Lord's sake.

"So you are going to Jerusalem," wrote a friend. "How we all envy you."

Believe me, it is a real pleasure to set foot in a land where our Blessed Saviour once walked about doing good. It is a spiritual education in itself, and an experience never to be forgotten.

The first impression left upon my mind was of the picturesque flocks of goats on Mount Carmel. As I gazed at the pretty scene my mind went back to the time when Elijah called down the fire from heaven, rebuking the idolatrous priests of Baal.

Nestling at the foot of Carmel is the busy town of Haifa. Haifa is part of the portion of Zebulun,



of whom it was predicted that in the latter days he would become "a haven for ships." The harbour of Haifa was built a few years ago by the British authorities who used the budget surplus for this purpose. It is indeed spacious, the biggest in the Mediterranean, at least five times larger than that of Beirut. About thirty acres of land were recovered from the sea, and, on this, warehouses and depôts are being built.

Ten years ago the population of Haifa was about 25,000. To-day it has 100,000 inhabitants. Just outside the town are the tanks of the Mesopotamian oil line, through which the oil flows all the way from Mosul. Refineries are to be built here—but there is a real shortage of workmen. Factory after factory has been put up in the new town, houses are springing up with them, and one cannot help but notice the scaffolding everywhere. Most of the houses have been built in the modern European style and the streets spread out into the plain, or climb the beautiful slopes of Mount Carmel. Haifa will undoubtedly become a great port, a metropolis of the Levant. It is already becoming a strategic centre—the Singapore of the Near East.

In Haifa I discovered that I had missed the last bus to Jerusalem. But I found that a party was going south in a fast car, so I joined them. Our party became somewhat representative—Moslem, Jew and Christian, all eager to reach the Holy City of the three great religions.

The big car nosed its way through the streets of the town, and took to the beautiful road which runs south. The British authorities certainly deserve congratulations—for Palestine roads are far superior to any others in the Levantine countries. I found the view on both sides of the road a source of unfading interest—Here we notice one old fellow working in the field. He is dressed exactly like our pictures of the old patriarchs—flowing robes, headgear, sandals. The incongruous, modern touch is supplied by the cigarette between his lips. Lady Nicotine has her slaves in every country.

Again we pass a flock of beautiful black goats which scramble over the rocks on the side of Mount Carmel. On our left is a cement factory. All round is activity. Above is the blue, blue sky. What a picture.

Our driver changes gear as we leave the plain and ascend the hills in a series of hairpin bends. Then the village of Yaffa is passed. We approach Nazareth. What a beautiful town it is—On another occasion I visited it and found it even more interesting.

It was here that the Saviour lived with Joseph and Mary His mother. His feet trod these streets. I remembered the reception which His fellow-townsmen gave Him. They "were filled with wrath, and rose up, and thrust Him out of the city, and led Him unto the brow of the hill whereon their city was built, that they might cast Him down headlong."

Here the city—and there the brow of the hill. Holy ground—all of it. Was not the Saviour called *Jesus of Nazareth*? Are not these the hills of Galilee which the Lord knew so well? My heart was stirred within me. The pilgrimage was already proving to be a potent spiritual tonic.

Again we were climbing the hills. At last we took a downward gradient, round a series of dangerous corners, and then raced across the wide plain of Megiddo. A natural battleground it appeared to me: Armageddon—the field of the judgment of God upon the wicked nations.

After a long drive across the plain we took to the hills again. Up among these hills of Samaria there were many places of interest to be passed—the ancient Samaria, capital of the Northern Kingdom of Israel, now desolate. Sychar, the place of Jacob's well, was pointed out to me. It was easy to picture the scene described for us in the Gospel of John—Christ and the woman at the well, and the winning of the Samaritans. It was here that they called Him *the Saviour of the World*.

We also passed Nablus (the ancient Shechem) a town of Moslem bigotry. Like every other town of present-day Palestine, it is thriving. Darkness began to fall as we reached the mountains of Ephraim, but both twilight and darkness only added to the fascination of the wonderful countryside. How it lives to one who has read the Scriptures.

"It amazes me," said my Jewish fellow-traveller, "to notice how you English Christians know the Old Testament so much better than our own people do."

I had been able to keep him right on some points.

Soon we entered the territory of Benjamin, passing Shiloh, a place memorable in the history of the tribe. We also saw Bethel.

It was quite dark when we passed "Kilometre 33"—the den of robbers. Until recently this was very unsafe for travellers. A few years ago the Bishop of Jerusalem was attacked. The authorities were stirred into action, a police station was built on the spot, and the thieves were scattered. It is still an eerie spot at night.

The last twenty miles to Jerusalem were uneventful as the car sped along at a good speed. Suddenly Jerusalem burst into view—a diadem of twinkling lights studded over the hillsides.

"Hurrah," I said to myself.

That night I put up at the Swiss Pension. I had only fifty piastres left over the charge for bed and breakfast. So I asked the Lord to "do something about it," and I went to bed wondering what would happen next. I had one comforting thought. "I had not enough money to come, but here I am. I have not enough to get back—so I will get back."

\* \* \* \* \*

There are at least four strange links in the chain of circumstances which followed at Jerusalem. Some weeks before I left England I went down to Friarston for a short holiday at the invitation of that wonderfully-kind steward of the Lord, Mr. Charles E. Arundel. After a drawing-room meeting there, a visitor who knew nothing of my projected trip to Jerusalem showed me a set of views of the Holy City and added that if I should ever go there, I would be able to oblige him by conveying his best wishes to a friend in Jerusalem—shall we call him *Mr. A*?

In Jerusalem there was another devoted servant of the Lord who had the oversight of an Evangelical bookshop. One day a motor-lorry backed into the shop window and smashed it—so *Mr. B* (shall we say?) stayed up all night in the premises, read *Can God?* and hoped that the author would one day come to Jerusalem.

The third party, *Mr. C*, another fine Christian in a very responsible business position, had just been reading *Can God?* which had just arrived as a birthday gift from England.

Fourthly, a correspondent wrote and advised me to call upon *Dr. D*, a friend of his.

So I telephoned *Dr. D* (who had just left for London), found that he was a son of *Mr. A*, and while I was talking to *Mr. A*, *Mr. B* called, introduced me to *Mr. C*, who immediately insisted that I should become his guest for as long as I

liked. So *A*, *B*, *C*, *D* and I, "lived happily ever afterwards."

On the second day I began my sightseeing. One of the Y.M.C.A. secretaries very kindly took us up to the tower of the magnificent Y.M.C.A. building. These new Y.M.C.A. premises are really wonderful—so much so that I hesitate even to attempt to describe them. And they harmonise so much with their surroundings.

From the tower of the Y.M.C.A. I got a composite view of the Temple Area and the old Jerusalem. The sun was just about to set and in its softening rays I received a mental impression which I never can forget—the walls of the city, the mosque of Omar on the site of the Temple, and the mount of Olives behind. Beautiful city—it will be more beautiful still one day when the Lord blesses it with His own presence.

The establishment which became my home for the duration of my stay was a truly nice place—the beautiful garden, the lovely house. My host and hostess were so utterly kind and charming that it almost took my breath away. I had asked the Lord to arrange a place for me in Jerusalem—there could not have been a nicer place.

On Monday I again went out sightseeing. My honorary guide—a devoted evangelist—took me first of all to the Garden Tomb. This sepulchre lies alongside the Place of the Skull—the true Calvary. According to report, there has been

much controversy between those who hold that the Holy Sepulchre is here and those who say that it is under the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The evidence is all for the former. Every test applied to the Garden Tomb proves that it, and none other, is the place where they laid the body of the Lord. It is the only rich man's tomb in the neighbourhood.

We went first of all to the edge of the garden to view the Place of the Skull. Again every test has proved that this is the place of Christ's death. I felt drawn very closely to the Lord as I gazed at the landmark. The quiet, sweet surroundings seem for ever hallowed ground. Then we went to the tomb itself. The beautiful story of the twentieth chapter of John's Gospel began to live for me as never before. My friend and I knelt down to pray—and we prayed out of our inmost hearts, remembering one another and praying for a revival throughout the whole household of faith. On the way back home, we visited the wonderful Solomon's Quarries. Later in the afternoon we started for the city again. There we viewed the remains of the Prætorium and stood upon the place where "they had platted a crown of thorns—and spit upon Him." All these sights opened the eyes of my mind, and melted my heart.

At noon another businessman kindly motored us down to Jericho—a very interesting run. I crossed the Allenby Bridge across the Jordan into

Transjordan. It was very hot—1,200 feet below sea level—so I went into the Dead Sea for a swim. I had heard a great deal about the buoyancy of its waters. This time I realised it—I could not sink. The only drawback was the smarting effect which the salty waters have upon tender skin. I enjoyed the experience nevertheless. After tea on the seashore, we motored back again via Bethany.

Just before I left Jerusalem, I had another wonderful answer to prayer. At the Travel Bureau I was amazed and alarmed to learn that the fare to Italy was £8 (800 piastres). Where was I to get 800 piastres in two days? But I kept my concern to myself.

A stranger sent me 50 piastres for the Lord's work, but that left 750. I said good-bye to all my friends when I still needed 650 piastres (£6 10s.). On the previous evening my friend (who *then* did not know that I was contemplating leaving Haifa next day) invited me to go with him in his car on a business trip to Haifa! I agreed.

Next day, when we were in the car together, he said to me:

"I felt that the Lord had given me the responsibility of meeting the expense of your next journey. That's why I have telephoned Haifa this morning and booked your ticket."

And so I was able to leave after all.

We—this wonderful friend and I—journeyed together to Haifa, where I spoke at a hurriedly

arranged meeting. Then I said good-bye and caught the boat—the s.s. *Galilea*, leaving for Cyprus and Italy.

“When matters had reached this point, Paul guided by the Spirit decided to travel through Macedonia and Greece and go to Jerusalem. ‘After that,’ he said, ‘I must also see Rome.’” (Acts xix. 21. Weymouth.)

When the Lloyd Triestino steamship *Galilea* drew alongside the quay at Brindisi, I stepped ashore and walked to the railway station. My first impression was of the remarkable recurrence of the word *viva*—long live Mussolini!—long live the king!—long live this!—long live that!—printed and chalked on the walls.

I booked a ticket across Italy via Rome, and joined the train a few minutes later. All the way to Naples I enjoyed the company of two young Canadians who were visiting Europe for the first time. In the late afternoon we were under the shadow of the smoking volcano Vesuvius, which crowns the beautiful sweep of the Bay of Naples. In the streets of Naples I caught sight of a Salvation Army uniform and soon stopped the wearer. He could not speak English, so I had to explain in French who we were. Whereupon he made use of his only English expression “Hallelujah—God bless you.”

The Canadians I left at an hotel, and alone I

journeyed on to Rome. Upon arrival there, I scouted round: found a place of lodging: and scouted down to answer the scores of letters which generally await my arrival in a capital city. By and by I found my way along to interview some Christian leaders—Waldensian and Baptist and Salvation Army—and from them I learnt a great deal regarding conditions which I did not even imagine existed.

## CHAPTER XII

### ROBBED IN SPAIN

I was robbed in Spain.

“Robbed?” you say.

Yes, robbed!

It happened like this.

I left Italy, crossed into France, and travelled along the much-advertised Riviera coast, passing Nice and Cannes, and reaching Marseilles. After having a look at Marseilles, I journeyed on to Narbonne, and crossed the frontier between France and Spain at Port-Bou.

And so, one bright morning, I reached Barcelona, the capital of Catalonia—Spain’s “Southern Ireland.” There had been trouble in the streets some days before, and so policemen were to be seen patrolling in groups, armed with rifles. After a nice time in Barcelona, I booked a ticket, third

class, to Madrid. The price was rather more than I had anticipated, for after passing through Zaragoza, I travelled all night and reached Madrid with very little money left.

From the telephone book I discovered the Spanish secretary of a well-known evangelical cause. Both he and another Christian worker were very kind in giving me advice, and they assured me that there was little prospect of finding an opportunity to preach the Lord's message. The former gave me two or three addresses, and the latter helped me to call upon the addresses—but all without avail.

At midnight I went down to the Salon del Prada, a sort of half-boulevard, half-park. All that I had had to eat that day was an occasional penny roll of bread, washed down by a drink at the fountain. My position seemed desperate.

It would have been easy to get worried. But "the trying of your faith worketh patience." I was amazed at my own unconcern.

"Well," I thought, "this seems to be pretty hopeless—but I am sure that the Apostle Paul did not always go full—and yet he could rejoice in the Lord."

I began to sing quietly:

"Now none but Christ can satisfy  
None other name for me.  
There's love and life and lasting joy,  
Lord Jesus, found in Thee."

Here I was—a thousand miles from home. No food—no bed—little money—no prospects.

But still I had Jesus—

"He satisfies me so  
His constant love I know—  
My all I give—for Him to live;  
He satisfies me so."

Satisfied, I lay down to sleep, the stone seat as my bed and my hand-wallet for a pillow. I went off to sleep quickly.

I woke up with a start. What had I been leaning on? A moment was enough to tell me. The hand-wallet had gone—and afterwards I discovered that my fountain pen also was missing. I searched around. They were nowhere to be found.

I had been robbed of almost all that remained to me.

I searched around again. But there was nothing that could be done, so I settled down again on the stone seat, pillowing my head on my arm. I fell asleep. Again I woke with a start. There was someone close beside me. I jumped up.

A young man was sitting on the seat beside me. He looked surprised.

"Cigarrillos?" he asked.

I knew that it was an excuse, and that he was a thief, so I replied, "No," and stared him out. He finally got up and joined two other characters standing under a tree.

"So it is three-to-one," I thought.

I lay down again, slept for another twenty minutes, then awoke with an uneasy feeling. I kept my position, with my eyes half-closed.

The man was edging up to me again. It was not until he was actually bending over me—presumably looking for other pockets to pick—that I jumped up and faced him.

He stood where he was.

"What do you want?" I snapped, for I was beginning to get angry.

He beckoned, and the other two accomplices joined him from their shadowy hiding-place.

*It was three a.m.*

I felt a sudden cold anger sweep over me. I shut my fist, meaning to smash the jaw of the ringleader—three-to-one or not.

The thief became suddenly aware of my intention. He stepped back quickly for protection.

"I'm losing my temper," I thought. "That will never do."

In a moment I gained control of myself again, already forgiving the poor thieves. Still watching, I waited to see if they intended attacking me. But they slunk off into the lonely night. To this day, I do not know how they guessed that I was Irish.

I lay down again.

"This is the limit," I thought. "Robbed of almost all that I had left."

There was nobody to talk to, nobody about.

Why had this happened? What did it mean?

I saw it in a flash. The hardships of the first day and night in Madrid could and ought to have (humanly speaking) occurred in every other city in Europe. And why not? What was there to prevent me from starving in Bucarest? in Sofia? in Budapest? anywhere?

My last thought before I went to sleep again was one of gratitude to God. I was incomprehensibly happy.

A brightness appeared in the eastern sky—the first peep of day. The stars began to fade. Then came the first flush of dawn. The light awakened me.

"Still, still with Thee

When purple morning breaketh,

When the bird waketh

And the shadows flee.

Fairer than dawn

And lovelier than daybreak

Comes the sweet consciousness

I am with Thee."

It was Sunday morning.

"The tide has turned," I announced to myself. I had still ten pesetas left in my inner pocket, so I walked along to a *Pension*, and booked a room and a day's board—for ten pesetas. I shaved, brushed myself, had breakfast, cleaned my shoes, and went out. Having the addresses of half a dozen Evangelical meetings, I "took my pick" and found my way along to one little place.

It was an undenominational assembly, and the Christians were having a breaking of bread service.

I joined in, and much enjoyed the simple service and the singing. The address was altogether uncomprehended by me.

At the end of the service, after the benediction, I got up and asked:

"Does anyone here speak English?"

Two ladies at the back signalled to me.

"I am a believer from London," I explained.

"My name is Orr—Edwin Orr: nobody in particular, you know."

But one of these two sisters had read my books, and so I received a cordial welcome. I was invited along to the evening service, and there I delivered the Lord's message to the people. It was encouraging to notice how well the people in this little "New Testament" church received the challenge of the message. When I was nearly finished preaching, I became aware of someone behind me, and I caught a glimpse of a big pair of boots. Big feet always suggest a policeman, I thought.

Just before we closed the meeting, the door behind me opened, and there walked in a policeman with a rifle ready in his hand.

"What have I done now?" I thought.

The policeman pushed his way through the crowd of people who had come up to shake hands. He spoke to me in Spanish, putting his hand on my shoulder.

"Si, Si," I replied, wondering if I ought to add, "I'll come quietly."

Miss Vaughan noticed my hesitation, and interfered, asking questions.

"This man," she explained, "has been listening outside during all the time that you were speaking. He says that he agrees with all that you said, and he wants to shake hands."

I held out my hand. I am glad that it was not for handcuffs.

In due course I left Spain for Portugal, and after a wearying journey, I reached Lisbon. Again the same tale could have been told—no prospects.

But things went smoothly from the start. I became the guest of a Christian businessman whose kindness of heart was overwhelming—his hospitality was abounding.

The days sped by quickly in Lisbon. I greatly enjoyed the fellowship of believers who seemed to be very glad to make my stay the happiest—Mr. Holden, Senhor Moreira, Senhor José Freire, Mr. Howes and others.

One extremely interesting contact was a meeting with Senhor Alves Reis, a grand trophy of the saving grace of God. Alves Reis, as many people will remember, was the Portuguese engineer who induced a British firm of printers to print, in good faith, 500-escudo-banknotes to the total value of £3,000,000. This money he began to use, establishing his own bank for the development of Angola. He was full of ambitious schemes, and appeared to be a financial wizard whose aptitude for the



handling of money might have made him famous if it had been in legitimate channels.

For quite a while, he successfully pursued his great game of bluff, and began to make progress in his schemes for colonial development. At last, a flaw appeared. He was cross questioned, but lied so cleverly and laid his plots so well that he implicated men of high standing in commerce and government in a hopeless tangle. Portuguese law has many loopholes, and for four years he managed to keep his trial postponed.

But the way of transgressors is hard. Alves Reis tried to commit suicide and lay between life and death. Another prisoner afterwards lent him a Bible which he read solely for the purpose of ridiculing it. But instead the sword of the Spirit wounded him. He came under conviction of sin.

The most natural thing to do was to send for the Roman Catholic priest—which he did. And then he made his public confession, making a clean breast of his crime before a court which, of course, condemned him. What a marvellous change—that the fluent liar, fighting a desperate fight, should suddenly become the principal witness against himself.

In the meantime, after his conversion, he continued in the Church of Rome. He had been successful in condemning himself, but was unsuccessful in clearing other innocent dupes. Burdened by this latter fact, he began to study the

Bible to obtain relief and peace. Through an evangelical tract, he got into touch with believers and finally left the Roman Catholics.

Alves Reis was sentenced to twenty-eight years in prison, a special government Act being passed to make his sentence trebly severe. One of his innocent dupes was also converted while in prison, and is now serving the Lord in northern Portugal.

When I met Alves Reis, he had still the prospect of twenty-five years between walls. And yet—he was refreshing to meet, full of joy and satisfaction with his Saviour. Meeting him gave me the same feeling which I believe the Philippian Christians must have had when they read the encouraging words of Paul in prison—"Rejoice in the Lord always."

Alves Reis was converted as an indirect result of the prison work started by Senhor José Freire. With this devoted Christian worker, I went to see Reis, and with him also I visited another prison and delivered a message to the prisoners.

And what of conditions in Portugal? They are much the same as in every other Latin and Greek country—superstition, darkness, immorality, priestcraft. One example will answer for itself. During the month of April, 1932—I quote officially published figures given me by an evangelist—there were 610 children born in the city of Lisbon. Of these 375, over sixty per cent, were illegitimate. Everywhere one can find couples living together without any legal contract. As in France, many

women prefer to live with men without marrying—saying that they feel more secure.

On the way home from Lisbon to Southampton, I had a pleasant but uneventful voyage. The Rotterdam Lloyd steamer *Slamat* from the Dutch East Indies transported me from one port to the other in a little over two days.

It was a great delight to see England's shores again, for "he knows not England who only England knows." I have been brought up in the staunchly patriotic atmosphere of loyal Ulster, but travelling in Europe has deepened my love of country more than I ever thought possible.

A few days after the Keswick Convention I read the following in the *Evening Chronicle*, Newcastle-on-Tyne:

A curious meeting between the leader of the Monkseaton Band and Mr. J. Edwin Orr—the author of the remarkable and challenging books *Can God?* and *Prove Me Now*—took place at the Keswick Diamond Jubilee Convention, and the circumstances of it have just been related to me.

Mr. Orr went to Keswick direct from a Continental tour—on which he started in an aeroplane, with five shillings in his pocket, and Faith abounding.

He had gone to Keswick, not knowing where to stay. No one knew the date or time of his

arrival. Yet, on the way from the railway station, he met the leader of the Monkseaton Band, who greeted him with "You're staying with us!"

Mr. Orr thought it strange, but said, "Yes."

It was not until about nine o'clock at night when he received correspondence that had been forwarded from London to Keswick that he discovered a letter containing an invitation from the Monkseaton Band to join them for Convention week.

Then he understood the warmth of the leader's greeting.

In Keswick—on Sunday morning—I said to my bed-mate:

"My suit of clothes was ruined by sleeping in trains on the Continent, so I came up in these sports clothes. I hope that no 'old crank' will criticise me for wearing flannels on Sunday."

"Never worry, Edwin, lad," replied he. "The world is full of cranks. I'm sure I see at least one every day."

There was a great deal of playful fun between us. So I returned:

"Yes. *When you're shaving*, I expect."

After laughing against himself, my friend said:

"The Lord will send you a suit, never worry."

"Oh yes. And, between ourselves, I have asked Him to send a good one for Monday week in London."

*Five minutes later.*

Walking up Helvellyn Street, I was hailed by an old couple in a car. To make a long story short, the lady told me that "dad is a tailor, and we are wondering if you would be offended at the suggestion—as a thank-offering for your books, he would like to measure you for a suit."

At 7.15 a.m. next day, the tailor—he and his wife are splendid old warriors of the Lord—measured me for a suit, and asked me to choose the cloth. Incidentally, the suit arrived on Monday week in London. I have not had a better one!

Frank's sister was standing at a bookstall when she heard a clergyman describe *Can God?* as "utter piffle." So she gently remonstrated with him.

The clergyman exclaimed indignantly:

"Orr says in that book that he prayed for a lift in a motor car, and claims that God sent him one. Do you actually mean to say that God is interested in giving Orr lifts? Piffle, utter piffle!"

I laughed heartily when Miss Ivy told me about it.

"Pity you don't know his name, Ivy. *Lift in a car?* Hmph! Why, I'm praying for a car—a whole car—just now. Only don't tell anyone anything about it. But wait till you see. I'll get one all right. Then what will the clergyman say?"

Next day I walked into the house. Frank was talking to his sister.

"I say, Ivy. Remember the car I prayed for? Well, it has been offered to me to-day."

"What is it like?"

"Don't know. It's waiting for me up in Scotland—whenever I like to fetch it. It is bound to be a good one. The Lord doesn't send old trash, in spite of what the clergyman would say."

There was the humorous side, too. I was greatly run down in health after the stifling heat of the Southern climes. All my friends cheered me up by telling me what a wretched sight I looked. One evening I found a note awaiting me, with the words, "the enclosed is to be spent on the inside of your body, either in nourishment or for a tonic. You are more useful to God alive than dead, so do be careful. I was awake last night thinking about you." There was no due to the identity of the writer.

Meeting a friend in medical practice, I asked him to recommend a good tonic. He did so. During the next fortnight, I gained seven pounds in weight.

"I say," remarked "the man who keeps me right," "that doctor's tonic has worked wonders with you in three days."

"Do you really think so?"

"Decidedly! You are wonderfully improved already."

"Isn't that strange?" I said, thoughtfully.

"You see—I forgot to order the tonic."

After Keswick, I determined to go from London to Scotland, to get the car which awaited me. My friend wrote to ensure that I would take the car as an anonymous gift, adding that I was not to expect a super-car.

My other friend, 'the man who keeps me right,' when he heard of the offer, immediately said:

"You know that in accepting this car you run the risk of giving people a chance to talk. They will say, 'Did you hear that Orr has got a car? He must be making a fortune.'"

I shrugged my shoulders.

"Listen," I said, "I need a car. It will save me a lot of expense. God knows my need and He has sent this car. Am I going to let the fear of man—that's all it is!—keep me from taking God's gift? *I am not.* When I used to walk, they criticised—and now they'll criticise all the more. But I am going my way just as long as I am sure that God is leading me—grateful always for advice, but regardless of gossip."

"Don't misunderstand me," replied 'the man who keeps me right.' "I did not say that you were *not* right."

In London my first need appeared to be the need of someone who would teach me to drive on the way down from Scotland. Then Jack Sheriff, a keen Crusader who knew quite a lot about cars, appeared from nowhere and volunteered. Problem number two came next. How were we two to get

up to Scotland? Roy Cattell, leader of Hendon Crusaders, offered to drive us up.

We started north on the Friday night preceding August Bank Holiday, and with a stop with friends at Rugby, motored all night to avoid the coming congestion of traffic. In the early morning we were in the Lake District, breakfasted in Keswick, and set off for Carlisle. We did not get far.

"Say, chaps," said I. "I propose that we have a sleep in that hayfield over there."

Carried unanimously. We slept very soundly, and all three awakened together.

"What time is it?"

"Half-past one."

We had gone to sleep at ten-thirty.

"Is it Saturday or Sunday?"

We all laughed, for it had been Saturday when we had dozed over. It might have been, but was not, Sunday.

"Blue Murder"—the car—was awarded its title on account of its high speed and its beautiful acceleration, just as we nicknamed Roy's car "The Bandit," on account of his persistent habit of 'sitting on our tail.' In no time, we were in Edinburgh, and while Jack had "Blue Murder" attended to at a garage, Roy and I speeded down to the Tyne Valley and arrived at a late hour at my aunt's house in Stocksfield. Roy then left for London, and on the day of his departure Jack arrived in "Blue Murder."

In Stockfield I had my very first lessons in motor driving. Half an hour afterwards, I took a party of four for a run and to everybody's great relief, ditched them only once.

Many other memories come crowding into my mind. Chief of these were amusing times in the car. During the six weeks between the Keswick Convention and the departure of the ship from Liverpool, Jack Sheriff and I travelled about 3,000 miles in Great Britain, he—the expert driver and mechanic, I—the learner, but all the time cognisant of the fact that a loving Father's hand was over us protecting us in the hour of possible danger and directing us by a right pathway.

On one journey of 800 miles, I was interested in finding out the cost of running the car, telling Jack that if it cost less than a penny per mile, I would be more than satisfied that it was economical to run compared with any other means. So we kept an accurate note of the mileage, petrol and oil. The total mileage was 800, and we paid exactly *nothing* for petrol and oil, all of which was wonderfully supplied. If the reader is a mathematician, he can prove the claim that it *did* cost less than a penny a mile.

On yet another occasion we were motoring in Monmouthshire. I was driving the car at about 35-40 miles per hour, along twisted, hilly roads. Suddenly, without warning, a herd of bullocks burst out into the road. I braked immediately,

and somehow managed to steer between two of the beasts, but a third animal came forward blocking the way. Him we smote in the ribs, and strangely enough, did the car more damage than the bullock. The humorous side of the incident struck both Jack and myself—we had never seen such a look of pained surprise on any human face, never mind a bullock's! The cattle drover agreed that the accident was unavoidable, we repaired the damage, and so ended one of the many funny happenings of "two men in a car."

### CHAPTER XIII

#### CANADA—FROM COAST TO COAST

A LOW sound of moaning fell upon my ears. Woman or child? I wondered which. I heard it again. It seemed to be the last word in misery—the highest pitch of anguish—the deepest note of despair.

I listened sympathetically. Then I heard a child crying; and again the moaning; and then a man's voice.

"Poor things," I thought, "I would not like to be you."

Again the heart-breaking moaning.

"What if I should have to go through it myself?"

I shuddered at the thought. But as the suggestion

grew in my mind, all my will power resisted it with the unexpressed words, "Never, *Never!*"

As it was, nearly everyone was seasick. After watching one and another of the passengers glide away from a half-completed meal, and seeing the number at each sitting gradually reduced to a fraction of the original company, I had thought that it was time to "take myself off" as a precaution. So I had two whole days in my cabin: and all the while the good ship *Newfoundland* rolled and tossed and pitched on the wild waves of the stormy North Atlantic. I spent the time sleeping, reading, eating, praying, thinking—chiefly thinking.

My thoughts ran in cycles—beginning in a strange way, and ending in a way equally unexpected. That day's date was *September 28*, and *September 28* has always been an important day in my life—a day of beginnings and endings.

And now what lies ahead? The 28th *September, 1935*, begins a world tour, a circumnavigation of the globe. I will not be surprised if it ends a year hence. To God all things are possible.

Already the signs of His approval have been in evidence. A friend, whose name counts for much in both the shipping and the Christian worlds, very kindly offered me a passage on one of his ships going west. I accepted. At the last moment I received a telegram to state that the ship's sailing would be delayed by about a week—just enough to upset my programme. So I replied, saying that I

would have to decline the kind offer; and booked a passage in the usual way, perhaps a little disappointed to see an offer of £20's value suddenly disappear. But the Lord Who provides gave me a surprise—on the two succeeding days there arrived two cheques, each £10. From Liverpool, I sailed westward at sundown.

Most of the passengers were confined to cabin, for the wind howled in fury the whole of the voyage. The waves were mountainous, sending sheets of salty spray across the decks. But, as the recurring entry in the diary of Christopher Columbus told its tale, "we sailed on."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Land—I see land! Look—there!"

We looked up at the boy's shout, and there was a general rush to the side of the ship. There it was—a grey bank, on the horizon, which was scarcely discernible. After a brief scrutiny of the line of the horizon, I returned to the game of shuttleboard on the deck.

The last day of the voyage proved to be much more enjoyable than its predecessors. The wind died down, the sun shone brightly, and the ship's rolling became more bearable to the seasick passengers. The captain—a breezy, good-natured man—laughingly asked where all the stowaways had come from, meaning of course that some passengers were showing their faces for the first time. And indeed everyone was glad to see the last of the bad weather.

After five o'clock, we began to see the coast quite clearly—it was beautiful but forbidding. An hour later we took the pilot aboard and made our way through the narrow entrance to the landlocked harbour of St. John's. Dinner over, we made our way ashore.

The problem which weighed upon my mind as I walked up Water Street was a very simple one. Three days were at my disposal in the city—only three days. Was it possible to meet leaders of every walk and discuss and obtain what I wanted to know about Newfoundland? The human answer was an emphatic "No!" The prayer of faith, seeing the necessity and the golden opportunity and ignoring the difficulties, answered "Yes!"

St. John's is a hilly place, and so in the deepening darkness I made my way up, down, and along the streets. It *was* a problem. At last I came across a building bearing the sign, "United Church Gospel Mission." Neither the people living around nor the nearest policeman seemed able to give me any useful information. I liked the flavour of the place, but had to go without tracing the superintendent. What was I to do? Again, reason said, "It is impossible—give it up. You do not need to hunt around the place. Take it easy." But I really wanted to find someone from whom I could learn details of the spiritual state of the country, and thus be able to pray and to get others to pray for revival in an intelligent way. So I persisted. After half

an hour's search I came across the hoped-for connecting link. Inquiring at a house near a church, I found two little boys who volunteered to take me to the minister's house.

It was interesting to listen to the conversation of the little fellows as we walked along the street.

"Yes," said one, "you missed the riots, you know."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, an' it was terrible, too. I stayed indoors—but the others were a-fighting, an' splitting their heads something dreadful."

"And what were they fighting about?" I enquired innocently.

"Well, it was the police and the men that were fighting—you see, Jimmie's father here is an unemployed and he was fighting, an' he got hurt, too, didn't he, Jimmie?"

"Yes," replied Jimmie proudly.

Reports of grave abuses had angered the masses, causing trouble and consequent interference of the police. A Royal Commission had been sent out from Britain, the result of which was the setting aside of the usual government in favour of a Governing Commission entrusted with a mandate for setting the country on its feet and correcting the abuses.

"And the fighting has stopped," said the older boy, "so the men and police have stopped hurting each other, because when the fighting stops there

is no good going on with splitting heads. 'Snar right, Jimmie?'"

By the time Jimmie delivered his judgment on the matter, we had arrived at the house. I gave them something as a tip, and went up to the house. I was received cordially. My new friend was a man who believed in evangelism, so we got down to discussion. Not content with giving me so much helpful information, he suggested convening a meeting of all the Free Church ministers to carry on the discussion about revival besides having fellowship. So quite contentedly, I enjoyed the motor run back to the ship, calling to see the interior of a couple of churches en route. Before I left St. John's I spoke at a Salvation Army meeting.

\* \* \* \* \*

Blue sky and sparkling sunshine ushered in the morning of October 5th and greeted our arrival in Canada. As we sailed up the harbour, one could not help noticing the beauty of the place. I felt sure that I would enjoy Halifax and Nova Scotia.

After 2,500 miles across the Atlantic, the prospect of travel by land seemed too good to be true. But one had some regrets at leaving the ship whose hospitality had been so enjoyable. And a ship is a place where folks make new friends whose comradeship is missed. These were my thoughts as the s.s. *Newfoundland* berthed at Halifax, Canada's winter gateway.

Customs and Immigration officials proved as courteous and as helpful as one could desire. I noticed the eyes of the Immigration officer light up as he glanced at my Russian visa. Putting "two and two together" I spoke to him a few words in Russian, to his great delight, for he was a Ukrainian who had fought for Britain in the Canadian Forces during the war.

Halifax proved to be as pretty as expected. Most of the houses were wooden, but of a pleasing style and appearance. The public buildings were very tasteful, the railway station and hotel being the first to greet the eye. In the station I noticed some baggage lockers suitable for depositing my bags while I was busy in the city. But I wanted to leave them at the station for Montreal, thus avoiding a second deposit. So I called a porter.

"Is there another station in Halifax?"

"Yes, sir. There are two others—the Police Station and the Fire Station."

"You seem to know them well!" I retorted, leaving my baggage.

Walking along the street a moment later, I met a clergyman. "Speak to him," came the inward urge, but I neglected the opportunity and lost it. At the Y.M.C.A. I made enquiries. . . .

"Yes," I was told, "there are several ministers in town who are what you would call interested in evangelism. . . ."

Several names were mentioned.



"And where does Mr. Herman live?" I asked, remembering one of them.

"Across the harbour in Dartmouth."

"Too far away," said I. "Is there a Salvation Army Captain?"

There was, but he was not in when I called to see him.

Half an hour later, I came across the old Cathedral church of St. Paul's, and was pleased with the evangelistic flavour of its notice board. A street car conveyed me quickly to the residence of its rector. I did not expect to be invited to preach, but I wanted to make a contact. The Ven. Dr. Savary received me and courteously answered all my questions in such a way as to display his sympathy with the Evangelical cause. He was also the clergyman whom I had met. I next crossed the beautiful harbour to Dartmouth, searched for Rev. Neil Herman, called on the Roman Catholic priest by mistake and told him all about my personal experience of God's grace to his evident pleasure and interest—and finally was ushered into the drawing-room of the Baptist minister whom I had been seeking. To say that he showed interest would be understating the case, and the cordial interview ended with an invitation to preach on Sunday morning.

With this I was well pleased, so I returned to Halifax with a light step and happy heart, spending the rest of the day in exploring the city. Halifax

was founded about two centuries ago, by the British Government of the day, as a fortress for defending Nova Scotia against the French who were always stirring up the Acadians to resist British rule. It has had an interesting history, one tragic incident being fresh in the public mind—the memory of the blowing-up of a ship loaded with T.N.T.—deadly explosive, which literally blew up the whole city, leaving the ruins to cover thousands of dead and dying. Halifax is now a busy port, boasting of over 60,000 inhabitants.

At the end of an interesting day, I made my way down to the Salvation Army Hostel, looking for a cheap bed. I had begun this Canadian tour in quite a modest way—with 2 dollars 50 cents and a ticket to Montreal.<sup>1</sup> The Army Hostel was full, so I secured a bed in a little Chinese hotel at a modest charge of 50 cents. I killed three of the permanent residents of the hotel—but I have learned by now not to grumble, nevertheless making sure that none accompanied me on my travels elsewhere. The financial outlook was none too hopeful when I went to sleep, but the comfort of the words, "He shall silently plan for thee," made an easy pillow for the slumber of the night. I prayed for the comforts of a Christian home for the next night, and rose in the morning convinced that my petition had been heard.

<sup>1</sup> Credit to pass the Immigration Bureau was kindly supplied by business friends in London, but this was not for use.

"Are you coming back to-night?" asked the Chinese proprietor, when I had finished breakfast.

"No-o!" I replied.

"Leaving town?"

"Well, no," I answered. "I am staying with friends to-night," and I cannot think what made me add, "outside the city."

However, as the statement was made with no intent to deceive, I did not trouble to correct it. What did it matter anyway? I walked down to the Ferry, met Mr. Herman, accompanied him to West End Baptist Church, where I spoke on the subject, "The Dynamic Christ"—the pastor's announced subject for his own address—to an attentive congregation who showed every sign of response to the message.

As we were walking to the church, Mr. Herman conveyed a message by request. A certain Colonel Laurie had phoned him to ask him to tell Mr. Orr that he would like to meet him and be of service in any way possible.

"But how did he know that you knew me?" I asked, all the while thinking, "He shall silently plan for thee."

"That's a mystery, now that you mention it," replied the pastor. "How *could* he have known—I told no one."

"Where does he live?"

"On the Truro line. He suggested that you should phone him."

"That's where I am staying to-night," I thought.

While waiting in the Pastor's study at the church, I heard a knock, which was followed by the sudden entry of the pastor and two gentlemen.

"This is Colonel Laurie," said the pastor, introducing the older of the two.

"And this is Lieutenant Spencer," added he, bowing "my son-in-law."

"He shall silently plan for thee," I thought as I shook hands with the man whom I knew was to become my host that night.

"I am very pleased indeed to meet you both," said I, "and also a little bit curious to know how you know me."

"I am known to Mr. Lindsay Glegg, Captain Godfrey Buxton, and . . ."

"Well, then," I interrupted, "I am even more pleased to see you. But tell me how you learned of my visit to Halifax, and why you phoned Mr. Herman?"

"Well, you see, my sister noticed from *The Life of Faith* that you had sailed in the s.s. *Newfoundland*; and we searched the papers at ten-thirty last night to discover that the ship had arrived yesterday; and then we telephoned Dr. Savary, who confirmed the fact of your presence here; and at last we got into touch with Mr. Herman so here we are at your service."

At four o'clock, my kind host—he was my host after all—motored me to his lovely home out in

the woods alongside an equally lovely lake. The beauty of the scenery en route was a thing which defies pen to describe. Folks in the "Old Country" have, no doubt, heard of the grandeur and beauty of the Canadian "fall." But it is a thing to be seen before it can be even imagined. The vivid scarlet maple leaves appear as a flame in the woods; the yellows and the browns and the greens form a background for the brilliant blaze of autumn glory—and truly it can be said that the woods are brighter, and as vari-coloured as the rainbow.

Colonel Laurie's estate—carved out of the woods by the late General Laurie—is situated on a lake-side where Mother Nature—intoxicated—has outshone herself in creating beauty. I felt stirred by all that I saw. The Lord knows the effect of landscape beauty on me, and "silently planned" the tonic for me. Just as much appreciated was the hospitality of the family; the kindness and the comfort and the fellowship introduced me to Canadian home life, and I cannot forget it.

In the morning we went down to the foot of the garden, signalled by hand to the Ocean Limited Express, and watched the huge, heavy train brake-up and come to a standstill. A handshake and a hurried Good-bye . . . and the train set off again. All my needs had been wonderfully supplied—the little things and the big things too, and so as I sat in the train reiterating the promise, "He shall

silently plan for thee," I could add the words, "He doeth all things well."

The weather continued to be favourable as I journeyed on, making my way from the Maritime Provinces to French Canada. I left Moncton at night and awoke as the train reached a French-speaking countryside, making possible the delusion that we had been mysteriously transported to Normandy. We kept south of the mighty and beautiful River St. Lawrence, reaching at last the town of Levis opposite the city of Quebec. The ferry boat took us across the wide, wide river, landing us at the foot of the great cliffs which gave their name to the city and province.

"Pardon, monsieur," said I to the first loiterer I met, "où est l'Hôtel des Postes?"

He directed me, and I proceeded by street-car to the General Post Office in the Upper town. Letters attended to, I commenced to spy out the town. How to make friends, where to sleep, and how to be of service, were three of the problems which became the subject of my prayers. They were soon answered. I introduced myself to the Y.M.C.A. secretary, who received me kindly, and invited me to speak at a meeting of "Y's men" after supper. For the space of time spent in Quebec, I lacked neither food nor lodging.

Quebec City is a most beautifully situated place, rivalling Budapest and Constantinople in this respect. The upper town, built on the top of high

cliffs, was regarded as the impregnable stronghold of North America. As I walked through the old town, and over the Plains of Abraham, I realised what an impossible thing Wolfe's victory was. The gallant French soldier, Le Marquis de Montcalm, defended the town against a besieging British army and fleet. After fighting, the place seemed as impregnable as ever. But one dark night, shipload after shipload of British soldiers drifted down with the tide to a spot now known as Wolfe's cove. Led by the Highlanders, they scaled the (so-called) impossible heights of Abraham, and spread themselves out in battle array on the plains above the town. Montcalm at first refused to credit the report carried to him, but seeing for himself, he gathered his troops and attempted to drive the British into the river. The battle raged furiously, but the day was won for the Empire. Wolfe was killed leading his men, and the equally brave Montcalm was carried from the field dying. Thus was decided the fate of North America.

\* \* \* \* \*

I arrived in Toronto on October 12.

Seven months previously, I had been talking to a group of Latvian pastors gathered for a conference in the Salvation Temple in Riga, the headquarters of the Russian Missionary Society. These pastors were of various affiliations, supported by various missionary societies, working in various sectors of the field.

"Do you hope to go to Toronto some day, Brother Orr?"

"Yes, I expect so," I replied.

"Then you must not forget to look up Brother Oswald Smith."

"I have heard of him," I said; "and I think I have seen his books. But how do *you* know him?"

My friend appealed to the group standing around.

"How do *we* know Oswald Smith?"

They eagerly told me that this Canadian pastor had been wonderfully used of God in the evangelisation of Latvia.

"But how?" I asked. "He is not a missionary here."

"Well, you see. He supports a group of native missionaries on the field here, and his church has been a great help to Latvia."

"And is he interested in revival?"

A month later I read his book *The Revival We Need*.<sup>1</sup> Had I read it before, that question would have been unnecessary.

"He certainly is," my Latvian friend replied. "You will find him a man after your own heart. You can be sure that we will pray God to lead you to Brother Oswald Smith's in Toronto. There are many, many people in Latvia who pray for him night and morning."

"Well, thank you," I answered. "I'll pray that

<sup>1</sup> *The Revival We Need*, Oswald J. Smith (Marshall, Morgan & Scott, Ltd.)

the door may open. But I want to ask you a favour. You won't write and tell Mr. Smith that I want to visit his church?"

They promised not to write, greatly relieving me, for I strongly dislike inviting myself anywhere. Their prayers and mine were answered. On the day that I reached London, I received a letter with a Canadian stamp on it. It was from Rev. Oswald J. Smith, inviting me to conduct meetings in his church. How did it happen? A Canadian friend of my mother's, after reading my first book, felt led to buy copies to send to various ministers in Toronto, praying that this might lead to an invitation to Toronto. The book reached Mr. Smith as an anonymous gift.

As the train steamed into Union Station, Toronto, I was wondering if there would be someone to meet me. At the barrier I scanned the faces of the crowd, but recognised none of them. My eyes were caught by one, however, a medium tall man in a tweed coat, keen-eyed, bareheaded.

"I wonder is that Mr. Smith?" I thought.

This gentleman did not recognise me, however. I waited to see if someone else would turn up. Nobody else came, and the crowd began to disperse. I noticed that the gentleman remained. So I walked over to him.

"Are you Mr. Smith?"

"Ye-es."

It occurred to me that there would probably

be quite a colony of Smiths in Toronto. So I said: "Well, my name is Orr."

He smiled. He had not recognised me. Next moment we were making our way to his car. Fifteen minutes later, he had me transported to my temporary home. I was beginning to like Toronto already. Jarvis—where I made my G.H.Q.—is a long street known by three different names. The lower section is in the business area and is called there "Jarvis". The middle section is just plain "Jarvis". The upper part, being residential, is often called "Jahvis".

One of my first callers in Jarvis was a Doctor of Divinity, with whom I had quite a conversation. As I was seeing him to the door, he turned round and said:

"So you will be in Toronto for two weeks? Well, I hope to see more of you. Yes, I hope to see more of you."

"Sorry to disappoint you, Doctor. You won't see any more of me."

"No? Well, that's too bad."

"You see," I explained, "there isn't any more of me."

Toronto people are exceedingly likeable. There is a freedom about them seldom seen elsewhere. As one would expect, they are proud of their fine city. They do not talk too much about "Tronna" as they call it. But nevertheless they are pleased to hear a stranger praise the city's merits.

Toronto has a population of over 825,000, and even in the days of depression it is a prosperous place. Situated on the shore of Lake Ontario, it stretches along the water-front for miles. There has been plenty of space to plan the city, and I found it a very easy city for getting around. Most of the streets run at right angles, Bloor (quite a dozen miles long) running east to west, and Yonge (longer still) south to north through the suburb of North Toronto. The streets are usually adorned by avenues of trees, which certainly beautify them. The houses in the residential areas are well set back in their own little gardens. There are no "slummy" districts. The business area is close by the water-front, which itself is not spoiled by ugly buildings, for Toronto has reclaimed much land from the lake and this has been given over to boulevards.

In the meantime, I was certainly enjoying Toronto. The people were exceedingly kind—so kind as to be cruel. Time and time again Mr. Smith, as an old campaigner, warned me not to accept too many invitations out, but I had not the heart to refuse. It was delightful to become acquainted with Toronto people in their own homes. They are surely the kindest of people.

I have one grumble to make. The first time I was out to lunch, my hostess told me that "as a special treat, they had provided me with pumpkin pie." *It was delicious.* And that evening for supper, another family offered me pumpkin pie. *It was*

*fine.* I certainly enjoyed it as much as my hosts, for pumpkin pie is regarded as the season's delicacy. Each meal I had was with a different family—and so, with some exceptions, each did its best to give me the choicest dish, invariably choosing pumpkin pie. And so it was—I had pumpkin pie for lunch, dinner, supper. It even haunted my dreams. Of course, the first time it was delicious; the second time, it was fine; the third time, it was very nice; the fourth time, it was good; the fifth time, it was all right; the sixth time, it was not so bad; the seventh time, it was *pumpkin pie*: the sixteenth time—what more shall I say? If it had not been for the lovely people who produced it, it would have been torment. A certain minister (from another city) wrote regarding my arrangements, and asked some questions about my services. He must have received a mild surprise when I telegraphed via Canadian Pacific "*No pumpkin pie.*" I hope that none of my Toronto hostesses are upset by reading this. On one or two or even three occasions, the quality was so superb that I really relished it. *It may have been yours.*

One remarkable feature of Canadian city life as a whole is the high indoor temperature. For me a temperature of 60 degrees Fahrenheit is quite warm, but not so with the Canadians. They must have 70, 75, and 80 or else they are grumbling about the cold. They say of course that the extremes of temperature outdoors require high temperatures

indoors. But the truth is that they wear summer clothes indoors in the middle of winter, and put on extremely heavy overcoats when going out. If they were to wear more next the skin and keep a lower indoor temperature, they would be able better to stand the cold. The hot Canadian summer, and the hotter (indoor) Canadian winter together *thin* the blood, thus undermining resistance to the cold. It is an admitted fact that a newcomer from the Old Country can stand the cold much better than the Canadians themselves. Indeed many Old Country people go out into zero temperatures without even an overcoat. But after two summers and winters, they become Canadianised—their blood gets thin on account of the terrific indoor heat.

My happy stay in Toronto was coming to a close. The attendances were increasing, so Mr. Smith suggested taking the great Massey Hall which seats 3,000 people. We arranged a farewell meeting there for my last Sunday night. The place was filled. It was in that vast auditorium that I saw Oswald Smith, the leader, at his best. He was an adept in handling vast crowds. Some of my closer friends were doubtful about the strength of my voice. They got a surprise, and one of them remarked, "Mr. Orr weighs one hundred and twenty pounds. He must be all voice."

An amusing thing happened that evening. Mr. Smith had announced that it was to be "Irish night"—so he appealed to the meeting.

"All of you who were born in Ireland and proud of it, stand up."

A thousand people stood up.

"Well, *what* do you *think* of *that*?"

Everyone laughed.

"And now, all who are of Irish parentage, stand up."

Another thousand rose to their feet, leaving a thousand sitting and looking very ashamed of themselves! Mr. Smith turned to me.

"Well, Brother Orr—you aren't the only Irishman in Toronto."

There are more Ulster folk in Toronto than any other class. (The Scotch run second, of course.)

On one occasion, after a long queue of people had shaken hands with me, each explaining what part of Ulster was "home," a lady said to me:

"Oh, Mr. Orr—I would like to shake hands with you, but I'm not Irish."

"Never mind," said I. "That isn't your fault—you couldn't help it."

My accent has been modified somewhat since I left Ireland, but in Canada and especially Toronto, I lapsed into the broad, rich, expressive tongue of the North of Ireland. The presence of so many countrymen explained it.

A lady in Hamilton was sitting upon a park seat reading aloud to a companion. The book happened to be "Can God?" A man who had

sat down at the end of the seat began to fidget, so the lady said to him:

"If this reading is annoying you, I'll stop."

"To tell you the truth, Madam, I was going to ask you if I might sit beside you while you read more."

God's Spirit was at work. The man decided for Christ before they got very far. This was the story told me by a lady who seemed anxious that I should visit her home city. So I promised to go.

The visit to Hamilton proved to be a very happy one. I also visited the city of Stratford.

Next followed a meeting in the Tabernacle in London, a city of 75,000 people.

With Mr. Smith, I also paid visits to Peterborough and Niagara Falls, but did not speak there.

A friend motored me up to Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion, still within the boundaries of Ontario.

Rev. D. C. Kopp and I witnessed together the arrival of John Buchan, Baron Tweedsmuir, the new Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada. It was a fine reception that the Canadians gave him. The city was decorated with Union Jacks, and a salute of twenty-one guns was fired. Ottawa reminds me of Edinburgh, and yet it is quite different. It is a busy place, population 127,000, with a French-speaking section.

I was greatly impressed by the loneliness of Northern Ontario as I passed through on my way out west. Forests stretching as far as the eye could see, wild countryside, occasional clearings, settle-

ments few and far between, and rocky, barren soil—thrown together and beautified—such makes up Northern Ontario. What a contrast to the settled lands of Southern Ontario.

I heard an amusing story of an evangelist who visited Winnipeg some years ago. The battle against Nature in the raw has produced many very rough types of humanity; and it is not surprising that some of the Christians were of the same mould—rough, uncut diamonds. The evangelist who visited Winnipeg was one such, but the church in which he was speaking was of the ultra-fashionable type. They were rather shocked. I heard the story first-hand.

"My dear friends," said the evangelist, "I believe that we should share as much as possible, the life of our countrymen. I will give you an example. As I was walking along the street, my friends, I passed a lumberyard, and there I saw a big fellow buck-sawing a log of wood. Well, dear friends, my heart went out to that big fellow—what a grand trophy he would make, I thought."

"So, my friends," went on the evangelist, "I walked over to him and said to him, 'Wouldn't you like to give your heart to the Lord?' But the man replied: 'Oh, go away. Could you buck-saw a log of wood? If you could, I might listen to you.' Well, dear friends, I stripped off my jacket, took that-there buck-saw, and sawed that-there log of wood, and when I finished, I



said to him, 'Now, wouldn't you like to give your heart to the Lord?' But he replied, 'Look here, if you don't go away and stop your talk, I'll give you the biggest licking you ever got.'

"That being the case, dear friends, I took off my jacket again in all friendliness and fraternity, and I gave *him* one of the biggest lickings that *he* ever got. And after we had finished, my hearers, he gave his heart to the Lord."

Although this story is true, it is not given as advice to personal workers. It illustrates how much of the spirit of the pioneer enters into the life of the man of the prairies.

I arrived in Winnipeg on the 6th November. The ground was snow-covered, there having been 35 degrees of frost the night before. I left my baggage at the station, walked up to the General Post Office, and attended to correspondence. After breakfast, I telephoned Mr. Bellingham, the pastor of Elim Chapel, a big church situated on Portage Avenue. He was expecting my arrival and had arranged meetings in the church.

\* \* \* \* \*

The River Saskatchewan gives its name—which in an Indian tongue means "Swift-flowing"—to the Province of Saskatchewan, the middle prairie province of the west. The South Saskatchewan River rises in the Rockies, flows across Alberta, bends to the north, joins the North Saskatchewan River which also rises in the Rocky Mountains,

and together they empty themselves into the Lake Winnipeg, from which the waters escape to Hudson Bay via the Nelson River.

At midnight I left Regina for the city of Saskatoon, and arrived there to find fifty degrees of frost. Cold? It certainly was cold. As usual, I went to the Post Office first, had some breakfast, walked around, went back to the station again, out of the cold. I discovered that I was running short of financial resources, so I did not go to a hotel as I had done in Regina. Instead, I prayed for hospitality. I made mental notes as I wandered round the city until about eleven o'clock. Only twenty-eight years ago, Saskatoon was a village of tents, population 113 people, founded by the Barr colonists. It is now a progressive young city of about 50,000. Its citizens have spared no efforts to make the place attractive, and there are fine streets and good buildings. On the east side of the river is the University of Saskatchewan, one of the finest on the continent.

Some time before arriving in the west, I had heard of the evangelical zeal of the Bishop of Saskatoon, so I decided to telephone him for an interview. There was no answer to my phone call, and no answer the second and third times. I discovered later that the Bishop was in England. Quite close, in the telephone book, to the Bishop's name was the name of the Principal of the Anglican College of the University campus. When he

answered, he explained that he had just come out in the middle of a lecture to look for something.

"Will you please telephone again?"

Having nothing else to do, I walked through the city, over the 23rd Street Bridge, plodding my way through the snow to arrive at a convenient time to see the Principal. The charm and spirituality of the man, so apparent through his personality, immediately captivated me. He recognised me at once.

"I hope that you will be able to stay at the college to mix with the students," he said. I was told afterwards that certain friends "down east" had sent him one of my books, telling him to look out for me in case I arrived in Saskatoon, and it was to this letter that I owed the invitation.

The fellowship at the college was excellent. It was a pleasure to get to know the Principal, the Dean, and everybody. I made many contacts with the students, and finally they asked me to speak at their weekly service in the College chapel. I feel that it accomplished something.

The weather continued to be fairly cold. It snowed several times. One morning when I was out walking I was greatly interested in the beautiful hoar frost deposit on the naked trees—it made a scene to be gazed upon to be really appreciated. Snow, snow everywhere met the eye—the slightly undulating prairies becoming one great, white plain.

On Sunday morning, after Communion in the

College chapel, I donned the cassock and surplice and gave the message of the Lord from the pulpit of St. James' Anglican Church. Dr. Haslam and another clergyman led the morning prayer. It was a simple and beautiful service. I have always appreciated the dignity and reverence of the Anglican services. During the afternoon, at the invitation of Professor Downer, I spoke to the Bible Class in Holy Trinity.

At seven o'clock it was my privilege to take the pulpit of the Cathedral of St. John's, Saskatoon. The Lord's presence was felt. The Dean had chosen the hymn, "Tell me the old, old story," to precede the sermon, and "Breathe on me, Breath of God," as a closing invitational hymn. From 8-30 p.m. it was my opportunity to address the Young People's Society in the Parish Hall.

And so my visit to the prairie province of Saskatchewan came to an end. I left the spiritual results of the visit with the Lord. 'Twas He who arranged all things, and it is interesting to note that the two outstanding needs when I arrived were fully met—hospitality, which was provided lavishly, and 1 dollar 85 cents for a sleeper to Alberta—which reached me anonymously.

I reached Edmonton at six o'clock in the morning. It was very cold, just as cold as it had been in Saskatoon, so my first thought was a warm breakfast. That attended to, I set off for the Post Office. The first man I met spoke with a slight accent,

and as I am becoming an adept at guessing nationality, I said:

"Talar ni Svenska?"

"Ja," he replied in a very surprised way, and we carried on quite a conversation. There are many Scandinavians, Germans and Galicians in Alberta.

Most of the morning I had spent in exploring the city and environs. While I was walking against the wind, my chin froze, giving me some funny sensations. But the dry cold is healthy, even if there are over forty degrees of frost. There is something exhilarating, and I enjoyed exercise in sub-zero temperatures.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, I found that I had not made any useful contacts. The thought came to me "Why not introduce yourself to the Salvation Army officers?—they are always interested." The telephone book gave the name of the commanding officer, so I phoned through to his address. The Major was out, I was informed by the Major's wife, so that instead of talking to the Commanding Officer, I spoke to the Officer commanding the Commanding Officer. By five p.m. I had found my way over to the Citadel in Strathcona, where the Major was supposed to be.

It was really very amusing when I attempted to introduce myself. The muscles of my face had been partially frozen (unknown to me) and were beginning to thaw. My lips would not respond

to everything that my nerves suggested, and I found myself talking with a sort of lisp. But the Major understood, knew my name, and soon there was quite a party of us down for supper. The Strathcona Corps was celebrating its anniversary of so many years' work, and the officers kindly invited me to take part in the programme.

I had another great pleasure in Edmonton. I telephoned the Secretary of the Premier, the Hon. William Aberhart, Social Credit leader. The Secretary explained each time I phoned how busy the Premier was, but at last I got through to Mr. Aberhart himself. He was most courteous, told me how busy he was, suggested that as we were both taking part in the Army celebrations, the best arrangement was for both of us to come early to the church.

The eyes of the English-speaking world have been turned upon Alberta because of the Social Credit scheme which is being tried out there. I am not going to write of my own political sympathies; but, as a neutral observer, I feel that what I say regarding my happy contact with Mr. Aberhart will be of great interest to Christians everywhere.

From the platform, the Albertan Premier stated:

"And one of the reasons for my coming here is my sympathy for what you in the Army proclaim—firstly, Salvation through the merits of the shed Blood of Christ, which you and I and all of us know to be the only Way of Salvation: Secondly,

Separation from the world and the things of the world, which is God's will for the believer."

Everyone who knows him, says that Mr. Aberhart is a sincere, upright Christian of the highest type. And I heard this from folk who think his scheme impossible.

As the meeting was more in the nature of a celebration, I felt great scope for all that was Irish in me to express itself in an "after-dinner-speech." When those Albertans were told that Canada was the most wonderful country in the world, there was an appreciative murmur of applause. But when I added that Ireland was the most wonderful part of Canada, laughter and cheers rent the place. But even in such a meeting one can be faithful to the real message, so I began with fun, added narrative in a light vein, developed it into testimony to the power of our wonderful Saviour, and ended with a challenge.

I was much surprised to find the weather conditions in Calgary so mild compared with those of other cities around. This is due to the Chinook, a wind which sometimes blows through the gap in the mountains, bringing the warmth of the Pacific with it. Sometimes in Calgary there has been a temperature of 20 degrees below zero, and two hours later a temperature of 30 above—this amazing rise of fifty degrees being due to the Chinook. An arch of clouds heralds the coming of the Chinook. Then the Calgary observer may phone

up a friend in Banff—many miles west—and learn the good news, "Yes, it's getting warmer here."

There is an old story told—it should not be repeated to Calgary people who have heard it so often—of a man who described a gallop down the trail from Banff to Calgary. He was driving a pair of horses attached to a sleigh. They stopped at a house; the thermometer stood many degrees below zero. But coming out of the house, the man felt the warm westerly breeze, and knew that if the snow melted he would not get home on the sleigh. So he whipped up the horses, drove with the wind (literally) and told his friends in Calgary, that "all the way the front part of the steel runners on the sleigh were on icy snow, while the back part was in water."

One often hears folks warn a youthful speaker "not to become swelled-headed." This sad state was actually the case with me one day in Calgary. The minister, his daughter, and I set off for the Banff trail together. I had expressed a desire to learn to ski. With the minister's daughter as instructor, and the minister as an amused spectator, I began to pick up the whole idea as quickly as one could do so. The first time or so I lost my balance, but afterwards my success made me desirous of better sport. We went over the hills together, looking for steeper and steeper slopes after each attempt. At last I found a gear run, and commenced the speedy descent, my instructor

watching me from the top of the hill. Towards the bottom, I struck a bad patch, and fell headlong. It was providential that my eye was not put out by the point of the *ski*. As things were, I had such a swelled head that I could not wear my hat for several days.

It has not been possible to keep a diary this year, and so my memory has had to serve substitute. During this Canadian trip, I have had to adopt a more systematic plan than heretofore. Each week I have dispatched a section of my manuscript to my publishers, and as this has been typed during long train journeys, the manuscript has taken the place of a diary.

As I work at it now, we are approaching one of the scenic wonders of the world—the Rocky Mountains. The Albertan foothills are themselves very pretty, but now we are getting closer and closer to the mountains themselves. Just now the Canadian Pacific train has passed a frozen lake, which in summer would be a sapphire gem set about with emerald. Half the sky is now taken up by the splendid mountain giants. At the bottom, are beautiful trees of every variety possible; the middle slopes are pine-clad, and the peaks themselves are a beautiful study in black and white. One is forcibly reminded of Switzerland.

The railroad is now running parallel with a pretty river—as yet unfrozen. The valley has widened again, but still the background is formed

by the grandeur of those mighty peaks. There is one, for all the world like a mighty fist raised in defiance to the sky by Mother Earth; here a twin peak resembling the heavy head of a steer: there a lonely sentinel, watching, watching. The whole range looks like a huge wall of rock, a great impassable barrier. Long shadows are becoming shorter as the brilliant sun is rising into the sky of azure blue. What a grand picture. From my own small window I can count twenty snow-capped peaks; here in the foreground are some leafless trees; beyond are the dark green coniferous forests: and once more the eye travels upward to the jagged peaks thrust into the dome of blue.

The scene has changed again. Another wall crowned by another dozen mountain giants fills the view. The vista is an everchanging one—new wonders being brought to view each moment. Now we are passing closer to a great castle of rock, whose battlements, snow-crowned, frown down upon the creeping humans in the valley below. The mountain wears an air of indifference as the train travels onward into the heart of the range.

The Bow River, whose course the railroad follows, is now frozen over. The temperature has dropped many degrees, and will continue to drop as the train ascends the gradient to the great divide.

I greatly enjoyed the short time spent at Banff, the popular mountain resort. Banff is beautifully situated—from the station there is a magnificent panorama to be seen. The great bulk of Cascade Mountain (9,836 feet) fills the view to the north, towering over the town. To the east is the Fairholme Range. Up the valley to the west are the snowy peaks of the range above the Simpson Pass. Banff is eighty miles from Calgary, and the elevation of the railroad is 4,500 feet.

The average reader will scarcely be able to grasp the idea of the tremendous size of the Canadian Rockies. I have already compared them to the Swiss Alps, but the comparison is futile. Edward Whymper, the hero of the Matterhorn, described the Canadian Rockies as fifty Switzerlands in one—and this is certainly no exaggeration. It takes an express train five hours to cross the Alps from Lucerne to Como. The train on which I crossed the Rockies—"the Dominion," the fastest C.P.R. express—takes 23 hours to cross the mountains from Cochrane to Mission on the other side. There is 600 miles of glorious Alpine scenery—and of course the Rockies are longer north and south than east and west.

Leaving Banff, we are following the Bow River towards its source. The train goes slowly, for we are rising all the time. Here Castle Mountain is a huge precipice of over 4,000 feet sheer drop—its name being given on account of its resemblance

to an old castle. Now we catch a glimpse of the magnificent Storm Mountain, and not far away the snowy dome of Mount Ball. The scenery is becoming more and more beautiful.

The train is now approaching the famous Lake Louise, one of the most beautiful lakes in the world. The peaks that surround it form a circle of beauty seldom surpassed. The Great Artist hangs here a masterpiece, indeed the masterpiece of the art gallery of the Rockies. It is a treat to be able to travel through these wonderful mountains. The author, always ambitious for travelling but always handicapped in the matter of finance, can thankfully say, "He shall give thee the desires of thine heart."

Six miles west of Lake Louise is the Great Divide, 5,300 feet. This is the highest elevation of the Canadian Pacific Railway. On one side is the word Alberta; on the other British Columbia. The Great Divide is the watershed of the continent. The waters which flow east join the Bow River which flows into the South Saskatchewan, which in turn finds its way into Lake Winnipeg and thence to Hudson Bay and the Atlantic. The waters flowing west into the Kicking Horse River make their way through the great Columbia River to the Pacific Ocean.

Ahead of us, as we leave Alberta, is a wall of cloud. Some of the mountains behind exceed 11,000 feet in elevation.

The Kicking Horse pass was our gateway to British Columbia. There seemed to be more fresh snow on the slopes as we passed, no doubt due to the westerly winds which deposit their moisture on the slopes. The mountains around were hidden by the heavy, white blanket of mist which hid from our view such giants as Waputik (8,977), Niblock (9,764) and Daly (10,342). The gradient during the past twenty miles has been very difficult, three locomotives being required to pull the train up to the highest point, and two being used to keep it from running away as we go down hill.

We are just about to enter the famous spiral tunnels—6,000 feet long—one of the marvels of railroad engineering. Formerly the section between the Great Divide and Field had an exceptionally difficult gradient. But now the gradient is much reduced, due to one of the greatest engineering feats in history. From the east, the train enters the first tunnel under Cathedral Mountain, and turns an almost complete circle inside the mountain. As we went round I could feel the centrifugal force. The tunnel passes under itself, and emerges into daylight forty-eight feet lower.

The second part of the tunnel enters Ogden Mountain, again turns right round, passes under itself, the train emerging into light at a level forty-five feet lower. This wonderful tunnel is a perfect maze, the railway doubling back on itself twice, and forming a rough figure of 8. We are now

arriving at the town of Field, above which towers Mount Stephen, 10,495 feet. At Field, we change from Mountain Time to Pacific Time, putting watches an hour back. Pacific time is five hours behind Atlantic time used in Halifax—one example of the huge distance across the Continent.

Westwards from Field, the railroad descends steeply, still following the Kicking Horse River Canyon until Golden is reached. Then we go alongside the great Columbia River (1,400 miles long): through the Connaught Tunnel (five miles long): over the Selkirk Range, downhill again to Salmon Arm. Then a long journey to Vancouver on the coast.

Vancouver City has grown phenomenally in recent years. The ever-increasing trade of the Pacific has created competition between the four great Pacific ports—Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle and Vancouver. The Canadian city has many advantages over its rivals, and promises to become a great Pacific metropolis. Vancouver is the terminus of the two great Trans-Canada railways, the gateway to the Orient, a centre of industry, and as such, its future is assured.

British Columbia has a population of three-quarters of a million, of whom two-fifths (or 300,000) reside in Greater Vancouver. The Province is vast, possessing 360,000 square miles of territory, and, as a consequence, the population is very scattered—two persons for each square

mile. The country is very mountainous and very beautiful, and it is invaded by thousands upon thousands of tourists every year. The country is divided into three—the Coast Range, the Plateau, and the Rockies. At the coast, the climate is very moderate—just like that of England, including November fogs. Here there is abundant moisture and sunshine, causing the trees to grow to great heights. I have been inside a hollow tree *in an automobile*. The plateau and mountain areas have a Continental climate like the other parts of Canada.

British Columbia is seven times the size of England, but England has forty times the population of the Furthest West Province of Canada. It takes imagination to visualise a province 750 miles long and 450 miles wide. British Columbia possesses vast, untold, untapped wealth—minerals, timber, fish, etc. The population is bound to grow, and truly one can say that B.C. has the rosiest prospects of all Canada.

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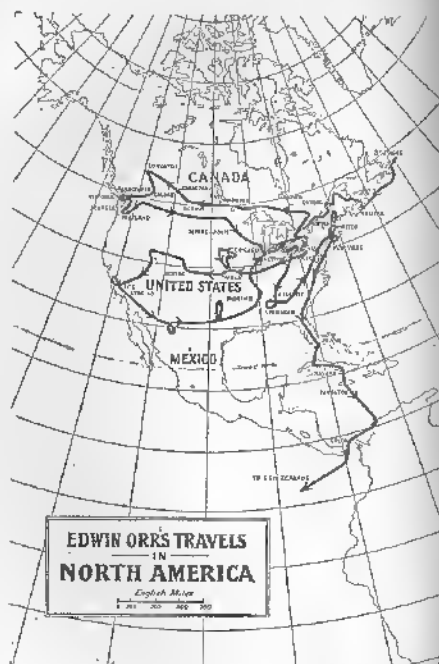
Canada is one of the most wonderful countries in the world. It is a new country—almost entirely new. One can truthfully describe the Dominion of Canada as a land of Youth and Opportunity. The latent wealth of the Dominion is tremendous and the fringe of it has scarcely even been touched.

Canada is a sub-continent, in area as big as Europe. I laugh when I think of the funny ideas held by my British friends. They say: "Don't

forget when you get to Montreal to look up my cousin Jimmy in Winnipeg." They do not seem to realize that the distance between these two cities is about *four times* that between London and Edinburgh. It takes a week of constant train travel to get from coast to coast. Canada would comfortably hold sixty Englands. These facts give just a little idea of Canada's vast size.

The population of Canada is only ten million. In racial origin, five and a half million of these are of British stock. Half a million Germans and two hundred thousand Scandinavians are rapidly becoming Anglicised. Then there are three million French, mostly Roman Catholic and increasing as Roman Catholics do by the large family policy. There are also 200,000 Ukrainians, and smaller bodies of immigrants from other countries. The American Indians are few and far between. All this conglomeration of nationality is in the melting pot, the crucible which will produce the New Canadian. With the exception of the French, whose religion and language tend to keep them separate, Canadians are being welded together to become a greater Britain beyond the seas. Both native and immigrant are intensely loyal to the land which supports them, and the population could easily grow to eighty millions, for Canada has enough land and natural wealth to support ten times her population. The Canadian people have definite characteristics—they are wonderfully open-





#### CANADA FROM COAST TO COAST 201

hearted, very generous, tremendously honest. There is much to attract a student and the Canadian temperament is quite a study in itself.

Canada has not yet developed a culture of her own, and yet one could not say that she is a copyist of any other country. Canada thinks as Britain does, and lives as the Americans do. By studying her great southern neighbour, the great Dominion has avoided many pitfalls, and yet has benefited by the progress of the U.S.A. The influence of Great Britain has had a very steady effect in Canadian life. But Canada is—just Canada. One cannot compare her with any other nation for such comparisons are odious.

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And so the Canadian tour came to an end. The circumstances were different—I was no longer *quite* the tramp preacher that I used to be. Nevertheless, there were many things to demonstrate the power of prayer during the ten thousand miles between London and Victoria, Vancouver Island.

#### CHAPTER XIV

##### 100 DAYS IN AMAZING AMERICA

"WHERE were you born?"

"Belfast, in Northern Ireland."

"Show me your passport, please."

The Inspector of the United States Immigration Service was a very affable fellow.

"Did you have much fog in Vancouver?"

"Yes. It was very dense," replied Grant Whipple, my American escort. "I have been driving, and I had to keep my head out of the window all the way."

"Yeah? It has been like that here, too."

The Inspector asked me a few questions regarding my trip in the States. Having taken the precaution of interviewing the Consul in London, I found that entry was comparatively easy.

"You say that you are a speaker. Are you a Communist? Eh?"

I satisfied myself and him on that issue.

"Well, then. You have just to put down eight dollars head tax, and that will be all."

We started off again. It was just as foggy in Washington as in British Columbia, but as Grant Whipple knew the road well we kept at a high speed until we reached Bellingham.

At Bellingham, I went to the post office. I had some money over from my Canadian tour. This I sent home for home needs, reserving only four dollars with which to tour the United States of America. As I had commenced the Canadian tour with two dollars and fifty cents, the prospect did not frighten me.

At eleven o'clock we left for the local radio station, and there I broadcasted at eleven-thirty.

The friend who introduced me used some very glowing terms, so I took the liberty of telling my listeners the story of the farmer and the bull-calf.

"There was once a farmer who found it necessary to take his bull-calf to the market. But when they reached a little wooden bridge, the bull-calf took fright, and would not cross over. The farmer pulled with all his might; so did the bull-calf, and the bull-calf won.

"In the meantime a motorist came up, so the farmer tried to get the bull-calf away from the bridge. The bull-calf would not move. The motorist got out and lent his aid, and in spite of that the bull-calf, now very frightened, refused to move either way.

"I tell you what," said the farmer. "You get into the car, and *toot* your horn. Maybe then the calf will move." The motorist did so, sounding a wild blast on his horn. Immediately the bull-calf took fright, broke loose, fell into the water, and got into difficulties.

"I am really very sorry," said the motorist. "But you know that you *told* me to toot on the horn." "Ah, yes," replied the farmer, bitterly, "but that was a terrible big *toot* for such a small calf."

The story was a rebellion in a pleasant way against the use of American superlatives. Then followed my testimony and the message. The radio

announcer himself seemed to be touched by it, for which I was grateful to God.

Rev. A. Vereide, executive secretary of the Christian Business Men's Committee of Seattle, reports that:—

"Mr. Orr's coming to Seattle was divinely ordered. People from the different evangelical groups have been brought together on a super-denominational basis, separated unto Christ. Our brother taught us simplicity, honesty and a child-like trust in God. Prayer groups are multiplying throughout the community. . . .

"I reflect, with much gratitude to God, upon Orr's ministry and especially the way in which he presented the message to three different groups—first, the business executives at the Athletic Club, after which he led a young millionaire to Christ; second the Metropolitan area business executives at the breakfast in the Olympic Hotel. The Holy Spirit spoke through His servant, and He is not letting His words return unto Him void. And it was a singular thing to meet on the University campus with that fine body of University students, to hear Mr. Orr's fearless presentation of God's plan of redemption through Jesus Christ, given with a clarity, tenderness and power which gripped the hearts and led students to a decision.

"The revival is on. It has begun in my own

heart, and thousands join me in thanking God for sending Edwin Orr to us. Blessed be God for His infinite Grace."

I had the joy of doing much personal work in the Pacific North-West. I asked my friends to secure for me the services of a stenographer. They sent along a clever, very talented, intellectual young lady—to me obviously unconverted. All other of my secretaries have been out-and-out Christian girls, and I did not feel very joyous over the prospect of asking a non-Christian girl to co-operate with me in the Lord's work. While I was thinking it over a quiet whisper came to me, "Your first duty is to lead her to Christ." I did a thing which I never did before, and which I will only do again in similar circumstances. And my secretary accepted my invitation to lunch. I heard her difficulties, concentrated on the necessity of a personal experience of God's saving grace, and saw a remarkable answer to prayer.

"But, Mr. Orr. You seem to get your prayers answered. Mine go unanswered, although I pray as a child of God."

"And when did you become a child of God? When were you born into God's family? When did you realise that fact of your salvation?"

That evening Dr. Jepson asked me:

"What happened to that stenographer of yours? She phoned me, and she seemed to be in tears

as she told me that she had accepted God's gift of salvation."

"With the heart men believe and obtain righteousness, and with the mouth they make confession and obtain salvation."

Another interesting case was the clever young millionaire who waited behind to talk with me. He appeared intrigued with my statement at the luncheon:

"I am glad to learn that all of you describe yourselves as seekers after God. I would like to describe myself as one who has found Him. There are many ways to Christ, but only one way to the Father."

He told me all his difficulties. I was not aware that I was speaking to such a wealthy man. What did it matter anyway? The rich and poor have but one great need. We talked for an hour: after that we three prayed. His prayer was one of the sweetest utterances ever heard. It was something like this:

"O God, I thank Thee that Thou hast been with me all these past years—all the time that I have sought for Thee. I thank Thee, Lord, and I now accept the free gift of Thy salvation, purchased for me by Thy Son our Saviour. I gladly surrender everything to Thee."

Mr. Vereide and I exchanged glances of sheer

joy. On our new brother's face was a half-smile of new found peace.

"I suppose I'll have to tell my wife," he said.

Dr. Jepson was pleased when this man took him aside and told him that after many years of seeking God in his own way, he had now accepted Christ into his heart by faith.

There were others who prayed in my hearing for salvation. But these two people will ever live in my memory and prayers as those who gave me a real, spiritual thrill. God bless them.

Dr. Jepson arranged a couple of meetings outside Seattle, one in Tacoma, Washington, and the other in Portland, Oregon. The first meeting took place on Monday evening, at 7:45 p.m., in the large Presbyterian Church. There was a goodly attendance.

In Spokane, the capital of the rich "Inland Empire," I joined the great big aeroplane of the North-West Airways. Having arranged to be two thousand miles away in twenty-four hours there was no other way to go. God arranged it all, for a friend presented me with the air ticket in Seattle.

Soon we were up above the State of Idaho, which in the Indian tongue means "See the sun coming down the mountains." It was early morning, and I was enjoying the beautiful scenery from above, enjoying every moment. Here was a beautiful lake mirroring the mountain picture. Close by was a snowy peak; there a swift-flowing

river; here, on higher elevation, another river frozen over. After passing over Cœur d'Alene—the great mining centre—we crossed the Idaho-Montana border.

Helena, the capital of Montana, lay to the north of our route. We came down at Butte, Missoula, and Billings. At each of these places there was a reception committee composed of leading local lights to welcome the arrival of the plane. I was glad to meet them all. Two of our passengers were General Johnston and his secretary "Robbie"—of N.R.A. fame. The presence of President Roosevelt's former right-hand man accounted for the "welcome" parties of notabilities. I found General Johnston an interesting man. He gave me a cordial handshake when another gentleman whose name I forget introduced us. At Billings came the pleasure of meeting Chief Max Bigman, the chief of the Crow Indians. He was dressed in full-fledged Indian regalia, feathers and all the rest. His conversation was most interesting.

"All this country used to belong to my tribe—the Crow Indians. Now we have a reservation to the south here. At first many of our people died through the strangeness of the white man's life and ways, not being adjusted to it; but now our people are well adjusted and are increasing in numbers. You see those great cliffs over there. Our people in the old days used to round up and chase huge herds of wild buffaloes. We used to

chase them over that cliff. They were buffalo-meat by the time they reached the bottom. But all that has passed away. There are now no more wild buffaloes."

It was strange to leave the coast in warm weather, and to find heavy snow and cold winds a few hours later. Such is the miracle of modern aeroplane transport. Montana is developing her aeroplane transport. The population is very scattered.

Our plane took off again on its two thousand mile trip. As we passed out of Montana, I said good-bye to the North-West Country. I was thinking with thankfulness of God's goodness in Seattle, and with regret of leaving the happy Jepson household.

Upon leaving Montana, it became evident to the observer that the Clerk of the Weather was going to dispute the passage of our plane flying east. A heavy bank of clouds came up: we zoomed up through its ghostly grasp, found another heavy bank a few hundred feet above, and remained in the clear air between the two cloud-banks.

"The radio reports a sudden change of weather. It doesn't look good," said the co-pilot with a frown.

A few minutes before, we had passed the Chicago-Seattle plane going westwards.

"Now, gentlemen," the co-pilot had said, "while you are flying here, there is no sensation of speed. In a moment we shall pass the Seattle plane. We

are travelling at 180 miles per hour: so is the other plane; now watch how quickly we pass each other. There he goes. . . ."

Although half a mile away, the plane passed us like a silver streak.

"He is travelling at three miles a minute. And so are we. That means that while I said that, we have travelled three miles away from each other. Say."

The little demonstration had made us realise how quickly we were travelling to our destination, and now came the prediction of bad weather to depress our rising spirits.

All the time we were travelling between the two cloud-banks. The clouds were heavy with snow, for the thermometer was dropping very rapidly. Finally, the two cloud-banks merged as if in an endeavour to trap the plane. We immediately started to climb, higher, higher and higher. I do not remember how many thousand feet we ascended, but I do remember the strange sight when we pierced the clouds. The sun was shining bright in an azure blue sky, and underneath us was an endless, white blanket of cloud—billowy, fluffy clouds making a floor which looked like a sea of white. It was beautiful if weird.

After an hour's flight, we began to descend rapidly again—through the floor (making our own trapdoor), through another misty floor, down, down, down to darkness and shadow. Mother Earth was now directly below in our line of vision.

I caught sight of a tall skyscraper, and recognised it as the Capitol of the State of North Dakota. We were approaching Bismarck, the capital of the state.

At the aerodrome, we all got out to shiver in the cold. The pilot told us again that the weather was against us. The passengers began to grumble:

"Well, I've to reach Chicago before morning"

. . . "I've to get a boat at New York" . . .

"And I've got to reach Detroit" . . .

"An' we've got to see that none of you get killed," was the answer. "We can't manufacture the weather. I'm telling you, there's snow and fog all the way for thousands o' miles."

We took off again, this time in the growing darkness. One could not help feeling nervous as we zoomed up through the clouds once more. Within a few minutes it was dark. Somehow or other we managed to get through to Fargo, on the Red River. We came down again, picked up several other passengers, and took off immediately.

Both the pilots looked nervous and worried as we soared upwards again. A little while later, we began to descend rapidly.

"What's the matter?" asked one of the passengers.

"We're going downstairs again," I replied.

The co-pilot came into the cabin, smiling and trying to look extremely pleasant.

"I'm sorry, everybody. The weather has us beat. We're going to land. The ceiling is only

four hundred feet above the ground, so you see how risky it is."

And thus we landed beautifully in the snows of North Dakota. The Airway Company motored me to the nearest station. Instead of reaching Minneapolis at eight-thirty p.m., on Saturday, I stepped out of the express train at seven-thirty on Sunday morning.

Dr. W. B. Riley, who had invited me to Minneapolis, sent me to the North-Western Bible Training School—and I made my quarters in the very comfortable Russell Hall.

First Baptist Church, at which I spoke morning and evening, seats over 5,000 people; and it was nice to see the church well-filled and very-well-filled on those occasions. It was amusing to listen to Dr. Riley's introduction of the speaker: "In fact, my friends, had I seen Mr. Orr before I heard of him, I do not think I would have invited him to this pulpit. I had no idea that he was such a youngster—and so immature. But as it is obvious that the Lord is using him, we are delighted to have him with us here in Minneapolis. May his ministry of speaking be as richly blessed as his ministry of writing."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Pardon me, Dr. Orr—but what is your degree?"

I looked up in surprise. Most Britishers are prepared for surprises in America, but the extreme

friendliness of waiters and waitresses in the Stars is somewhat unexpected. They greet the stranger within their gates like an old school friend or close relative.

"I beg your pardon," said I.

The waitress smiled. I was finishing supper in the Plaza Hotel, where as guest of the Moody Church I had been instructed by Dr. Harry Ironside to pay nothing for meals and instead to sign my name on the docket.

"I was just asking you, Dr. Orr, what your degree is?"

"Degree? I haven't got a degree."

"Now you must be joking. What do those letters after your name stand for? What degree, I mean?"

"What letters after my name?"

"I'll show you," she replied, and returned in a moment with a little docket bearing my signature. I recollected that it was for the amount due for my lunch.

"Well, what about it?" I asked.

"Look, Dr. Orr. There is 818a—that's the number of your room. And there you have written *J. Edwin Orr*. And then, see, there you have put *G.B.D.I.* Now, *D.* is for Doctor, but what's the *G.B.* and *I.* for, that's what I wanna know?"

"That's not a degree," I explained. "That's not a degree. *G.B.D.I.*? That stands for *God Bless Doctor Ironside*, for you see he told me that he was going to pay the bill."

The waitress looked mystified for a moment, and then went off into peals of laughter which attracted the attention of the folks around. Dr. Ironside heard about it afterwards, and seemed to be very much amused likewise.

G.B.D.I. God bless Dr. Ironside. That is the lasting thought which has followed me from Chicago. And my memory of his great kindness to me in Chicago will ensure long life to that sentiment—God bless Dr. Ironside.

\* \* \* \* \*

I left Minneapolis on the fast streamlined train, "The Hiawatha," and arrived in Milwaukee thankful that I had twenty-four hours to call my own. The free day passed by very quickly indeed, after which I rejoined "The Hiawatha" and arrived in Chicago.

"Well, Mr. Orr, I am glad to see you again," was the kindly greeting extended to me by Dr. Ironside that evening. "I hope you have not been working too hard. Have you had a good time?"

Briefly, I sketched an outline of what had befallen me since one day in Toronto when we met for lunch with Oswald Smith.

"Praise the Lord. Well, I told you that Christmas time was a bad time for a visit to Chicago, but I have managed to arrange a nice little programme for you. On Sunday morning you will be speaking at Dr. Harry Hager's church in south Chicago:

in the afternoon at a meeting in the Sankey auditorium of the Moody Church under the auspices of the Great Commission Prayer League; and in the evening you will speak in the main auditorium, we are central north.

"And then," he went on, "we have a united meeting of the Moody Men's Club and the Business Girls on Monday; on Friday, you are to go to Kenosha up in Wisconsin; on Saturday, at four-thirty, you will be with Brother McCarrell in Cicero, which is west; and again in Dr. Hager's church Saturday night and Sunday afternoon; and in Mr. Tozer's place, the Christian and Missionary Alliance, that night. So you see we have placed you right around the city."

"Only one thing worries me," said I. "I wore a damp collar up in Milwaukee, and I am afraid that I am taking a sore throat. Your church auditorium seats four thousand, doesn't it?"

"Yes. Well, we shall have to pray about it."

On the Monday night I spoke while my temperature was feverish, over 100 degrees. I felt very weak afterwards, had a hot footbath, and went straight to bed for the Christmas vacation. People were saying, no doubt, for my temperature became normal once more within twenty-four hours. It was certainly providential that Dr. Ironside had arranged no meetings for those three days.

One very interesting contact in Chicago came through a phone call from John McNeill, son of



the late Duncan McNeill of Scotland, the world-famous evangelist and singer. John McNeill appointed himself as my transport manager, and I do thank God for his help. His car was always at my disposal; his home was open likewise; and his comradeship was abounding. With him I went to Cicero. Here is his own report:

"It was also a memorable service which he conducted at the Cicero Bible Church, where on Saturday afternoons a large group of preachers, pastors and Christian workers of Chicago and district gather for fellowship under the able leadership of my friend Rev. William McCarrell. It was truly a great sight to see the majority present—ministers and laymen—surrender themselves once again in re-consecration to God."

This "Fishermen's Club" greatly impressed me. Each member was a soul-winner and gave reports of work done during the past week. Mr. McCarrell, to give me an idea of the previous records of the fishermen, called for "one sentence testimonies."

"I'm a converted drunkard."

"I used to be a gangster; now I'm a soldier of Jesus Christ."

"Beachcomber was what I was; now I'm a sinner saved by grace; some day I'll be like my Saviour, praise His name."

"I was only a 'bum'. But He saved me."

PLATE 3



- (1) THE AUTHOR AT NIAGARA FALLS.
- (2) FLYING OVER THE KAIKOURA MTS., NEW ZEALAND.
- (3) APPROACHING AUSTRALIA.

[Facing page 216]



THE "AUCKLAND STAG," UNDER THE TITLE, "JURY DUTY," WAS PUBLISHED A PHOTOGRAPH OF THIS LUMBER FROM A NEW YORK FRIEND. IT WAS ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR, AT AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND—OR SOMEWHERE ELSE. AS IT HAPPENED, THE AUTHOR WAS 2,000 MILES AWAY FROM AUCKLAND WHEN THE LETTER CAME, SO IT TRAVELLED OVER 10,000 MILES TOGETHER BEFORE IT REACHED ITS DESTINATION.

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["Bum" is American slang for "one who lives by his wits."]

"My father was a Greek Orthodox priest, but I am now the child of a King."

"I used to be a self-righteous church member, then I got saved."

There were many more. Cicero, as Americans know, is the headquarters of Chicago's gangsters. I was shown Al Capone's former headquarters.

The Christian Businessmen's Committee invited me to return to Chicago on January 13 for the Annual Rally; and this I was glad to do.

"Those businessmen have bitten off more than they can chew," said a well-known leader to me. "Last year they had approximately three thousand people, and they had a banquet as an added attraction. This year they have taken a place seating over eleven thousand: and they are not going to have a banquet."

"Of course," he went on mischievously, "they have Dr. Oliver and McGinlay and a funny little Irishman instead of a banquet. Nevertheless, I hope the businessmen won't be disappointed—they'll probably get four thousand all together."

"I think they'll have over ten thousand," said I.

And I was right.

At six-thirty the place was being rapidly filled up. By the starting time there were ten thousand people present. I looked around that vast auditorium—what a crowd, and the people were still coming in.

"Come on down with me to the luncheon buffet," I suggested to John McNeill.

"Are you hungry?" he asked.

"Indeed I am," I replied. "I have had nothing to eat since lunch time."

"And can you eat before preaching?"

"I can. But I used to fast before preaching until I discovered that the people did not notice any great difference in the preaching. So now I eat when I'm hungry. If I didn't, I would be unable to bear the strain."

The song service started. "Big Nelf"—one cannot think of him as anything else—led the singing. I like his favourite chorus "Saved, saved; I'm Saved by the Blood of the Crucified Lamb." Ten thousand voices sang it with fervour.

Einar Waermo from California, a Swedish singer with a voice like silver, prepared the way for the messages. He sang, as one inspired, of "a peace that the world cannot give," bringing the hush of the Spirit to our hearts. The meeting was well-planned—I had the privilege of giving the message of revival to the Christians: Mr. McGinlay followed with an appeal for loyalty to the gospel of Peter and Paul, his theme being the conversation between the apostles—"then after three years I went up to Jerusalem to see Peter, and abode with him fifteen days" (Gal. i. 16); and Dr. Oliver closed the great meeting with a scholarly, logical

presentation of the Gospel, which bore fruit in decisions for Christ.

\* \* \* \* \*

A letter has come to hand from the secretary of the organisation that arranged my meetings in Detroit, and it begins:

"First, let me tell you about the rumour which has caused us sorrowing here. Someone in Vancouver wrote that you had been stricken with tuberculosis in *Montreal*. The report sounded strange inasmuch as your itinerary included *western* cities; but I know how easily *you* get about, so I was stirred enough to write your friends in the *Evangelical Christian* in Toronto about it. Of course, I am satisfied now that it was a canard. Are not such reports strange? It certainly is of the Devil, and it reminded me of a false report that was circulated here of 'the death' of Captain Reginald Wallis. It also recalls Mark Twain's reaction when he was erroneously reported to be dead: 'The news of my death has been greatly exaggerated,' he said."

This rumour—that I was dying of tuberculosis in *Montreal*—came to my notice time and time again in enquiries from people in Seattle, Vancouver, Victoria, Chicago, Detroit and Los Angeles. How it began I do not know. But I may as well assure my prayer partners that I have had much evidence

that my health is just another miracle of God's grace. I run many risks of contracting chills through getting warm in meetings, and I work at least fourteen hours a day; but strength has been given me to carry on, and I do not expect to die of t.b. for some considerable time—just as long as the Lord has work for me.

A few miles from Detroit is the city of Toledo in the State of Ohio. In Toledo the meetings were held in the Christian and Missionary Alliance Tabernacle, of which Rev. L. H. Zeimer is the pastor. There was a gratifying response to the message. The Christian and Missionary Alliance makes a valuable contribution to the spiritual life of America to-day.

From Toledo, I travelled to Pittsburgh via Toronto. An amusing thing befell me on the train. Just as I was about to get off the train, the coloured conductor came up behind me and said:

"Do you want to be brushed off, sah?"

"No thank you," I replied quickly. "I'd rather get off in the usual way, if you don't mind."

He did not catch the joke.

In Pittsburgh I was the guest of Rev. Tracy Miller, a man of prayer.

Pittsburgh people are charming folks, but Pittsburgh itself is one of the dreariest cities in the United States. The atmosphere is clogged with all sorts of soot from the soft coal burnt in the steel-works, and as a consequence the sun's rays are

hidden. Pittsburgh is built at the confluence of the two rivers which make the Ohio, and the meeting of the waters produces fog. The ladies told me that it is impossible to keep the curtains clean, and 700,000 people grumble but continue to inhabit the city.

In Louisville, Kentucky, I was asked to address the students of the Southern Baptist Seminary, but the train from Cincinnati brought me into the city two hours too late to accept the tentative invitation.

I visited St. Louis, Missouri, and spoke at a meeting in the St. Louis Gospel Centre; from St. Louis I went to Kansas City; and from Kansas I journeyed north to Omaha, arriving on a Saturday.

A great blizzard came raging down from the north during my stay in Omaha. It quickly covered the place in a heavy mantle of snow.

The longest memory to carry away from that neighbourhood, Omaha, is surely the memory of the great kindness of Dr. R. R. Brown. He is a merry soul. Besides poking fun at me on the platform, he showed his "humanness" in a hundred and one ways. On the 15th of January, my birthday, I arrived late, and was late on getting to the platform. As soon as I sat down, Dr. Brown threw a glance at the pianist, who struck up a quaint little tune to which the whole congregation sang the words:

"Happy birthday to you—happy birthday to you."

Denver was reached on the 18th of January. The Coloradan capital was basking in warm sunshine, a great contrast with the Middle-West which was shivering in the worst cold spell of very many years. Six hundred miles north, in Montana, there was a record low temperature of 50 degrees below zero: here in Denver it was 50 degrees above. Denver is not far away from the Rocky Mountains whose snow-capped peaks could be seen from almost any point. The city is proud of its reputation as a health centre. Personally I found that the altitude of over 5,000 feet made me quite sleepy, and I thought Denver a very nice, well-laid-out city.

The newspaper placards were blazing out the news "*King George Dying*" and special editions were being issued. I felt great concern about the news, something within me telling me that our beloved monarch was at the end of his God-fearing life. In the American churches there were prayers for the King's health, that his going might be peaceful, and that the new King might follow the footsteps of his father. When at last the news came over the wires, I felt, in common with thousands of his subjects, as if it had been a personal bereavement. There were tears in many eyes when it was announced in church. The consensus of opinion was "God has called home a good King, a splendid man, a devoted Christian."

From Denver, I traversed Wyoming, Utah, Nevada, and Southern California, arriving in Los

Angeles three hours behind time, half-an-hour after midnight. Some friends had arranged to meet me, but the uncertainty of the train arrival disarranged the programme. I felt that it was too late to disturb anyone by phone, so, having a couple of dollars left over after the long train journey, I took a taxi to a hotel. Next morning I had the rare privilege of a "sleep-in"—staying in bed till nine o'clock. There were reasons, of course, the chief one being that I *had* to stay in bed while the valet pressed my one suit of clothes.

I discovered that the hotel charges altogether amounted to one dollar more than I possessed. The easiest solution to the problem was to borrow a dollar from Dr. Rood or some other friend. But I did not relish the idea, so I told the clerk to keep my baggage till I returned. I walked round to the Bible Institute on South Hope Street, and was greeted by Rodney Rood, deputising for his father, the president. Rodney who afterwards became my friend in Los Angeles, volunteered to walk round to the hotel to collect my baggage and transfer it to my room in the Willard Hotel at the Institute. But what about the missing dollar? I prayed about it.

"Here's a bundle of mail that has been waiting for you," said Rodney Rood.

I opened a letter from a person whom I have never met, who resides in (and wrote from) Kent in far-off England. Enclosed was an indescribably

crumpled dollar bill—from England. And there was a postscript to the letter which was forwarded indirectly. It said "This dirty little dollar note is going back where it came from." My friend who sent it will be glad to know that God arranged the details of its safe arrival, at the time needed, after its having travelled five thousand miles.

Los Angeles is one of the most beautiful cities I have seen. Wherever one looks everything is bright. The architecture, often in Spanish style, is very pleasing; the streets are clean, there are palm-trees in abundance, and the beautiful sunshine and mild winter crowned it all in impressing me. Winter in Los Angeles is like early summer at home.

On Sunday morning I went down to the Church of the Open Door. The crowds were gathering, but I saw no sign of the pastor, so I said to an usher:

"Do you know where I could find Dr. Talbot?"

He did not recognise me.

"Wait a minute, my boy."

"I would like to see him before the service begins."

"Well, he will very likely be busy, so you had better wait."

That usher's face provided me with some amusement when I took my seat on the platform.

This sort of thing has happened to me often before, and once I remember an usher in Dr. Riley's church saying to me:

"Say, young fellow, would you lend a hand with the collection plates?"

"I don't mind," I had replied, "but I may be otherwise engaged."

"Never worry," he rejoined, "you'll find time all right."

A moment later his face began to turn a reddish hue.

"I beg your pardon, sir. Are you Mr. Orr? I thought that you would be a venerable old gentleman and so I took you for one of the new students."

I have often tried to look venerable and dignified, but this eludes me.

We had three thousand people in that morning service in the Church of the Open Door, a like number in the afternoon and evening. The auditorium is one of the most beautiful I have ever seen, and its acoustics are perfect.

Of all the people that I met, I was most impressed with Dr. Rood. I would gladly have crossed the Atlantic to gain his friendship. The first good thing one notes about him is that he is a Scandinavian—actually a Swede. He was "tickled" when I referred to him as *min svenska vänn*, and was always glad to talk Swedish. In the early days of his ministry, Paul Rood was associated with Swedish speaking groups, and I heard his Seattle work well-spoken of in every way. He travelled around a bit, made many friends and few enemies, and was in a Chicago pastorate when the call came

to the presidency of the Bible Institute in Los Angeles.

The President of Biola is one of the most humorous men in Christian work. One could not describe his laugh as ultra-musical, but it is the merriest, most infectious laugh that one could hear. Someone ought to make a gramophone record of it and sell it as a tonic for depression! His sympathy is unfailing, and his kindness is natural. I hope my readers will pray for this humble-minded brother in Christ—a better investment could not be made.

At five o'clock on Sunday afternoon a young fellow approached me.

"Say, Mr. Orr, I just wanted to remind you that we were expecting you."

"What for?"

"For the Endeavour meeting. You promised to speak to us, you know."

"Well, I'm glad you reminded me. I had forgotten. When is it?"

"Five forty-five, Mr. Orr."

"I'll be there."

I remembered that I had also promised to have dinner with Dr. Rood at six o'clock. I never liked to speak with my mouth full, so I went to Dr. Rood and asked him to postpone the appointment until after the meeting.

"But I'm hungry," said he.

"So am I," said I, and we looked hungrily at each other for a moment.

"Have you any objection to eating before the meeting?" he asked.

"Not at all. I used to fast before preaching, but nobody noticed any difference. We'll go along now."

"That's right. It won't do those Endeavourers a bit of harm to sing to their heart's content for fifteen minutes until we get there."

So we went, and as usual, enjoyed it.

Instead of finding fifty waiting Endeavourers as expected, there were five hundred people of all sorts and classes. I began to apologise.

"As a matter of fact," said I, "Dr. Rood and I were taking a little nourishment together."

There was nothing particularly funny about that, but a roar of laughter shook the place. I still do not see the joke, unless—well, even then I do not see the point.

But I *do* know that Biola is tremendously interested in its President.

\* \* \* \* \*

Texas has a reckless reputation—indeed, it is said that people are so lawless in Texas that they refuse to obey even the law of gravity! The past has most to do with the supposed wildness of Texas, and a dip into the history of this the largest state in the Union is wonderfully interesting.

The Lone Star State originally belonged to Spain, being a Spanish colony just as Mexico was. El Paso was the first settlement, and by 1727 the

region was known as the Province of Tejas. One hundred years later Texas became a state of the Mexican federation which had just won its independence from Spain. The number of English-speaking settlers in Texas increased, and these people did not like Mexican rule or misrule, hence growing trouble. Sam Houston, in 1835, became general of the Texan-American Army; conflicts with the Mexicans arose, and at first General Santa Anna, the Mexican leader, was victorious. But the Mexicans spoiled their own cause by the horrible massacre at San Antonio, where they butchered and burned the defenders of Alamo. The American fighters fought for vengeance, and in 1836, Great Britain, France and the United States recognised the Republic of Texas with Houston as president. In 1845, 'Uncle Sam' offered to annex the republic as a state of the Union; Mexico took this as an act of war; in three years the American forces had defeated the Mexicans and had established the Rio Grande as a boundary.

Dallas is the geographical centre of this great area. I arrived there on the afternoon of Wednesday, February 6, to become the guest of Dr. Lewis Sperry Chafer in the Evangelical Theological College there. It was a relief to get to Dallas after the long journey across Arizona and New Mexico—I visited Ciudad Juarez in the Province of Chihuahua in Old Mexico en route to Texas also.

The Evangelical Theological College greatly

impressed me. God called His man for the work—Lewis Sperry Chafer—in an unmistakable way, and led him along the path of His will, and now one can only thank God for His servant's obedience. The E.T.C., as a result, is the finest institution of its kind in the U.S.A. Dr. Griffith Thomas and Dr. A. B. Winchester of Toronto were the other two members of the trio which launched the project. Then Dr. Griffith Thomas died; but the Lord began to show His servants that signs followed the exercise of faith. The splendid College property was secured; students enrolled; and both faculty and students began to "see things happen"—for instance, Dr. Chafer himself told me of a remarkable answer to prayer. Dr. Harry Ironside, Dr. Rollin Chafer, Mr. Lincoln and Dr. Lewis Sperry Chafer were sitting together in the office one morning "watching the clock." They had united in prayer to God seeking His intervention in a certain business matter, a pressing financial need. The money was needed for nine a.m. and the hands of the clock were creeping up. Just before nine a registered letter was handed in at the office. The President slit open the envelope. *It contained a United States Certificate for 10,000 dollars (£2,000).* The sender was a stranger who knew nothing of the need. Immediately the four men were on their knees before God, broken down and crying like children.

\* \* \* \* \*



In Memphis, Tennessee, I slipped on an icy pavement and sat down rather abruptly; otherwise there was not much to report about my visit there. For several days afterwards I was unable to sit down with the same careless ease, even in a plush armchair.

Business reasons took me north for a few days. On the following Saturday morning I was passing through Detroit on my way to Cincinnati and the South. I much enjoyed telephoning my very good friend Russell Hitt, whose comradeship had meant so much to me in days gone by.

"Could I speak to Mr. Russell Hitt, please?"

"This is Russell Hitt speaking."

"I wonder if you could tell me the whereabouts of that young preacher who held meetings in Detroit recently—Edwin Orr?"

"I *think* I could. But who is speaking please?"

"This is Edwin Orr speaking."

"Well, well——"

He seemed incapable of much else for a moment. Then:

"But how did you get *here*?"

"Well," I replied, "I am travelling between Memphis, Tennessee, and Birmingham, Alabama, and——"

He motored down to Michigan Central Station to fetch me to the house for breakfast, and I much enjoyed the fellowship, being especially delighted to learn that there had been a definite degree of

blessing since my visit. Our mutual friend, Frank, was at business and was unable to see me; but we had a chat on the phone, and thus exchanged greetings. Russell and I and another good friend started off for the station to catch a train—and we nearly missed it. I did not tell my friends that I had not enough money to get me all the way to Birmingham. I left that with the Lord. But judge my great surprise when Russell came aboard the coach the second time, saying that he had "almost forgotten" to give me something that Frank had told him over the phone to pass on to me.

"Frank said that the Lord told him to give you this."

Without "this" I should not have reached Birmingham. I have long since ceased to worry about mere details of money.

In Birmingham I received a letter from a praying friend—someone whom I had never met before—living thousands of miles north in the prairies.

My friend had heard the false report about my health—this time I was "dying of galloping consumption in a Chicago hospital"—and began to spend much time in prayer for my recovery, "which seemed impossible." I was deeply touched to read of the time spent by this stranger (humanly speaking) in asking the Lord to raise me up. But I was more than amazed to read that my friend,

getting nearer to the Lord, was thus rebuked about an unconfessed sin, and experienced a great blessing from God himself. Next day, a letter from myself arrived—knocking the rumour on the head, and adding joy to joy!

Rumours are funny things. I expect rumour will have me dying of leprosy in Ceylon next. Galloping consumption indeed. While I was supposed to be dying in Chicago, I was actually happy in the Lord's work in Los Angeles. My friends ought to know that even if galloping consumption had been on my trail it could not gallop fast enough to catch up with me. I am confident that while God has work for me to do neither sickness nor death can prevent its being done. If I get out of His will or need to "come apart to rest awhile," then I am quite willing for the ministry of suffering. I had another letter from Canada which stated that "our telephone has been kept rather busy these days with enquiries after your health, and I keep telling them that it takes a lot to kill off an Irishman." I have heard that several editors of papers have been kept busy with written enquiries from readers, and not knowing my whereabouts, have been baffled. Other fantastic rumours have been circulated—one being that I am an impostor with a huge bank balance in London. That is not as bad as dying of consumption, but it is equally untrue, for at the moment of writing I have not a dollar in the world to my name, except a sum

set aside for my home responsibility—which is nobody's business anyway.

I visited the state of Mississippi, being accompanied by a very kind friend who motored me all the way there and back. But as a result of two punctures we were stranded on the road for an hour, and reached Birmingham again five hours too late to get to Atlanta, Georgia. This was the first disappointment of its kind. I telephoned Dr. Hull of Atlanta, apologising for non-appearance at the meeting. Next day he met me at the morning train.

Dr. Marion Hull, like Rev. Glenn Tingley, gave me a busy time, and like him also, was very kind.

On Saturday, Rev. Percy James and another young fellow drove me out to the University of Georgia, situated in Athens, seventy miles away. Here we were warmly greeted by Professor Waighton, a fine gentleman and a good Christian.

Back in Atlanta the next engagement was at the radio station, and later in the evening Mr. James added to his great kindness by taking me to a party—the members of which were young people of my own age. They were playing an amusing game as I went in—seeing who could hang the greatest number of clothes-pegs on a line in a given period of time, using the left hand. The girls were winning "all roads," and I audaciously challenged the champion. The first attempt ended in a draw, so I asked Mr. James to watch me do

ir again without the benefit of his comic advice, and so the Irishman won the challenge. Another funny thing was a competition in writing a telegram, the initial letters of each word forming the word Washington. I wrote "*Will Archibald Send Har Immediately—Noodle Getting Terribly Over-heated—Nancy.*" Noodle is American for head. Some old dears, I suppose, will be horrified at the thought of such frivolity; but I do not mind declaring that if I were unable to find some expression for fun whilst carrying on a tremendously serious business for God, I would become unbalanced. The party at Uncle Percy James's was a splendid tonic for all.

After the Sunday evening service there were no suitable trains to Columbia, South Carolina, so I took the first plane leaving on Monday morning, and an hour later arrived at the Columbia Municipal Airport in time for my engagement at the Columbia Bible College. Mr. Kinber met me and motored me to the College.

I felt tired out after twenty-five meetings in the week gone by. I had also a very hoarse throat. But a feeling of spiritual expectancy enabled me to overcome physical weariness. I had told President Buswell of Wheaton and President Chafer of Dallas that I expected to see revival in Columbia. Why, I do not know, but I am correct in saying that I had not a shadow of a doubt that Columbia Bible College would be stirred and turned upside

down by revival. My conviction was right, for the recent Wheaton revival was repeated at Columbia.

On the morning of the twenty-sixth of February I walked down the hill from the Capitol to Union Station, in Washington, D.C. Washington wears the same serious air possessed by capital cities such as Ottawa, Edinburgh, and other centres of culture. The buildings are fine, and I was forcibly reminded of Europe.

Shortly afterwards I arrived in Philadelphia. It may surprise some of my readers to learn that my paternal grandparents live in Philadelphia, having settled there in 1884. My grandpa is now eighty-three, and it was nice to see him again after a lapse of ten years or so.

"When I was reading your second book, Edwin," he said, "I noticed that you had been preaching in Ayr Parish Church. Did you know that *that* was the church that your ancestors worshipped in?"

"No," said I, for I was really surprised. "Tell me about it, and sometime I'll write and tell Archibald MacKenzie, its minister, about it."

"Well," said he, "there was a Reverend Peter Orr ministering in that church, and he accepted a call to come over to Ireland. His kinsman, Alexander Orr, went with him. His son was Robin, and his son was Thomas, and his son was James, that's myself, and your father was William. Now these Ors were descended from the MacGregors, and

they were descended from the son of Kenneth MacAlpine, King of Scotland. Before they came over to Ireland they were neighbours to the Burns family—Robbie Burns was one of them."

The Irish Orrs, whether of Ballymoney, Magherafelt, Ballymena, Lisburn, Omagh, or Armagh, are all cousins. Since they have been in Ulster for three centuries they are thoroughly Ulstermen by now. It was funny having to travel to America to hear the past history of the clan. They were a wild lot, being directly descended from the famous outlaw, Rob Roy MacGregor. At one time they painted Scotland "red."

In Philadelphia I stayed at the American headquarters of the China Inland Mission. Dr. Glover had written me many weeks before asking me to come there as soon as I could find time. Having been always at home in C.I.M. circles, I accepted his invitation with alacrity. It was an especial treat to find that Dr. and Mrs. Howard Taylor were in residence at the same time. Those four days were a great spiritual tonic to me. It is impossible to stay in a C.I.M. home and go away unrefreshed.

After three days' rest I set off for New York City.

New York is not a typical American city. I could not help comparing it in my mind with London, the only other city of such size: and the comparison is odious. New York had no soul, no personality—it seems to be thrown together,

whereas London is tremendously unified, and has a fascinating personality which captures the heart of ninety per cent of American visitors.

When I arrived in Boston I went straight to Kenilworth Street to become the guest-preacher of Rev. Robert Kilgour of the Christian and Missionary Alliance.

The final meeting of the visit was on Wednesday evening. A good crowd gathered, and there was a good response to the appeal. The meeting, like the others, lasted much longer than the scheduled time. And so the visit to New England came to an end. Rev. Robert Kilgour, his charming Norwegian wife, and his two little twin daughters (aged ten) helped me to enjoy myself to the full. Other friends were equally kind, one good lady having put a Lincoln car at my disposal. In that Lincoln I visited the States of Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont—completing the tour of New England, for I had already traversed Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts.

\* \* \* \* \*

One hundred days was the duration of my tour in America: I would like to have stayed five years, but I *do* think that I have got to know something of the United States.

It is difficult for those who do not know America to understand why my American friends are amazed at what was packed into those one hundred days. First of all, it is necessary to say that the

United States is a huge sub-continent, with a population of 130,000,000 people. There are forty-eight states, each about the size of England or Scotland. To cross the continent takes many days. Consequently, some people refused to believe me that I have visited every one of the forty-eight states. I hope that my personal friends will get a map of the United States and study the route—this is the order: Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana, North Dakota, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Ohio, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Kentucky, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, South Dakota, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, California, Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, Oklahoma, Louisiana, Arkansas, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, Virginia, Maryland, Delaware, New Jersey, New York, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Maine, Vermont, and Florida. All together I travelled 15,000 miles—or about 2 thousand miles a week. This travel was by train, bus, automobile, aeroplane, and a variety of other ways.

"You must have been travelling all the time," is a recurring comment. Not *all* the time—for there were two hundred addresses delivered, some to small groups, some to huge congregations, some over the radio, some in universities and colleges—on an average about two each day. It was a strain to be compelled to sleep in almost fifty

*different* beds, and to take meals at twice as many *different* tables. During the same time, there were no less than a thousand letters to be written—and on top of that I wrote manuscripts in my *leisure* moments. Again the comment "You must write at a great speed"—quite true, for I wrote 500 words a day in my spare time (whatever that was). I commenced writing this page at 120 m.p.h. or two miles a minute. What I mean is that I was compelled to type it in a big Douglas plane racing southwards towards Florida, to connect with a ship for New Zealand. The greatest hindrance in such a life is "overbusiness" but in spite of that I tried hard to keep my ideal of private devotions, reading four chapters a day apart from study.

"Was it worth while?" Well, I made friends in America, and I made enemies. I received flattery, and I received abuse. But I did not go to please even my friends. If the Lord arranged the whole visit, well, why worry about who was pleased and who was not pleased? "But you did not stay long enough in each place!" God is the judge of that—and I feel that I stayed as long as He wanted me to stay. My ministry has been to stir up Christians to expect revival—a ministry of exhortation with a scriptural warrant. I humbly give thanks to my Lord that I saw His blessing upon this ministry; and not only that, but souls were saved in very many places. I saw revivals—awakenings—in varying degrees in various places.

If I entered the United States in early December feeling guided by the Spirit, and if now I am in Jamaica (en route to New Zealand to arrive at Easter)—with the same deep, personal assurance of God's leading—who has the right to suggest that I did not stay long enough? It is perfectly true to say that the vision of this American tour was in my mind in clear detail on the day that I started out to tour the world. God, God alone, be praised for bringing it to pass. Some enemies have said that I am a racketeer—if that were true, I would stay among the generous American Christians, instead of turning down invitations which would keep me busy for two years in the U.S.A. I review the visit to America with thankfulness.

This chapter gives me an opportunity of thanking all my friends—those who gave me hospitality, those who motored me about, those who in any way extended the warm hand of friendship. America is full of friendly people—and the Christians are par excellence in this respect.

"*Pr say.*"

And now—my impressions of America. Americans are certainly a selfconscious people, and everywhere I was asked (often in public):

"What do you think of America?"

To which I invariably replied:

"Oh boy, oh boy, oh boy."

This sally was always cheered loudly. Some American slang is very cheap and deserves to die

a natural death; but some of it is very effective. "So what?"

It is much better to deal with the subject bit by bit.

The United States of America, *nationally*, has reason to be proud—proud of its past, proud of its present, proud of the future. *It is a great country.* Britishers think, of course, that Britain is the greatest country in the world—but I *do* recognise that America is a very close rival. Anglo-American friendship is growing—in spite of William Randolph Hearst and Company—and I do believe that this *entente* is one bright spot on the dark horizon. I had many funny things happen to me in conversations on such subjects.

"If I were not an American," said one fellow to me, "I'd like to be a Britisher."

"If I were not an Ulsterman," I retorted, "I would be thoroughly ashamed of myself."

The American people are extraordinarily kind, good, funny, clever, progressive, generous,—one could exhaust adjectives. Their hospitality is unbounded; they have little or no snobbishness, they admire frankness. One of the reasons for the unpopularity of some English types is the fact that many English tourists come over with a superior, supercilious, sarcastic, fault-finding air—which goads to madness the Canadians as well as the Americans. It is also true to say that some uncultured, newly-rich, boastful American tourists

in Britain greatly irritate the British people in the same way. But the ordinary American and the ordinary Britisher get along well together. This is true of the Yankee-American, the Anglo-American, the German-American, the Scandinavian-American, and the Dutch-American—kinship of blood gives kinship of ideas. These people are thoroughly Anglo-Saxon in type and American in patriotism. But the Latin, Slavic, and other types have remained comparatively un-Americanised; it is significant that these emigrants and the Roman Catholic Irish are the most anti-British.

So much for the American virtues. Now for the other side. Crime, lawlessness, easy divorce, and corruption abound everywhere. The police forces are unreliable in many ways: the Press is largely "cheap." Nobody seems to care. The state of affairs would not continue two weeks in the Old Country. I was simply amazed. Things (I am told) are not so bad as they used to be—we can hope for the best. But as they are to-day, they are a foul blot on the American escutcheon. Justice is at a very low ebb; finance is inclined to be crooked; politics are regarded as a racket: national chaos results. America need not copy, but ought to study, the British police, politics, press, and justice.

Religiously the state of the great Republic is in some ways worse than in England. American liberalism goes to greater excesses than German and English rationalism. Everything in America tends

to extremes; hence extremes of modernism and extremes of fundamentalism. But the consensus of opinion among evangelicals would suggest that the level of genuine Christian living is lower than in Great Britain. The reader must not misunderstand—the evangelical, fundamentalist groups in the States are often far in advance of corresponding British sections; but as a whole the general level is lower. I think that it could be said that evangelical religion has reached the lowest ebb in the history of the United States. I was impressed by one fact in St. Louis—four churches at an intersection, Methodist, Baptist, Episcopal and Liberal Jewish Synagogue, and as they preach the same anaemic social gospel in each place, they share each other's pulpits with regularity.

Summing up, I will say that evangelical Christians in America are second to none. Their testimony is wonderful. With the exception of these little harmful things, the life of the believing church in America is most inspiring—and I can say that my visit to the United States lifted me higher in vision and purpose. Thank God for the contribution of American Christianity.

The outlook in America has been very dark. But rays of light are showing on the horizon. Christians have been challenged by the Wheaton revival and other local revivals. If revival is possible in one place, it is possible in another. The Lord is coming soon, I believe, but I believe

that revival will prepare the Body of Christ for His appearing. Many in the U.S.A. have awakened to this fact. Revival is coming.

In 1929 the American people had turned away from God—to a greater degree than ever before. Money was being spent like water in unbounded prosperity. What happened? The greatest depression in the history of the country overtook America the land of plenty. The people have not repented yet. When they do there will be revival. There is such a thing as national righteousness.

## CHAPTER XV

### WEST INDIAN FLIGHTS

THE giant seaplane took off from the Miami Airport, rose from the blue waters, and soared upwards. There is a certain thrill in flying, and one enjoys taking off and landing again best of all.

I was in a great hurry south, hence my flight by air. The circumstances of the provision for that flight were rather wonderful. My last campaign in the United States was held in Boston, and the last meeting was to be on Wednesday evening. The train south to Florida left at four o'clock on that afternoon: how could I catch the train and speak at a meeting? This was somewhat of a problem to me, but I left it to the Lord. A friend of mine in New York suddenly asked me:

"Say, how long will you be in Florida?"

"About a couple of hours at the most. Why?"

"Oh, dear. I was hoping to get you to speak at a church in Jacksonville."

"Sorry, it seems impossible. If it were possible, I would gladly oblige."

"Do you mean that? If it can be arranged, you will agree to speak?"

"Most decidedly," I replied. "But don't encourage yourself—it isn't likely."

A few days later, I met my friend again.

"I am going to keep you to your word," he said, laughingly. "I have made enquiries, and I find that a fast plane will get you to Florida on Thursday evening, and you do not have to leave until next morning for Jamaica. So you will be able to preach in Florida on Thursday night."

I grumbled.

"But flying is sixty per cent dearer than railroad travel."

"My dear fellow," replied my New York friend, "you surely do not think that I expect you to pay for my idea. I'll have the airplane ticket for you."

I thanked him quietly, but in fact I nearly cheered. Two problems had been solved at once—time and money. I preached in Jacksonville, and left Miami next day. Another financial problem was solved at the same time—I prayed for £50 for the voyage to New Zealand, and £50 for another pressing



need. The same day, I was handed a cheque for that amount, and within three days the second £50 arrived. Some critics have suggested that it was foolish to tell how God sent trivial sums in answer to prayer . . . such incidents being recorded in earlier volumes of mine. But I feel that the promise "all your need" applies to important needs and trivial needs with equal potency. I felt as grateful to the Lord when He sent me five shillings to begin the trip to Palestine as when He sent one hundred pounds to enable me to get to Panama. What is the difference? Both were needs.

After visiting Canada and the United States, I also visited the two Latin-American republics of Mexico and Cuba. On Friday evening, the 13th of March (an unlucky day according to superstition), I reached Kingston, Jamaica. I did not know a soul on the island.

In the meantime, A. J. Sherriff, already mentioned as my companion in earlier travels, left Southampton on the *Tainui* and reached Jamaica on the 6th of March. His voyage could scarcely be described as "uneventful"—as a matter of fact, he was robbed by another passenger (presumably a crook) a few moments before landing. This turn of events necessitated his spending most of the night hovering around the docks—which experience he described to me with great gusto *afterwards*. I was well pleased in one way to hear this bit of news. It is far better to trust the Lord "on an

empty stomach" than to have a full one and not know whether one trusts Him or not. Finally, Jack found accommodation at the Y.M.C.A., where the genial secretary, Mr. Hallett, proved a very kind host.

Jack's troubles were not yet over. I had arranged to meet him in Jamaica: and a few days previously, I had written him to say that I would reach Jamaica by Pan-American Airways on the 13th, and leave Panama on the 19th. My American stenographer got things a bit mixed up, however. The letter was despatched unsigned—and when Jack got it, it said that I would "leave America on the 13th, and reach Panama on the 19th." He thought, of course, that I wanted him to get to Panama by himself; much confusion ensued. Nobody met me at the Landing Stage: and I had not the foggiest idea where Jack was to be located.

I put up at a local hotel in the meantime. Mr. Sherriff's name was not among the residents' lists at this hotel.

"How many hotels are there in Kingston?" I asked the telephonist.

"Quite a number," he replied. "There must be dozens."

"I am trying to locate a Mr. Sherriff," I explained.

"I see. Then I'll phone them in turn, but it will be a difficult job."

"Phone the Y.M.C.A. first," I suggested; and he did so. He returned smiling.

"Lucky first go, sir. Mr. Sherriff is staying at the Y.M.C.A. but to-night he has gone with friends to Montego Bay."

Next day I transferred my baggage to the Y.M.C.A. Hostel. When Jack came back, he was surprised beyond measure to find me there. We exchanged news, and views, and had a thorough-going conference.

Mr. Hallitt proved to be a very sympathetic Christian, and seemed eager to make suggestions about meetings. On Sunday morning, his son Leo, with their close friend, a lady from England, drove Jack and me up to the Hope Farm College—a Government Agricultural College. In Jamaica, the Y.M.C.A. runs the work of the Student Christian Movement, and I was asked to speak at the Sunday morning meeting of a group of students. I gave them the simple Gospel with a word of testimony, and both Jack and I felt that business had been done there as students were challenged about the necessity of conversion and the importance of a deeper spiritual experience.

On the way home, we motored through Lindo's Gap. The scenery was simply marvellous—rich, tropical vegetation clothing irregular hills with green of every hue: bright blue sky; white fleecy clouds. As Jack remarked: "And yet some people say there is no God." We enjoyed that trip through the hills, and we also enjoyed sucking a sugar cane which we got from a passing native.

Jamaica is a riot of colour, and this is true of the people as well as the land. To walk down King Street is a rare experience—a kaleidoscope in itself: white, swarthy white, yellow, light brown, darker brown, and jet-black faces. Jack and I had quite some fun trying to analyse the pedigrees and origins of the passers-by. Some were obviously three-quarter Spanish with a negro quarter. Others were the offspring of Chinese and quadroon. Many, no doubt, had the blood of British buccaneers mixed with that of former black slaves. Then there were the pure blooded Hindus and other Indians from another hemisphere: there were people who looked half-negro, half American Indian; there were slant-eyed Chinese; and everywhere were hordes of little piccaninnies, lovely little dark-eyed children. Ninety-five per cent of Jamaica's population is "coloured."

On Wednesday morning at six-thirty, Jack and I left the Island on the Pan-American seaplane, there being no other way. This was more expensive than the anticipated idea of going by ship. *The balance of money that we needed was handed to us by a complete stranger who knew nothing of our need.* With much regret, we said good-bye to the very kind friends at the Y.M.C.A. and all others in Kingston.

After a brief visit to the Republic of Colombia in South America, we reached Panama, and went aboard the good ship *Rangitane* at Cristobal. We saw something of Colon and Cristobal, and after

the voyage through the wonderful Canal, visited Balboa and Panama City.

In all parts of the Spanish Main there is a great amount of sin and wickedness—chiefly prostitution. This is true of Kingston as well as of the Spanish-speaking places. The fact that the tropics provide an opportunity for such wrong doing may explain things a bit; nevertheless, there is a surprising racket of vice going on.

Every time I think of those beautiful tropical countries, I recall the words, "Where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile." These paradises of beauty are often hells upon earth.

Leaving the Port of Balboa, we set out for New Zealand, a long voyage of six thousand miles. Night after night the immense loneliness of the vast Pacific was impressed upon us, not a ship, not an island to break the monotony of the day's voyage. In the meantime, Sheriff and I took full advantage of the ship's sports, tennis, quoits and the like, for the recreation was a boon.

Half-way across the Pacific we stopped at the island of Pitcairn—the home of the descendants of the "mutineers on the Bounty," whose story is now so famous. The islanders came alongside in their longboats, and came aboard the vessel to sell excellent fruit of all sorts. These people are very attractive, showing the best qualities of their European fathers and Tahitian mothers. Many of them are quite good-looking. Swearing and

smoking are unknown amongst them. They formerly belonged to the Anglican church, but left it for the Seventh-Day Adventist connection.

The visit to Pitcairn brought back very vividly to our minds the story of the historic mutiny of Fletcher Christian and his friends against the harsh discipline of Captain Bligh: how they captured the ship: how they set the captain and some loyal men adrift in the Pacific—which ended in the epic voyage across to Timor: then the settlement of the six mutineers and their Tahitian wives on Pitcairn: the fight with the Tahitian men who had accompanied them there: the murder of Christian:—what a drama has been connected with the history of the lonely island half-way across the Pacific.

## CHAPTER XVI

### LOVELY LAND OF THE MAORI

Jack Sheriff and I arrived in Auckland Harbour (on the *M.V. Rangitane*) on April 6, which happened to be Tuesday. We had no Monday that week, owing to the crossing on the international date-line east of New Zealand. So on Sunday, we had attended Divine Service on board ship; and the following day, when we landed, was Tuesday.

When the officials came aboard the boat, I noticed one young man wearing a Crusader badge: so I spoke to him.

"Hallo. A Crusader, eh?"

"Yes, I am," he replied pleasantly, "and you seem to be a Christian, too?"

"Sure," said I. "Meet my friend, Mr. Sherriff, a Bromley Crusader."

We started a conversation. He asked me how long I would spend in New Zealand, where I hoped to go.

"I expect to go down to a convention at Ngaruawahia," I informed him.

"So do I," he replied. Then he looked at me.

"I say—excuse me, but do you happen to be Mr. Edwin Orr?"

"That's my name."

"Let's shake hands again. I have been praying for you for quite a while now. But I did not know that you would be coming on the *Rangitane*."

(I had received a cablegram from the Bible Training Institute of Auckland—it reached me in Los Angeles—asking me to attend the Easter Convention at Ngaruawahia, as a speaker. I had cabled an acceptance, so apparently the news had got round.)

We attended to Customs and Immigration: gave an interview to a Press man: then got ready to go ashore. My new friend, Broadbent, asked:

"Have you any personal friends in New Zealand?"

"No, I am afraid not. As a matter of fact, I have an uncle who settled in New Zealand

somewhere when I was about a year old, but I cannot trace him."

Scarcely were the words out of my mouth (as we say in Ulster) when a dark-haired, sun-burned man rushed up to grasp my hand. I recognised him from ancient photographs.

"Uncle John, I presume?"

"Yes, Edwin. Welcome to New Zealand."

He explained that he had been following my movements, and that upon receipt of news regarding my arrival, he had come down from Russell to meet me. A moment later I was introduced to my Aunt Charlotte and Cousin Nellie. I felt heart-warmed at being welcomed by my own kith and kin who had remembered me as a baby. Uncle John, my mother's brother, is a retired schoolmaster.

Ngaruawahia is a little Maori town at the confluence of the Waikato and the Waipa rivers. The name in the beautiful Maori tongue means *the meeting of the waters*. It is supposed to be hard for English tongues to master that word, but I did not find it so. One need only remember that each Maori syllable ends in a vowel. The *ng* at the beginning is a nasal *n*. So the word is Na-ru-a-wa-hi-a. One British evangelist called it *Naggery-waggery*. However, we had a happy time there. A well-known minister called London papers:

"Extraordinary New Zealand Revival begun during Orr's ministry at Ngaruawahia Easter Keswick and

*other camps. Hundreds publicly confessing sin, scores of conversions resulting, with sanely intense meetings of tireless crowds continuing till approaching midnight. Ngarnavabia missionary pledges and offerings Sunday approximately two thousand pounds.—A. S. Wilson.*

In my farewell address, a touching thing was done. Four Maori girls came up and sang the Maori farewell:

"Po ata rau  
I moe a i ho nei:  
E haere ana  
Koe ki pa ma mao;  
Haere ra  
Ma hana mai ano:  
Ki-ire tau i tangi atu nei."

I think that my own translation is better than the usual one:

"Now the hour draws nigh  
When we must say good-bye:  
Soon you'll be sailing  
Far across the sea;  
When you're away,  
Remember me, I pray:  
You'll find me waiting  
Your return to me."

I sang it in Maori immediately afterwards, hoping to put to shame the majority of New Zealanders who possess a colossal ignorance of the beautiful language of the Maori people.

The Monday evening service—the testimony meeting—lasted till about midnight. Sheriff,

Wright and I caught the 9.35 p.m. "Limited" at Frankton Junction and reached Wellington next day.

With Sheriff and Wright (both Jacks, hence the use of their surnames) I alighted from the "Limited" at Thorndon Station in Wellington. Wellington is known by the nickname "windy Wellington," but while we were there, we had calm weather which showed the beauties of the capital to best advantage.

Four of us motored a hundred miles to Palmerston North, and after a goodly-sized meeting, we motored back to Wellington.

Sunday afternoon found us in the Town Hall. I had been announced to speak on the subject: "Adventures in Soviet Russia, and Why I am a Revolutionist"—one of my dodges for luring the unconverted to the meeting. A crowd of Communists turned up, and it appeared that they would spoil the meeting. Police came along as well. How to avoid a heckling was my main concern—and it was amazing how trouble was avoided. I thought it only fair to let the Communists know that there were police in the building, so I said:

"It gives me much pleasure to speak to such a well-mixed crowd. We have Anglicans here, Baptists, Presbyterians, Methodists, Brethren, and also Agnostics, Communists and plain clothes policemen."

Even the Communists laughed at the gentle warning. I went on to say that I was glad that the Communists present were not the rude type of rowdies but rather the intellectual type. Knowing that I was speaking to people of good taste and intellect (I said), I felt assured that they would not interrupt in the usual vulgar way—a better method was to write questions on a slip of paper. My friends were greatly amused and delighted at the adroit shuffling of the interrupters. They were splendid—not one said "boo"—and I had great liberty in preaching the Gospel. I answered five of the written questions passed up to me—the first one challenged me to a debate. This I accepted on the condition that they would pay my expenses out from London.

The first engagement in the South Island was to be in Nelson. Dr. Minnie Varley, the President of New Zealand Christian Endeavour, had first suggested this meeting to me, so it was arranged upon condition that transport was suitable. The only means of reaching Nelson in time was by air—and at the last moment, four hours before the meeting, the air company informed us that the service was cancelled on account of bad weather. I regard appointments as sacred, and so I offered to hire a private air taxi: but no pilot was found willing to take me across, Cook Strait being a treacherous stretch of water. There was nothing to be done but to phone Nelson and cancel the arrangement.

And now my diary for the South Island tour:

"*Thursday, 21st April, 1936*: Crossed last night on the *Wahine*, leaving at 7.45 p.m. and arriving at 7.0 a.m. The journey rather reminds me of the crossing from Belfast to Liverpool, except that the *Wahine* is a regular old boneshaker."

On the following Monday night, we had an interdenominational gathering in Timaru, a hundred miles farther south from Christchurch.

"*Thursday 28th April, 1936*. "Arrived at four-eighteen in Dunedin."

Sheriff and I visited Invercargill on the Friday, and from there we motored to Bluff, the southerly point of the South Island. That was the nearest approach to the South Pole during this world tour. Bluff reached, we went North again.

\* \* \* \* \*

The New Zealand Colonial has a world-wide reputation for frankness. He abhors polite deceit, and is more likely to tell you what he thinks than what you would like to hear if you are conceited. I enjoyed this, and here is one story against myself to illustrate the point.

A South Islander, meaning to explain my ministry by the verse, "the weak things . . . confound the mighty," determined to use his maximum of tact.

"You know, brother," he informed me, "it must be a real help and advantage to you in your

ministry that people are so disappointed when they see you."

"Well, ah——" I began. He interrupted me. He seemed a little bit confused, and apparently desired to express himself more tactfully still.

"What I mean, Mr. Orr, is—if you understand—when people see you for the first time they realise that *only the Lord could use you*. You begin at zero."

It amused me hugely—all the more because of its degree of truth. But it took a New Zealander to express the thought in such a discreet way. I recall a similar episode. My hearing is acute, and I overheard the conversation of two ladies sitting in a front seat.

"Look. That's Edwin Orr sitting beside the chairman."

"Where? Don't see him."

"Look *there*. On the chairman's right. D'ye see?"

"No. I can't. *Where?*"

I pretended not to notice the finger levelled at me.

"Look. *There*."

"Eh? *Him?* Surely not. *My word*."

\* \* \* \* \*

"But how are you going to get there, man?" persisted Sherriff. "There is no train between six and——"

"I am going to let the devil do the worrying," I replied.

"Yes, I know. But I am the one that the worrying comes to in the long run. I make the—ha, ha, ha!"

He laughed suddenly as he saw the funny side of it. He got his own back later when I made some enquiry about transport.

"I'm letting the devil do the worrying," he retorted. "I'm not going to share the worry with him any more."

\* \* \* \* \*

We called at Christchurch on the way from Dunedin. The next part of the journey was by air to Nelson.

Mr. Sherriff stayed with friends at Blenheim and flew to Wellington next day, joining me again in Auckland. I sent a wire to Rev. Raymond Simpson to tell him that I would fly to Palmerston North. So, after five hundred miles' flight, I arrived at Simpson's for lunch. Mrs. Simpson suggested that I should take an hour's sleep. When I awakened Mr. Simpson told me that he had just received a letter from me, posted in Dunedin. I had passed the mail twice.

The Tuesday meeting had been arranged in Wanganui, the beautiful little riverside city.

Friends motored me over to Marton, where I caught the Limited to Frankton Junction. At

Hamilton, I stayed with Rev. G. C. Rca, whom I had met twice previously. Later I was shown an interesting cutting from the *New Zealand Herald*:

*"Evangelist Learns Maori."*

"When addressing an audience of 1,000 people in Hamilton this week, Mr. Edwin Orr, the Irish evangelist, asked how many present could speak Maori. One solitary hand went up. Mr. Orr said he had been in New Zealand for only three weeks and had learned all the Maori he could. He demonstrated his linguistic ability by singing a song in Maori. Mr. Orr remarked that the Maori language was a most beautiful one, and the Maoris were the finest of the so-called native races he had met. He expressed regret that more New Zealand *pakehas* had not made themselves familiar with the language."

\* \* \* \* \*

From Hamilton, I travelled by car through Cambridge to Rotorua. Rotorua, as everyone ought to know, is the thermal wonderland of the world. I was shown geysers of boiling water, holes of boiling mud, deep cold springs, medicinal baths and all the rest of it. It is possible to catch a trout in the stream and to cook it in boiling water a yard away. At the little Maori town of Ohinemutu, I had several pleasant surprises. While I was gazing at the unusual sight of kettles being set to boil

outside, several Maori schoolgirls in gymfrocks rushed up, and told me with their liquid accent, how pleased they were to see me. Then I recognised them as the girls who had taught me to sing Maori at Ngaruawahia.

"E korero Maori ana koe?" I asked. They were delighted. As a special favour, they donned grass skirts, and performed, for my benefit, the *baka* and other very picturesque dances. Most of these girls are bright Christians. I met a young Maori friend of theirs, who had given his heart to the Lord at Ngaruawahia. My Maori friends made the most of telling their own people of my interest in them, and as a consequence, there was a gratifying number of Maoris in the meeting. I sang Maori for them, and they sang a German chorus which I had taught them at Ngaruawahia. This fairly amazed me: but upon consideration, I decided that the good Maori memories are due to training since the days when there was no written language.

The farewell public meeting in Auckland was announced for 8.15 p.m., five minutes after the closing of the regular church services. By 6 o'clock, the place was filling up: before the time, it was filled.

I had much to thank God for in this New Zealand campaign. When I arrived, only one engagement had been made. Rev. A. S. Wilson's cablegram to *The Christian* summed it up well:



"Orr's wonderful five weeks' tour of 100 meetings culminated in twice packing Auckland Town Hall with 3,000 on Sunday. Thousands New Zealand Christians revived, backsliders restored, over 400 public decisions. Impressive ministers' and leaders' gatherings Christchurch Dunedin and Auckland with decided foretastes of far reaching awakening. Country prayer groups multiplying spontaneously. Tour creating invaluable revival expectancy and responsibility. Rising tide of blessing. Orr sailing Sydney to-morrow Tuesday—Wilson."

A month later, *The Reaper* reported that :

"Tidings of blessing come from various parts of the city, and a spirit of expectancy prevails. On the evening of the 22nd, the Institute students had the joy of seeing no fewer than thirteen souls accept Christ as Saviour. Some were saved before the student body went out into the open-air service, some were saved at the service, and others after the service."

From start to finish, the success of the tour was due to the blessing of God alone. To Him be all the praise !

Mr. Sherriff and I travelled three thousand miles apiece in five weeks. We visited nearly all the main centres. The largest halls were often packed out. There was revival in many places. The tour took us as far south as Bluff, and from Auckland

to Southland, we heard the same significant report—almost every camp, convention, and meeting had experienced an unusual degree of revival blessing at Easter. Ngauawahia seemed to be the centre of this spiritual anticyclone of Divine blessing which spread all over the Dominion.

My health kept up remarkably well throughout the campaign. I was tired when it finished—who would not have been ? A medical friend tried his utmost to persuade me to cancel the Australian tour. I said no.

New Zealand is one of the most beautiful countries I have ever visited. It is a land of verdant green, second only (in my mind) to the Emerald Isle—Ireland. What amazes the intelligent visitor is the variety packed within such small bounds. In crossing Canada from East to West, 3,000 miles, one is not surprised to encounter mountains nearly 20,000 feet—but it is only 100 miles from east to west across the South Island of New Zealand, and yet the Southern Alps rise to a climax in Mount Cook, 12,349 feet. The Dominion possesses the Thermal Wonderland of the world, amazing caves, beautiful plains such as Canterbury, farmlands like the lovely Waikato, magnificent harbours, progressive cities.

The isolation of New Zealand is a fact which must be impressed upon the reader. It is 1,200 miles from Australia—that is about as far as Africa is away from England. New Zealanders resent

being called Australasians—many London commercial firms lose business by trying to manage their agencies from Sydney or Melbourne. New Zealand is three and a half days' voyage from Sydney; sixteen days from San Francisco; eighteen days from Vancouver; twenty days from Panama; five weeks from London.

The climate is delightful, without extremes of heat or cold. North Island has a climate like the South of France; South Island is like the South of England. There is an average of over six hours' sunshine per day all the year round. There is an abundant rainfall. It is a temperate paradise.

Abel Tasman discovered the Islands in 1642: Captain Cook made his first visit in 1769; the first settlement of Britishers was in 1840. The land had already been settled by groups of Maori. I consider the Maori the highest product of the so-called native races. Musical, artistic, poetic, fond of fighting, chivalrous—the Maori is superb. During the Maori Wars, the Maoris had as clean a record as, if not cleaner than, their enemies. It is recorded that one Maori chief, besieging a British stockade, heard that his white enemies had run out of ammunition and provisions. He voluntarily raised the siege until the commandant was able to get them—the Maori thought it unfair to take the advantage. The natives have been living in peace with the *pakehas* (white men) for two generations. The New Zealander is proud of the Maori.

A group of American seamen once insulted the Maori folk by calling them 'niggers'—the New Zealanders saw red, and a free fight ensued. Although there is little inter-marriage, the white New Zealander has no colour prejudice. There are 71,000 Maori in the Dominion.

The white population of the Dominion is one and a half million, 98 per cent being of British stock. New Zealand is most intensely British. The largest cities are Auckland (221,000), Wellington (146,000), Christchurch (131,000), Dunedin (89,000), Wanganui (28,000), Invercargill (25,000), and Palmerston North (24,000). New Zealand claims to be the second wealthiest country in the world per head of population—each individual averaging £700. The main industries are primary. The Dominion has the lowest death rate in the world, and it is certainly a very healthy place in which to live. New Zealanders are friendly and hospitable. They dislike snobbery. They prefer frankness. In every way, they are progressive—but their progress is tempered by a conservatism inherited from Britain.

Religiously, the people of the Dominion are above the usual standard of the English-speaking world. They have never yet experienced a national revival of the type of the Welsh Revival—it may be on its way now. Conservative and reliable opinion informs me that the Dominion is nearer a widespread awakening than at any time in its

previous history. I agree with that opinion—and the cross-section of religious life put before my eye confirms it. The most significant thing of all is the movement towards revival among the ministers and leaders. Revival is starting in the beautiful Britain of the South.

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Quite a party of friends saw me off on the *Niagara*. They sang, and shouted farewells, waved handkerchiefs, and threw streamers. And so I said Good-bye. When the ship was out at sea, I received a radio message from Auckland: "*Rimmers tent meeting gathered to-night and farewell greeting thanking and praying.*" Blessing has continued week after week in that place where revival began.

On Tuesday night, the 12th May, we passed North Cape.

## CHAPTER XVII

### ACROSS AUSTRALIA

The voyage across the Tasman Sea was comparatively uneventful. Remembering Dr. Pettit's advice, I slept as much as I could, proving well that sleep is the cure for nervous strain. On the third day, many passengers were sick: but I felt that I was just beginning to enjoy the voyage. I ate 'like a horse,' going through the menu twice over on

certain occasions. There was plenty of exercise, too: my tennis partner and I got into the finals of the deck tennis championship; we were knocked out after an exciting game.

There was spiritual exercise as well: a pleasant-spoken Jew from Scotland struck up acquaintance: we paraded the decks together, and all the while our conversation was on *conversion*. I feel that some work was done. I gave him a nice little Pocket Testament, which he was well-pleased to accept. On the *Niagara*, one of my fellow-passengers was Canon Pilcher, on his way to Sydney to be made Bishop-Coadjutor of Sydney. Canon Pilcher and I had many long conversations: I was glad to find one of strong evangelical convictions and friendly spirit on board. Here are two cablegrams published in *The Christian*, summarising the results of the visit to Sydney.

"Edwin Orr welcomed by representative Archbishop Mowll and leaders various denominations—hundred ministers broken down—many in tears—hindrances confessed—several local revivals—scores decisions—great expectancy. G. E. ARDILL, M.B.E."

"Orr's visit unprecedented blessing—3,000 surrendered for restoration to God for revival—150 professed to accept Christ—23 meetings in 9 days.—BRADLEY."

I flew north from Sydney to Brisbane, and was greeted at the aerodrome by Mr. W. J. Tunley and Mr. T. MacGregor Smith, of the Campaign

Committee. A good programme of meetings had been arranged.

On the following day (April 26th) the Brisbane *Courier-Mail* displayed on the main news page the headline "*Evangelist Stirrs Crowd: Unusual Scenes at City Tabernacle*" with the report: "In an atmosphere electric with religious fervour, men, women and youths stood up before an immense congregation last night, and confessed sins during the most remarkable evangelical meeting since the Chapman-Alexander revival. Before them in the pulpit stood J. Edwin Orr, author, lecturer and preacher, with arms outstretched in supplication; persuading, pleading, threatening, with a fiery eloquence that brought audible sobs from women and visibly affected men and youths."

This report, I informed one of my Brisbane friends, was a little too glowing and sensational: but he told me that the reporter himself seemed to be deeply touched by the message and was trying to be enthusiastic. The *Telegraph* declared that "Evidences of deep religious fervour marked the inauguration of the Brisbane campaign of Mr. J. Edwin Orr, who is on a round-the-world evangelistic tour. There was nothing of hysteria or mere emotionalism, however, about last evening's meeting. Some 20 or 30 persons in the assemblage quietly rose and audibly mentioned the particular hindrance which was standing between them and the full enjoyment of peace with God."

While in Brisbane, I had one interesting encounter. A fellow with a doubtful-looking face came up to me, suggested a talk, and offered me a cigarette. I did not like the look of him: it was obvious that he was not a Christian. He told me that he was a journalist, and would like an interview. I asked him what paper he represented: he told me it was ——. This man was the soul of affability: he assured me that he was very interested in my work. A feeling of revulsion came over me. I felt like telling him that he was a liar, for I was convinced that he was such.

So I told him that he had better read my books if he wanted to learn anything about me. But he persisted: and I was amazed to hear him boldly ask on what financial terms I came to Brisbane. I told him to ask my committee. I was beginning to feel wary of him. The interview took place in the lobby of the Canberra Hotel, and he asked who would pay the hotel bill. I told him that I did not know. But he asked so many questions about financial support, that he convinced me that he wanted copy for twisting.

I questioned him: found that he was a rank atheist: his references to Christ were nauseating: he laughed at the idea of religion. I knew that a sympathetic interview report was impossible, so I tried to show him his spiritual need. His replies suggested that he was a hardened apostate (I think

he was a renegade Jew) and so I gave him up as a case beyond me.

That same day, I bought a copy of his paper. As I had guessed, it was as yellow as yellow could be. It was profusely illustrated with suggestive pictures and stories with a sexy flavour, the pictures being as lustful as they dared. I knew what the journalist was after—mudslinging. A week later, I bought his paper again. It contained seven suggestive cartoons, plenty of crude humour, and it honoured (?) me by devoting a whole page (less advertisements and two cartoons) to my doings. All told, the paper gave me forty inches of news column. There were *seven* definite lies in the article, a host of twisted misquotations, quite a few nasty insinuations, a picture of myself copied from my first book, and some paragraphs of personal abuse. The paper could be described as "the world, the flesh, and the devil"—so I was not a bit surprised.

My friends were not in the slightest upset, either. "For obvious reasons," they said, "no Christian would believe anything published in such a terribly low-class, yellow rag." Another suggested that it would be a good advertisement. My relations with the Press have been good all along. I think that the Australian papers of good standing would be hurt if I did not point out that the rag referred to is not to be described as one of them.

"If the world hate you, ye know that it hated Me before it hated you. . . ."

My solicitors in Melbourne received no satisfaction at all from the Editor—even after writing half-a-dozen times. It appeared that the Editor was counting on the inconvenience of our suing him for libel. I was questioned in many cities about the article, received many letters, and was often told "If it is untrue, why don't you show them up." Finally, after thought and prayer,—I felt constrained to give the public—I was then in Perth—the actual facts, knowing that the Editor would not risk challenging me. My remarks were wound up by calling the rebuke of the Lord upon a paper which consistently ridiculed religion and morals. About a month later the paper referred to published an apology to me and in the same issue was the news of the Editor dropping dead at his desk.

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A cablegram published in *The Christian*, sums up the Queensland visit:

"Definite revival beginning—Brisbane aggregate attendance 15,000—seven days City Tabernacle overcrowded every night—larger City Temple likewise packed—closing meetings—aftermeetings till late hour—hundred decisions yesterday.—TUNLEY, Q.E.S."

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I received a letter from a police inspector, not in Brisbane, but in another Australian capital. It makes encouraging reading.

"About 5 p.m. the Chief Inspector brought a clever young married woman to my office, who as a last resource had called to seek advice regarding her husband, whose drinking habit had brought her to the point of desperation. I told her of Edwin Orr's Revival Mission, and advised her to attend with her husband. She had admitted that her own church interest was indifferent. They went, and notwithstanding opposition, he was touched, and she was in tears. At the end of the meeting, she and her son came out on God's side, but he still was not persuaded. Next evening they were there again—and the husband decided. They have decided to attend — Church." Praise the Lord.

At Albury, on Tuesday morning about seven o'clock, I changed over from the Sydney express to the Melbourne express. Unlike Canada, the States, or any other country of similar size, Australia has not got a standard gauge throughout its railway system. The variety of gauge is a heritage left since the days when the States were independent of each other. Since the days of the founding of the Commonwealth, standardisation has often been discussed, but nothing has resulted. Consequently, the traveller between New South

Wales and Victoria has to change trains. It is a nuisance, and it will be a worse one in war-time.

In due course, the express reached Melbourne. On the platform that noon was quite a party of welcoming friends. Their handshakes demonstrated the warmth of their welcome to the Victorian capital. Two Press photographers and a reporter were there likewise. The latter, a charming young lady, asked me:

"Have you anything to say on the subject of smoking?"

"Why?" I queried.

"Well," she explained, "there has been some controversy in the papers about the question, 'Should Christian ministers smoke?'"

"You can say," said I, "that Mr. Orr declared that tobacco was nowhere mentioned in Scripture. But say also that he quoted a certain verse from the Bible, 'He shall take the abomination from between your teeth!'"

This incident reminds me of the reply of a certain evangelical Bishop to the question, "Bishop, will you smoke?"

"Yes," he said, "I will when I'm cremated."

From the first moment, it was easy to understand why Melbourne is universally acclaimed a beautiful city. It is magnificently laid out, with beautiful palm groves and borders of trees, lovely boulevards, and fine public buildings. The population exceeds 1,000,000, this being over a half of the

total population of the State of Victoria. Melbourne is a busy metropolis.

In Melbourne, the accommodation was proving hopelessly inadequate. The committee hurriedly hired the Olympia Stadium belonging to Wirth's Circus. It was a huge barn of a place—and the committee was rather anxious not to spoil things by having it half filled. By eight o'clock on Saturday night, a great crowd had gathered there—chiefly young people. Those who counted the seats said that there were 3,000 present at the meeting, which, in the opinion of the leaders and the speaker, was the spiritual climax for Christians. It was a grand thing to see nearly 2,000 Christians kneel together to seek the gracious infilling of God's Spirit. Saturday night crowned the Revival in the hearts of saints.

Two thousand gathered in Olympia Stadium for the afternoon service. Hundreds were turned away from the Collins Street Baptist Church at 7.0 p.m. : and a crowd estimated at 3,000 gathered for the farewell service at 8.30 p.m. in Olympia. At all these Sunday services I preached the simple Gospel, and at all these meetings souls were saved. The farewell address on the Atonement was the crowning one so far as results are concerned. Over 200 professed conversion in the week of meetings.

*"Revival awakening Melbourne during Edwin Orr's ministry thousands attending necessitated hiring Olympia stadium five-day aggregate twenty thousand. Many*

*Ministers quickened believers revived over two hundred others signified decision for Christ. Much rejoicing."*  
*Cablegram published in The Christian June, 1936.*  
—Signed by Dr. J. J. Kitchen, *Australasian*  
*Director of the China Inland Mission.*

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The beautiful Island State of Tasmania lies 240 miles south of Victoria, being separated from the mainland by the Bass Strait. Hobart, the capital, was settled in 1803 : and it was from Launceston on the north that settlers went over to the mainland to found Victoria.

Diversity sums up the scenic attractions. There is a striking similarity in some parts to the fields of Kent : in others, one can see a facsimile of Wales. There are mountains 5,000 feet high, good rivers, forests, orchards, farms. Hobart has a population of over 50,000 : Launceston is not quite that size.

Len Buck, my Melbourne pal, used to talk quite a lot about Tasmania : but that was chiefly because of a charming Tasmanian who consented to alter her name to his. He always referred to the Island as 'Tazzie'—and by way of provoking him, I called it 'Mania.' I delivered a box of chocolates to an address in the Island.

On Monday morning, Dr. Kitchen, Len Buck, and several other friends saw me off by the fast mail plane the *Bungana*—one of the nicest planes in which I have travelled. It was a windy, cloudy,

rainy day—the flight was none too smooth, but I suffered no unpleasant consequences. The cloud-banks descended, and within an hour, we were being driven down to the water's surface in a dangerous way. We got within 40 miles of Launceston, and were then notified by wireless that it was impossible to land anywhere in Tasmania without a crash. So we turned back. An hour later we were over Victoria again, skimming—one would think—the tops of the trees. There was some anxiety at the aerodrome at Melbourne, for the clouds were coming so low that a landing there was nearly impossible. The Bass Strait is a treacherous place—one plane disappeared completely on one occasion. I could not help watching the ground—it seemed dangerously near. It was interesting, too: a flock of sheep bolted; a herd of quietly grazing cattle scattered as we zoomed past: a horse fled for its life and hid under a big tree. At last we got to Melbourne, roared over its streets, causing people to stop and look up—an unusual thing nowadays—and finally alighted at Essendon from whence we had started. One poor air-sick passenger thought that he was in Tasmania. He was not.

At eight o'clock next morning, we tried again. It was a dull, cloudy day, with a following wind, but our pilot soared high up above the clouds until we were at 8,000 feet altitude. The clouds were at 5,000 feet: above was brilliant sunshine:

it was remarkably wonderful to gaze at the beautiful snow-white blanket shining with light. A fellow-passenger leaned over and made a remark: "And some crazy fools say there ain't no God. Look. Ain't it beautiful?"

I had seen such beautiful cloudscapes before—they must be seen to be realised, for there is an air of unreality about the view. Great puffy white clouds formed a floor which totally hid the earth. I enjoy flying. Considering the time saved, it is a very economic way of getting about. The value of the time saved—at a reasonable calculation—is greater than the additional expenditure.

While talking about planes, my readers will be amused to hear of a past escapade of mine. Many years ago, I volunteered for the Royal Air Force reserve. Another fellow called Smythe filled up his forms along with me.

"Say, Orr. How many teeth has a fellow? Isn't it forty-eight?"

"No-o. I think that's too many," said I, trying to remember what I had learned in the Scouts.

"I think it must be forty-six. Why?"

"Well," said he, "it says here 'Number of sound teeth?'. Now, I have had three extracted, so that leaves 43. I'm putting 43."

"All right," I replied. "I have lost two—so I'll put 44."

At the aerodrome a few days later, we were examined by the Air Force doctor.



"What's your name?"

"Smythe."

"What's your name?"

"Orr."

He guffawed loudly, and called a colleague.

"Hey. Here's the bally pair of crocodiles."

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At last we reached Western Junction, the airport outside Launceston. From there I was taken by fast car to Hobart, arriving at 12.45—an average speed of 50 m.p.h. Right away I spoke at a luncheon of young men: I gave them the Gospel.

The first day in Hobart succeeded in producing a great expectancy, for which we praised the Lord. The second day brought the break. I spoke at the University: then at another luncheon (there were plenty of free feeds in Hobart): and then at the evening service at seven-thirty. In the morning the Lord Mayor took me up to Mount Wellington to see a magnificent view of the lovely countryside.

*The Mercury* reported:

"Many Hobart citizens during the past couple of days have been gripped by a religious fervour, and it had an outward expression at a Christian revival meeting in the Town Hall last night, when the unusual spectacle was witnessed of numerous persons publicly confessing their sins and expressing thanks for deliverance and cleansing. As on the previous night, the hall was crowded, and again additional accommodation had to be provided."

"Mr. Orr was welcomed yesterday at evening tea at the Baptist Church by the Rev. H. G. Hackworthy on behalf of the committee that is organising his visit. Others present were the Lord Mayor (Mr. J. J. Wignall, who welcomed Mr. Orr on behalf of the citizens), the President of the State Council of Churches (Mr. E. E. Unwin), the Rev. W. N. Gunson, the Leader of the Opposition (Mr. H. S. Baker, M.H.A.), Mr. J. Soundy, M.H.A. and Alderman W. W. Osborne."

Rev. E. J. Plenderleith, of Launceston, came to the meetings: I drove his car over 100 miles north. Neither he nor the party are likely to forget it, for we struck a big boulder on the road, bounced twice, swerved magnificently, and got away with superficial scratchings.

The two days in Launceston were likewise busy—nine meetings in two days.

And so the very brief visit to Tasmania came to a close. Tasmanians are very nice and warm-hearted people: but on account of their isolation, they are inclined to be parochial and conservative in their outlook. It is said that no one will think of doing anything that their grandfather did not do. Every mission is received with a certain amount of caution at first. But I am convinced that things are moving in the right direction in Tasmania.

Rev. E. J. Plenderleith and his family came to Western Junction aerodrome to see me safely off. The plane was an hour late in starting—on account

of bad weather—and I was anxious to connect with the plane from Melbourne to Adelaide. A message was sent to Melbourne asking them to hold up the plane for half an hour. They did so.

The flight across the Bass Strait broke the record for time. Many of my friends were anxious about this part of the journey, for several planes have gone down in the treacherous crossing, the last down diving to destruction with eleven passengers. I had not a care—although the weather was rough, I was not sick. In eighty minutes we had travelled 240 miles and were circling over the city of Melbourne.

Quite a party of Christian friends were there to greet me, Len Buck, Dr. Kitchen, Waddingham, and others. But I had not much time to spare for the plane was waiting. There were only two passengers on the *Rapide*, but the weather was severe. A 40 m.p.h. wind bumped us in every direction: I felt inclined to be very sick, but having had nothing since breakfast (it was then 1 p.m.) I did not have even that relief to the physical misery. I felt better during the second part of the journey, from Mount Gambier to Adelaide. But upon the arrival at my destination, I was white-faced and faint—air sickness is ten times worse than *mal-de-mer*. It was a burden to shake hands with the gathering of folks to greet me—but knowing that many of them had waited hours in the bad weather, I put on a good face.

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We had a good time in Adelaide, as a cablegram to *The Christian*, London, from Rev. J. Wesley Smith shows:

*"God used Edwin Orr's unique ministry sanctified humour cogent scriptural appeal awakening Christians recovering backsliders 140 decisions aggregate attendance 9,000 six days."*

In Adelaide I had the pleasure of addressing a great crowd of students in the University—trying out the usual plan of speaking on "Adventures in Soviet Russia, and Why I am a Revolutionist." I ought to explain to my readers that this topic has enabled me to preach the Gospel to students who would not come to hear a regular evangelistic address. Being an extreme revolutionist (I believe that revolution in the heart is the only cure for the troubles of mankind) I was thus able to use the title in perfectly good faith. In this case, it worked: and I preached conversion as the way of salvation.

A few days later I was handed the University newspaper "*On Dit*" ("They say") which featured a letter beginning:

"To the Editor: Dear Sir,—I beg to call attention to the confidence trick recently perpetrated by the Adelaide University Christian Fellowship. Having lured the multitude of students into the Rennie Theatre by red notices which simply oozed Bolshevism . . ." etc., etc.

The letter referred to the speaker's "ability to insult people politely"—so apparently the message on 'Sin' had got across. Knowing that 'varsity student-writers were fond of a rag, I was not surprised to see half the front of the paper taken up by a report headed "*A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing*"—not a wolf in sheep's clothing.

"The University feels that it has been 'raken in'—as indeed it has. For days our notice boards have been aflame with the news that one J. Edwin Orr was to address us on 'My Adventures in Soviet Russia: Why I am a Revolutionist.' Of course, the notices did say that the speaker was being sponsored by the Adelaide University Christian Fellowship—but, then, we all thought that that body, inspired by a desire to hear all sides of a question, had invited a travelling comrade to come along and give us 'the oil' right from the gusher. The Students' League was all agog, the Politics club was a little restive on Monday morning. The Rennie Theatre was three parts full. Even the remarks of the Chairman (*The Hon. Sir David Gordon*) left the general expectancy undiminished. Then Mr. Orr himself rose to speak. The Irish wit called forth much laughter. The admission that 'I am a regular Bolsbi'—if somewhat flippant—raised hopes even higher. But the fall in the graph of general prices for the years

1929-1932 was just as nothing compared to the crash of our pious hopes as the address proceeded.

"After being let down in his arrangements for a world evangelistic mission, Mr. Orr overcame language trouble in various countries, transport problems, and chronic poverty by the Christian expedient of prayer—which brought forth food and shelter, bicycles, and Norwegians in the south of England with equal impartiality. The continuous string of answers to prayer is a striking testimony to Mr. Orr's faith. He decided to 'do' Soviet Russia as an answer to the challenge of his opponents that he was just a Christian sponger. His arrival in Norway en route seems to have coincided with much praying in that country towards that very end. . . .

"Then Mr. Orr told us what sort of a revolutionist he himself was. Revolution he defined as a complete change from one state to another. He, like Shylock, wanted from each of us the pound of flesh which included the heart—but only as a loan. The heart he would return completely rebored and decarbonised and—the revolution would be effected. The world would be well again once sin was thus extracted. . . . This evangelical revivalist-revolutionary . . . displayed a wholehearted faith in the authority of Biblical text. . . .

"In conclusion, we may say quite definitely that Mr. Orr never at any time misrepresented

himself or his attitude. We cannot but respect his opinions and himself as alike sincere and earnest, but we shall for the future treat circum-spectly anything bearing the initials A.U.C.F."

Making allowance for the facetious strain in which every student-writer expresses himself, this article shows clearly that the average fellow had been impressed and had received a ready grasp of the kernel of the message.

Mr. A. J. Sherriff, who had stayed a few weeks longer in New Zealand and then rejoined me in South Australia, travelled to Fremantle on the R.M.S. *Cathay*, leaving Adelaide on Thursday and arriving at the Western Australian port on Monday. He described the trip as "Mahvellous"—a word which he uses regarding things which I miss enjoying. To which I reply: "Rurh-ah!" But I quite believe his description of the ocean as being "as smooth as a duck-pond." The weather was lovely at the time.

The closing meetings of the Adelaide campaign kept me there until Saturday morning. I said good-bye regretfully to the Wesley Smith household and its warm Irish atmosphere (Mrs. Wesley Smith, a talented graduate, comes from Limavady, and her husband comes from the South of Ireland) and was seen off by three members of the committee whose co-operation had been so valuable.

The plane took off well and soon reached the

4,000 feet altitude. We soared away over the two gulfs whose blue waters shimmered in the early morning sunshine. The trip was a smooth one, and at midday we had reached Ceduna. After a snack of lunch, we took off again: the farmlands gradually turned to scrub, and the scrub became desert: towards sundown we reached Forrest—having travelled over 700 miles in five hours' flying. The aerodrome is situated within the Metropolitan boundary of the City of Forrest. The population of Forrest is composed of eleven adults, two children, three dogs, and five cats. Halfway between Adelaide and Perth, it is a very lonely spot. Hundreds of miles east across desert and scrub is Adelaide: hundreds of miles west is Kalgoorlie, the gold centre: south across barren desert is the Southern Ocean: for a thousand miles north is desert, without any habitations other than a handful of aborigines.

West Australian Airways are to be congratulated on their service. Not only is the flying well-controlled, but the other comforts of the journey are splendid. The Air Hostel at Forrest is an oasis in the desert with every possible comfort: good food, good beds, good service. I went out for a walk on Saturday afternoon—the beautiful loneliness of the desert was soothing. Forrest is on the Trans-Australian Railway line. One is amazed to learn that at this point it stretches as straight as a die, without curve or bend, for 342 miles—the

longest straight piece of railroad in the world. The sun began to set: the sky was given the vivid tints of dying day: clouds changed from pink to crimson, and from crimson to purple, and then to pastel shades of bluish grey. Soon it was dark. After dinner in interesting company—we had Maurice de Abrevanel, the noted conductor, and others of interest with us—I went for another walk. The starry hosts of heaven shone with unbelievable brilliance: I soon picked out the ‘coal-hole’ and the Southern Cross. How lonely and quiet it was—five weeks’ walk back to civilization in any direction. But the loneliness drew me closer to the great Creator whose mighty intelligence had planned the universe.

Next morning brought another great thrill—sunrise on the desert. The air was cool and crisp: the sunshine was bright: the visibility good. The plane took off, turned westwards, and flew for three hours until we reached the Golden Mile in Kalgoorlie. After half an hour’s pause for a good meal, we started west again, watching the desert scrub turn to more civilised landscape, and over the Darling Range to the green countryside of the Swan River country. Upon arrival at Perth, I was greeted by a score of people who had motored out to meet me.

I was later shown a report featured by that excellent journal, *The Australian Christian World*:

*J. Edwin Orr in Perth*

“The visit of this young man from Belfast is regarded by many, who are best in a position to know, as the greatest spiritual awakening the city has ever experienced. The total attendances exceeded 11,000.”

The visits to Perth, Fremantle and Northam, in Western Australia, concluded the Australian campaign.

Australia is a great country. The total area is greater than that of the forty-eight States of America, and is divided into seven distinct areas: the States of Queensland, New South Wales, Victoria, Tasmania, South Australia and Western Australia; and Northern and Central Australia, administered as a Territory. There is a small area known as Federal Territory, containing the Commonwealth Capital, Canberra, corresponding to the district of Columbia containing the American Capital, Washington.

Over one half of the total population of the Commonwealth inhabits the capital cities. Australians have every reason to be proud of their great centres. Brisbane reminds me of Los Angeles, but is much smaller. *Sheriff* compares Adelaide with Christchurch. There is an air of conservative old-fashionedness in the Tasmanian cities. Perth has a most distinctive individuality—due no doubt to the great isolation from the Eastern States. Most of the secondary cities, Ballarat, Geelong, Newcastle, Fremantle and others, have a common personality modified by the prevailing industry. Newcastle has *coal* stamped across it: Kalgoorlie

means *gold*: Fremantle may be translated *ships*. After these few secondary cities, the towns are mere villages, scattered and small. There are vast lonely spaces.

The Australian people are very progressive: and like the Americans, are more interested in material progress than culture. This is the natural outcome of pioneering. Australia has a reputation for being the most democratic country in the world. This fact explains many things: first of all, I think that the workers of Australia have better hours and conditions than any other country: and secondly, the workers are more pampered than anywhere else—ruinous strikes have hindered progress and achieved little in certain quarters.

The Australian folk have a good reputation for hospitality and friendliness. In some ways, I think that they are ahead of Canada, and in some ways behind. Tipping, a social evil, is almost non-existent in the Commonwealth, perhaps the aggressive, democratic Australian pride is the reason. But it is a relief to find people who give service without cringing.

The twin sins of Australia are gambling and pleasure-craze. It is simply astounding to learn how much money is spent on gambling. The Australians gamble all the time—it is heartbreaking. In South Australia betting shops are legal—I was asked in a journalistic interview in Adelaide what I thought of the idea of the S.A. Government,

legalising betting shops so as to defeat illegal betting. I told the man that it seemed to be bad principle and stupid—they might as well legalise houses of prostitution to avoid street soliciting. In the other States, things are just as bad as in South Australia. I had a haircut one day in Perth. The back part of the shop was given over as a betting shop. *Illegal* of course: but going on with its nefarious business, and paying easy fines every prosecution, and getting away with it. In Perth the police go round the Start Price Betting Shops and fine them in turn. In court, one man complained that he had been unfairly fined out of turn.

Gambling is a moral disease, a curse upon the life of any community. Things to-day in England are bad enough—but Australia is tragically the worst gambling den in the Empire. Gambling pervades the air—and taints even churches. Well-known church leaders are seen at the races. Many ministers ignore the gambling menace; in some churches, raffles are a form of church support. Yes—gambling is the disease of Australia's people. Rich and poor, old and young, gamble, gamble, gamble. I have seen down-and-outs in Brisbane begging a meal and then gambling for pennies. Gambling has spoiled sport—and the healthy Australian desire for exercise is often prostituted to the gambling craze.

The average Australian is not religious: he is nor anti-religious either: he is just indifferent.

The Commonwealth of Australia seems to be far behind New Zealand in religious interest. The dry indifference of some parts of England is descriptive of Australian life. Adelaide, for instance, is called "the city of churches"—but everyone knows that it is only a name. Melbourne, to my mind, is the most spiritually progressive place in the Commonwealth—it reminds me of Auckland. Sydney is a problem—with certain redeeming features. Brisbane and Adelaide are hard places to move, if one would regard the consensus of opinion.

The secondary cities are fairly uniform regarding Evangelical witness—that is to say, they are much worse than the Capitals. But the worst condition of all is displayed by the *outback*—isolated communities growing up without the Gospel. The Gospel is preached by some societies to the aborigines: but their problem is nothing compared to the scattered settlements. I have made a vow—that if the Lord permits, I shall do everything I can to arrange for a team of evangelists to tour the outback. When, I do not know.

\* \* \* \* \*

On the last day of June, 1936, we joined the good ship *Nestor* bound for Durban. A party of friends gathered on the dockside at Fremantle; and at eleven p.m. we said good-bye. As the ship put out to sea, the voices of our friends blended in the hymn of farewell, "God be with you till we meet again." Worldly passengers are scarcely

ever impressed by hymn-singing, but evidently Mr. Haley's clear, strong voice, leading the others, impressed all who heard, for appreciative comment was made by many.

The voyage was uneventful and the weather was not so good; but Mr. Sheriff and myself, being good sailors, enjoyed the food and the deck sports. The passengers were friendly.

We had seen from the Australian papers that our boat, the *Nestor*, of the Blue Funnel Line, had had quite an exciting adventure before reaching Adelaide, having pulled a crippled vessel, the *Mungana*, away from the rocky reef towards which she was drifting. The captain displayed both courage and seamanship, and the passengers were provided with a topic for conversation and correspondence. However, thrilling experiences are seldom repeated: so our fortnight on board while crossing the Indian Ocean in the middle of winter proved uneventful. On July 15, we landed at Durban.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### THE SMOKE THAT THUNDERS

SMOKE curled lazily upwards towards the warm African sun. The village lay sleeping. The dogs of the village were dozing in the dust.

Suddenly the hum of an aeroplane was heard. Aeroplanes over African villages suggest to the

mind the Italian bombers raining death upon the dark-skinned tribesmen of Abyssinia. Excited natives appeared from nowhere and ran to and fro—the sleepy African village had awakened up. Soon the hum of the aero engines became a roar: the plane came in sight, swooping down upon the village.

The pilot touched his controls bringing the machine rapidly towards the ground, skimming the tops of trees, roaring over the village. A smile appeared on his face as he watched a young native, clad only in a white loincloth, rush to the top of a mound and throw his short club at the plane. It fell short. The pilot opened out his engines, banked, came round again towards the village. Picking out the principal house, he steered the plane directly over the compound, opened the window at the side of the cabin, and poised his fist there, waiting for the right moment to drop the missile from his hand. Down went the missile—up went the plane, avoiding the trees by an arm's length.

"Were you successful?" I shouted in the pilot's ear.

"Yes," he shouted in reply.

"What was it you dropped?" I asked, trying to make him hear.

He laughed shortly.

"Nothing much. Only a letter of thanks to people I know down there. My wife and I stayed

with them a short time ago, so I thought I ought to thank them for their hospitality."

We banked again, flew round, and made a bee-line for the village. This time we flew right over the Union Jack, waving to the people below. Then with a roar we turned away towards the great Zambesi River. We passed the village of Kasani and travelled south-west. I had expressed a desire to visit the Caprivi strip of South-West Africa, and we left Livingstone, the capital of Northern Rhodesia, with that purpose. My friend supplied the plane, and I supplied the petrol.

Soon we were at the confluence of the Zambesi and its southern tributary. To the north lay Northern Rhodesia: to the south-east—Southern Rhodesia: to the south—Bechuanaland: and to the south-west between the rivers, the Caprivi strip of the former German South-West Africa, now administered by the Union of South Africa under mandate. The junction gave me an idea—to describe in the first chapter of this book my travels in the Protectorate of Bechuanaland, the State of Southern Rhodesia, the Northern Rhodesia Protectorate, and the Territory of South West Africa.

We flew for miles over the Caprivi Strip, travelling south-west over the former German territories. There had been bloody fighting down below, the pilot informed me. But with the conquest by South Africa during the Great War, the



area came under a flag of the Empire. Then we crossed the Zambesi and continued in a north-westerly direction, and came down at a native village in Barotseland. The district magistrate gave us a cup of tea.

Setting off to the east just before sunset, we travelled as hard as we could go in order to be back at Livingstone before dark. Suddenly the plane began to descend: the pilot turned round excitedly.

"Look, Game. A whole herd of them."

The herd of *Lechwe* made a pretty picture.

A few miles farther on, he brought the plane low enough for me to take a picture of a lonely bull antelope.

"Ought to be more about," he shouted.

Shortly afterwards, we sighted a herd of roan antelope grazing quietly, with the leader on guard. We went lower, zooming down over his head, leaving him utterly bewildered not knowing which way to turn. The herd bolted at a terrific pace across the veldt; we went after them at about twenty feet from the ground. About thirty beautiful animals of the size of an ox, but graceful in movement, went streaking away like greased lightning. They appeared to be travelling at forty miles an hour. The plane with double the speed was bound to overtake them.

"Keep them on your right," I roared in the pilot's ear.

He did so. I got out my "movie" camera, and took a film of the bolting beasts. I have seldom seen anything so beautiful as a herd of antelope in full flight alongside. We passed them. A minute later I looked back, the herd had wheeled to the right, but was unable to pull up, and a great cloud of dust followed their stamping hoofs. I laughed heartily to myself—I was thinking that when I started out on a push bicycle to tour the world on half-a-crown, I did not quite visualise myself in an aeroplane chasing a herd of big game across the African skyline. We got back as darkness descended.

Next day I paid a visit to the world famous Victoria Falls. This was the second view of the Falls, for we had flown over them the previous day. From the air it looked even grander than I expected—truly the Victoria Falls, called by the natives *Mosi-oa-tunya*, "the smoke that thunders," is a wonderful spectacle.

Dr. David Livingstone, the famous explorer and missionary, discovered the Victoria Falls in 1855 and named them after his sovereign. These magnificent falls are formed by the Zambesi River, a mile and a quarter wide at this point, suddenly plunging into a narrow chasm 400 feet deep. The Victoria Falls are about two and a half times as high as Niagara, and far surpass their North American rival in grandeur. Just imagine—eighty million gallons of water falling every minute from a height

greater than the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral in London—and this spectacle a mile wide. No wonder a party of sceptical Americans, finally convinced by the actual sight of Victoria Falls, sent a cryptic telegram to President Coolidge bearing the words:—"Sell Niagara."

I walked along the edge of the rain forest, taking pictures. Dense clouds of spray rose from the cataract—visible twenty miles away. This wonder of nature baffles description. I could only look in wonder and amazement at the vast torrent of water hurling itself over the cliff into the depths beneath—it is all beautiful and awe-inspiring: Eastern Cataract, Rainbow Falls, Main Falls, and Devil's Cataract: 1,900 yards across: 420 feet down. The opposite cliff is densely covered by tropical vegetation due to the perpetual rain. A deep rocky gorge carries away the surging waters. There are five gorges in all before the river straightens out.

To get a close-up picture, I climbed down one of the cliffs, right to the water's edge. I had to wade a bit; each step brought me closer to the edge of the abyss, but I felt confident. The picture was completed—probably such a film has never been taken before. There was an element of risk—I did not hear until afterwards about the crocodiles. A false step might have led to a high dive. To me, danger is the spice of life. The film gave a good excuse.

I dried my legs in the warm sun, caught the train south to Bulawayo, and made use of the time in recollecting my memories of the past two weeks of travel through Bechuanaland, Southern Rhodesia, Northern Rhodesia, and South West Africa.

\* \* \* \* \*

I had left Durban in the evening of the first day ashore, travelling by night through Natal and the Transvaal. At 6 p.m. next day I was in the golden city, Johannesburg, and had fellowship with Messrs. Janisch and Fleming, of the Evangelistic Committee, before leaving again at 9 p.m. for Mafeking. I spent a short time looking around this town of the famous siege, casting my thoughts back, in imagination, to the stirring defence by Baden-Powell. Mafeking is not much to look at.

All day, from sunrise to sunset, we travelled through the Bechuanaland Protectorate. This great territory, many times the size of Great Britain, is often called "Khama's Country" after the great Christian king, Khama, who died a decade ago. This chieftain's son, converted indirectly through Robert Moffatt, witnessed a good confession of Christ in spite of persecution, even persecution from his father, who was ruler of the Bamwangato tribe. He delivered his people from the bloodthirsty Matabele *impis*; and rescued them from moral degradation. His influence, when

he became King, began to spread. He was respected greatly by most white men, even though he went as far as expelling white traders who taught his people drunkenness. Bechuanaland, populated by the Bakwena, Bamwangato, Bakhatla, and other tribes, came under the suzerainty of Britain, the great Khama paying a visit to London to meet Queen Victoria, who ever afterwards supported her protégé.

I greatly admired the wild scenery en route. We stopped at Lobatsi and other native villages and towns. Although mid-winter, the noonday sun was quite warm, and the black people ran around with scanty clothing. During the night, we crossed the border into the State of Southern Rhodesia.

Southern Rhodesia is now a self-governing State of the British Empire, and making rapid progress. The area of the country is large, but the white population is just over 50,000; the native tribes number a million and a half people, being of two main stocks, the Matabele and the Mashona. The latter occupy the north-eastern part of the country of which Salisbury is the capital. The Matabele are a branch of the Zulu race with a romantic though bloodthirsty history. Mosilikatse, one of the bloodthirsty Zulu Emperor Chaka's generals, was defeated in battle, and declining to face the rage of his N'kosi, he led his regiment north, stealing women as he went.

The Matabele became the terror of south central Africa.

As soon as I got to Bulawayo Station, I noticed a commemorative tablet which read:

BULAWAYO "the place of slaughter"; Formerly the royal kraal of LOBENGULA King of the Matabele and Overlord of all the tribes of S. RHODESIA. MESSRS. RUDD, MAGUIRE and THOMPSON, emissaries of RHODES, obtained from Lobengula in 1888 a concession of mineral rights which became the pivot of RHODES' famous CHARTER. In 1893, the Matabele—resenting the presence of the British occupation which interfered with their freedom to prey on their neighbours, the Mashona—challenged the white settlers. DR. JAMESON and his volunteers drove them back and hoisted the British flag on the site of the royal kraal, where Government House now stands. (Lobengula became a fugitive and died near the Shangani River.) In 1896, the Matabele rebelled, but after some months of fighting, RHODES, going amongst them unarmed, persuaded their chiefs to accept a lasting peace. The railway reached here in 1897.

Rhodes' name has been written all over the area. I motored out with a couple of Rhodesian friends to the Matopos, where his earthly remains are buried in the midst of such scenic grandeur; there

also is the memorial to Captain Alan Wilson and his men who fought from sunrise till sunset against overwhelming odds. As the memorial remarks, "There were no survivors."

On Wednesday, 22nd of July, I said good-bye to the Newells, and left Bulawayo for Livingstone, Northern Rhodesia. The Protectorate is 290,000 sq. miles in area, and lies north of the great Zambesi. The climate is more sub-tropical than tropical, although the territory lies between the 8th and 18th parallels of latitude south. In the summer the hottest days have a temperature of 96°; in the winter, the coldest nights are about 46° Fahrenheit. The white population is 12,000; the native, 1,370,000. The largest towns have 1,000—2,000 European inhabitants, with varying numbers of natives. Copper mines provide employment for a great number of Rhodesians.

South-West Africa has a population of 31,600 Europeans, of whom a tenth are Germans. There is quite a strong Nazi movement in the Mandated Territory, but little hope of the return of the area to Germany. The Union will not permit a foreign power holding a country a few hours' bombing distance away from the Cape. There is an equally strong movement for union with South Africa and it seems that the majority of the voters will achieve this object. There are 235,330 natives. The country in some parts is little more than a desert.

The Union of South Africa one day may include all the land south of the Zambesi. The Protectorates are at present outside the Union, but are economically dependent upon it. Britain is not adverse to transferring the Protectorates to the African Dominion. In Southern Rhodesia there is strong opposition to the idea of unity with the Union of South Africa, but this is weakening with the growth of better feeling and loyalty down south. Southern Rhodesia may attempt to incorporate Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland: in any case, all three will probably have some connection with the Union, if not unity. The opportunity of buying Portuguese East Africa may occur again; so the possibility of a federal state covering all the territory south of the great Zambesi comes nearer every day.

## CHAPTER XIX

### TREK THROUGH SOUTH AFRICA

On Sunday evening, the 26th July, 1936, I arrived back in Durban from the north. Natal, the Province in which Durban is situated, lies about the 30th degree of south latitude: that is to say, about the same latitude south of South Australia, and equivalent in the northern hemisphere to the position of Egypt. It has the same longitude east as Leningrad. The climate is sub-tropical: for

example, we visited Natal in the middle of winter, July, and found it warmer than the English month of May. The population of Natal comprises a million and a half natives; 200,000 Europeans; 200,000 Asiatics and coloured.

On Christmas day, 1497, three Portuguese ships sighted the coast of Natal, the name being given by the commander, Vasco da Gama. It became a stopping place on the route to India. About the beginning of the last century Natal was populated by about a million Kafirs of Bantu race, divided into ninety-four tribes. The rise of Chaka, the bloodthirsty Zulu conqueror, brought about the desolation of Natal and surroundings, multitudes being put to the sword by the 100,000 Zulu warriors under his command. In 1824 a small party of Englishmen was welcomed to Natal by the great Zulu king: many natives fled to them for protection. Chaka was murdered by his brothers, and as he was stabbed to death by them, he prophesied "You think you will rule this land when I am gone; but I see the white man coming, and he will be your master." Dingaan assumed leadership. Captain Allen Gardiner arrived at Durban in 1835; and a year later, the Boers entered Natal. Dingaan massacred some of them: then the Dutchmen took revenge on 16th December, when Pretorius and 460 farmers crushed the tyrant. A year later the Republic of Natalia was proclaimed, becoming the British colony of Natal in 1844. It

is now considered the most British of the four provinces. In 1879, the Zulu War broke out, Cetewayo being crushed after much bloodshed. Fire and sword came to Natal again during the Boer War at the beginning of this century.

Durban is now a city of quarter of a million, one third of whom are of European descent, one third Indian and coloured, one third native. The port is a busy, prosperous place: and the city is beautifully situated. Looking down upon the harbour, from above Glenwood, reminds one strongly of Wellington, New Zealand. Rickshaws are very well known throughout the world as a feature of Durban life. Almost every picture of Durban shows a rickshaw, so the outsider would think.

In the meantime, contradictory reports reached me from Sheriff down at Capetown. He sent me a telegram "*Car procured. Send £5 to Port Elizabeth for petrol.*" A letter from Mr. Sheating stated that Sheriff had procured a *Ford*. So I was left with the uncertainty of wondering "Is it a *car*, or is it a *Ford*?" After many vicissitudes of travel through magnificent scenery and over terrible roads, A.J. arrived at midnight covered with dust. He sang the praises of the *Ford* until the early hours of the morning, telling me that he motored up Long Kloof in top gear—from the way he talked about it, Long Kloof is either a mountain slope or the side of a house. At any rate, I was

glad to see his cheerful face again, despite his fantastic notions about a Ford being a car.

A letter received from my sister, Evelyn, contained a very amusing paragraph about my five-year-old nephew: "Clive is well, and is full of mischief as usual. I am sending him to school as soon as the holidays are over. He rather amused me by thinking that you would be a black man when you came home. I had told him that there were black people where you are now. He said 'Will Uncle Edwin have to soapy his face a lot when he comes home?' He thought that the blackness was due to dirt. He has seen black men occasionally, and has been very impressed by them. I expect he thought that it was lovely never to wash—all small boys dislike washing, I find."

One hundred and fifty-six letters reached me in three days in Durban, and so I found that correspondence did not leave much time for sight-seeing. On the Saturday, however, Sheriff motored out to the Valley of a Thousand Hills, and I motored back.

With deep regret, I left Durban and all the kind friends there, missing especially the hospitality of our kind hosts, the Clarks. On Monday morning at ten o'clock I left the Durban aerodrome in a fast light plane, specially chartered by friends in Kokstad, 180 miles away by road. Whilst in Canada, I had received a letter from Rev. G. K. Charters, an Ulsterman, inviting me to Kokstad

during the proposed South African tour, telling me that a band of people there were praying for my coming. I put the letter on the file after answering, mentally noting that according to the atlas, Kokstad was not quite as big as Johannesburg.

Letters still continued to reach me from Kokstad—at very regular intervals: then telegrams. So, because of their importunity, I decided to go. I discovered that Kokstad was the capital town of the Griqualand East district, named after Adam Kok, the chief of the Griquas who trekked from the other side of the country after trouble with the Boers of the Orange Free State. The Griquas themselves are of mixed Hottentot and near-white blood, many being descended from run-away half-caste slaves. Kokstad was founded seventy years ago, and at the present time some 1,200 Europeans live there.

I was greeted at the aerodrome and at the Methodist Manse by several ministers of various denominations.

Next morning, Rev. "Pat" Charters and I left Kokstad by plane. We had a very nice trip indeed, spending most of the time either discussing the scenery or planning to carry the revival flame to other districts. After forty minutes' flight, my companion yawned a couple of times.

"Oh, dear," he exclaimed. "I'm getting sleepy. We must be getting near Maritzburg."

We both laughed heartily, for Pietermaritzburg

is often called "Sleepy Hollow." In a few minutes we had alighted. And within an hour I was sound asleep. It is easy to sleep in the 'Burg.

A reporter called to see me, and before very long I was talking to him about his soul's salvation. He was most interested. Next day, the *Natal Witness* gave more than a long newspaper column, headed:

"SKY PILOT" IN MARITZBURG  
*Evangelist who likes Aeroplanes*

A remarkably good write-up followed. A special correspondent had sent in a piece about the awakening in Kokstad. The reference to the aeroplane brings to my mind the recollection of what one man remarked in Kokstad after being handed a leaflet which bore the words "Edwin Orr will pay a visit by aeroplane to Kokstad, Monday, August 3rd." Unfortunately the printer had omitted the details overleaf, the most important part of the announcement, so the fellow exclaimed: "Oh, I see. This fellow is coming to do aeroplane stunts over the town? Is he a member of a flying circus?"

Sheriff and I said good-bye to our kind Maritzburg host. We motored up to Ladysmith the same day, Monday, reaching our destination on the stroke of four, ready for service. Many hundreds gathered in the Town Hall, where Mr. Couper presided, and where the Mayor of Ladysmith (Mr. Sinclair) welcomed us on behalf of the community.

On Tuesday, 11th August, we filled up the Ford with petrol, and left Ladysmith for Bloemfontein. Nearly two hundred and eighty miles had to be covered, so we made a reasonably early start. Roads in South Africa are not like roads in England, or America, or New Zealand. They are rough and stony, sandy and bumpy, corrugated and twisty—in short, *rotten*. The main roads are little better than the worst tracks in the Highlands of Scotland. One of the distinctly annoying features of the South African roads is the system of drainage—every hundred yards there is a sort of trench across the road which carries away the flood water in the rainy season. When one is travelling at forty miles per hour along the road, there is nothing else for it but to jam on the brakes, and hold tight. The pity is that these hollows cannot be seen until one is close to them. In our case, it made the journey more exciting. We would be travelling at the rate of 45 m.p.h., suddenly Sheriff would yell, "Look out," we both held on like grim death. *Bump.*

Another abominable obstruction is caused by the very opposite idea: sometimes the road authorities make upraised humps—with precisely the same effect. One suddenly goes towards the roof of the car. Yet another bother is caused by the farmers having the right to put gates across the main road. The car has to stop while someone opens the gate. I was rather amused when one of our friends said to us "Take some gate-openers

with you"—and he gave us a supply of *oranges*. I had heard of burglars opening locks with safety-pins: but apparently the South Africans went one better and opened gates with *oranges*. Then we found them out. Little black boys sit at the gates, open them as the motorist approaches, and are suitably rewarded with an orange or a stick of candy or a penny.

Our route took us through Harrismith, Bethlehem, Senekal, Winburg, and Brandfort. It was an interesting journey. For the first score of miles we were travelling up towards the ridge of the Drakensberg. Lack of protective verdure permits erosion to play queer tricks with the contours of South African hills and mountains. They are certainly the most grotesque I have yet seen.

It took us seven hours to cover the 280 miles. One of the first folks to greet us in Bloemfontein was our old friend, the Rev. William Douglas, whom we had seen in hospital in Durban. We had been asked to stay at the home of Dr. De Wet, a Dutch Reformed minister. His wife greeted us at the door, and from that moment forward, it was "home from home" for us. Dr. De Wet and his helpmeet were exceedingly kind to us. They had their full share of dry Boer humour, and we got on well. The three children, Hennie, Johann, and Andries, were too young to know any English: and we had some amusing times trying to speak in Afrikaans to them.

"Leer ons Engels"—"teach us English," they would cry. And I took the opportunity of teaching them some remarks of a decided uncomplimentary nature to apply to Mr. Sheriff. They used the words in all innocence. Sheriff thought it a great joke. His good temper is most amazing: I never met anyone so even-tempered and impervious to irritability.

I learned some more Afrikaans: and as this was a great factor in winning the love and goodwill of the majority of Orange Free State people—Afrikaners—I made use of it in the meetings.

"I am sorry," I said to the people, "that I have not had enough time to learn Afrikaans properly. But I can say the most important thing in Afrikaans—'*Waar is die eetkamer?*'"

This provoked much laughter from Afrikaners and Britishers alike. It means simply 'Where is the dining-room?' Next night I tried another one on them.

"I have learned another most important phrase in your language, '*Ek hou van meatie pap!*'" (In English "I like mealie porridge!")

An amusing thing occurred at the meeting for men of the Pioneer Battalion. I was rather perturbed at the lack of appreciation of Irish humour until I discovered that the men in the King's uniform refrained from laughing in the presence of their commanding officers. They broke their rule once, though. I told them to ask me questions. There was a long silence. Then came the inevitable:



"Who was Cain's wife?"

I remembered someone else's reply and adapted it.

"Look here, my boy. The last man I heard of asking questions about another man's wife was put in jail."

There was a loud guffaw, which made the soldier look sheepish.

"But I haven't answered your question, have I?" I asked. "What was it?"

His confidence returned.

"Who was Cain's wife?"

"That's easy," I retorted. "Mrs. Cain, of course."

I understand that a rather clever atheist had prompted the question. Those men heard the Gospel once again that night.

\* \* \* \* \*

The author found that the goodwill created during the Bloemfontein mission among the Afrikaans-speaking people had wonderful results among their co-religionists throughout South Africa. A little bit of love and sympathy goes a long way.

The Orange Free State is a grand country. The area is about 30,000 square miles, and the population is three quarters of a million, of whom less than a third are of European descent. The majority of the people are Boers, and the strongest denomination is, of course, the Dutch Reformed Church. The people are Bible-loving and religious, and a great work may be done if there is intensive

evangelism. The people reflect the spirit of the pioneers in their religion. In 1824, Boers from the Cape began to settle the country. British sovereignty was abandoned thirty years later, the republic being founded. Independence was lost as a result of the Boer War, but a few years later the province joined the Union, the name *Orange Free State* being restored. During the Boer War, Kroonstad became the capital for a very brief period. Bloemfontein, the capital city, is a bright, well-laid-out place, with a population of over 50,000—of whom half are white. Bloemfontein is the judicial capital of the Union, the Court of Appeal being there. The people of Bloemfontein are friendly and happy.

We had another stirring time in the Orange Free State—this time a week later, in Kroonstad. Some marvellous interventions of Divine providence were necessary, or the meeting would never have taken place. On Monday, August 24, we left Kimberley for Kroonstad via Bloemfontein. A distance of 240 miles had to be covered; we left at noon, hoping to do it in seven hours, allowing one hour for a meal at Bloemfontein. Our first trouble was caused by a big nail which punctured the tyre. Then, thirty-four miles away from Bloemfontein, we ran short of petrol—having been misled by the gauge. Sheriff walked over to a house, but found there nobody but natives, who could not understand him. Our position was

decidedly awkward—we had passed only one car in sixty miles, and the nearest petrol pump was thirty miles away. Then Sheriff noticed another farm house, and set off for it, hoping to find petrol there. He was not more than thirty yards away, when another car came over the brow of the hill, I shouted at Sheriff, but he was slightly deaf on account of a cold in the head: so I jumped out and waved the other car to a standstill. It drew up with grinding brakes in a cloud of choking dust.

"Praat U Engels?"

"Ja!"

"We have run out of petrol, so could you oblige us?"

"If we could, we would: but we have not got a spare tin: maybe you could syphon it out?"

"We haven't got a syphon. My friend is a motor engineer, and he would probably know some way to get some petrol out: but he has gone to that farm over there."

"All right, we can wait a minute."

Five minutes went by—no sign of Sheriff. Ten minutes. I went to look for him, but there was no sign at all. Fifteen minutes.

"Look here," I said, "it isn't fair to keep you waiting. You had better go on. My friend might not be able to get the petrol out of your tank anyway."

My heart sank, for our last chance was going. It meant no meeting in Kroonstad. In the mean-



(1) THE LONG, LONG TRAIL AWENDING THROUGH SOUTH AFRICA.  
(2) THE UMZINKULA RIVER—NEAR MRS. EDWIN ORR'S HOME.  
[Facing page 372]



(1) MR. SHERIFF AND TWO MONKEYS.  
(2) CAR STUCK IN A BOGGY HOLE.  
(3) MR. AND MRS. BROWN ON A BUMPY CART.

time, Sheriff had fallen into a boggy hole, had got caught by his trousers on barbed wire, and had shouted himself hoarse trying to explain our problem to an old Dutch farmer who was stone deaf. He was unsuccessful, and the old farmer did not have any petrol anyway—so he turned back. At the same time, the other car drew away from the side of the road, changed from second gear into top, and travelled—*twenty feet*. The back offside wheel punctured. Sheriff got back before they had the wheel changed.

He got a piece of tubing out of the car, dipped one end in the other fellow's petrol tank, sucked hard, made a wry face when the petrol reached his mouth, let go, turned the other end of the tube into a basin, and drained off about a gallon and a half of the precious fluid. If it had not been for that puncture, we would not have got to Kroonstad. We reached Bloemfontein, had a meal with our beloved friends, the De Wets and Stanley Thomas, and finally reached Kroonstad *twenty-five minutes before nine o'clock*. The meeting had been announced for *seven-thirty p.m.*

In the meantime, people began to arrive in Kroonstad at noon in order to make sure of a seat. Some folks motored a hundred miles. The Town Hall was packed out, so the crowds emigrated to the large Dutch Reformed Church; twelve hundred people were there—but no preacher yet. There was remarkable unity among the church

leaders, every denomination being represented, Dutch Reformed predikants being there in full force, the Methodist minister, the Anglo-Catholic priest, etc. While the people were waiting, the Dutch predikant and the Methodist parson gave an address each, taking the subject of revival.

The third address was given by the author of this book—I think I started about a quarter to nine. I spoke for half an hour. Then, finding the atmosphere so good, I asked the people to wait another half an hour, and I found great liberty in speaking on the sins of the Christians which hindered revival in Kroonstad. After this fourth address, there was a remarkable response.

Although it was getting so late, I gave a fifth address of the evening, simply preaching the Atonement of Christ. There was a tense atmosphere in the meeting when I decided to make a public appeal. I myself felt nervous, knowing the conservatism of country towns. But endeavouring all the more not to make it easy, I challenged those who, confessing their sin to God,—desired to accept Christ as Saviour, to come right up to the platform to confess Him before men, and to take a decision card. Not a soul stirred at first: then a young man quietly walked down the aisle. Immediately the aisles were jammed by people, some tearful, some joyful, some coming down from the galleries, some from every part of the church. Three hundred and seventy-two people took deci-

sion cards—this number may have included many professing Christians. Neither Sherriff nor I could believe our eyes: the ministers were amazed. I had spoken rather forcefully about sin, judgment and the Cross of Christ, but I did not expect to see what I did see. There was confusion at first, the aisles being wedged tight with people coming forward. An old Boer began to sing a great old Dutch hymn in a quavering voice: the people joined in, and hymn after hymn was sung as people came forward. A Dutch predikant whispered, "These people don't want to go home"—so I gave a sixth short address to the converts. The Methodist parson got up and announced another meeting to follow up the results. What a meeting. There was spiritual unity which amazed everyone—Dutch predikant with his white tie and Anglican "Father" in cassock seeking blessing together: Methodist and Salvationist praising God together: unconverted turning to God.

We had a happy time in Kimberley.

Kimberley is the centre of the greatest diamond field in the world, and dates from 1870. The Rhodes interests bought out the Barnato interests, in 1888, for over five million pounds: and then the whole of the workings became amalgamated into the De Beers Consolidated Mines, the biggest affair in the world handling diamonds. In the middle of Kimberley is a big hole, more than eight thousand feet deep. This was the original

Kimberley mine, closed in 1909. Unfortunately, owing to a diamond glut, the Kimberley mines have ceased to give employment to the many Kimberley people who used to find work there. Depression has set in.

Two hundred miles north of Kimberley is Mafeking, already mentioned in this narrative. On 31st August, we flew from Germiston to Mafeking, returning early next day to be in time for a meeting in Johannesburg. In spite of counter attractions, the Town Hall of Mafeking was filled to overflowing, and more than 30 people professed conversion at the close of the lengthy service.

At noon on Tuesday, August 25, we motored out of Kroonstad and crossed the Rival Vaal into the northern province, the Transvaal. Stopping in Vereeniging for dinner, we motored on through Johannesburg, and arrived at the Post Office in Pretoria at six o'clock. The road between Vereeniging and Johannesburg and thence to Pretoria is beautifully surfaced, unlike the other South African roads.

Pretoria is the capital of the Transvaal, and the administrative capital of the Union of South Africa. It is situated amidst beautiful hill country at an elevation of 4,500 feet. Its population is over 80,000—of whom 60,000 are of European descent. The streets are well laid-out, and are planted with oaks, willows, and flowering jacaranda. I greatly admired the Government Buildings of the old

Boer Republic, now occupied by the provincial administration. There are other fine public buildings, but none so outstanding as the Union Government Buildings, a magnificent pile situated on Meintjes Kop and commanding splendid views of the country all around. I thought Pretoria a very beautiful city.

On *Saturday, Twenty-ninth*, Sherriff and I went over with Mr. Stern to see Rev. Lionel B. Fletcher at Germiston. He was very busy, but had made the arrangement specially. He greeted us cordially and graciously, being glad to see Sherriff and Mr. Stern again. I thoroughly enjoyed every minute that we spent with him, noting his graciousness and humility and humour. After a few minutes, he and I were alone in discussion: he had questions to ask me, suggestions to make; and I asked his advice, and told him our plans for the future, in which he was tremendously interested. My friend, Mr. Chapple, had warmly described his personality to me, but my impressions are even more glowing than my friend's warm tributes.

We had a near escape from death on the way back to Pretoria. I called to see Bill Honer, a rollicking Irish friend of mine in the ministry in Boksburg. After we left his house, we passed through Benoni. Two friends of Mr. Stern (sisters) were in the back seat.

We saw a motor lorry approaching us at about thirty to thirty-five miles an hour. Suddenly it

crossed right over our line of approach—ten seconds farther along and we would have been smashed to matchwood. As it was, the heavy lorry bounced on the bank, and, before our horrified eyes, turned two complete somersaults. I guessed immediately what had gone wrong—the steering rod had broken, and it had punctured the hydraulic brake system besides.

We three men rushed over the road. Neither Mr. Stern nor Sherriff saw the terrible sight that I saw first, an Indian with his head shattered. I rushed back to the car to forbid the girls to get out. In the meantime Mr. Stern was bandaging the head of a native, and Sherriff was attending to another fellow. On the lorry there had been an Indian, two natives, and a coloured driver. One of the natives and the coloured driver escaped serious injury. The driver was utterly distraught.

"My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" he kept crying. "Oh, the Indian man is dead: Oh, God, he is dead. What'll I do?"

I tried to soothe him. He told me what happened, and appealed piteously for help. He told me something about the Indian which startled me. It appears that the Indian, a customer of the firm, asked him for a lift to Johannesburg. Just before the accident he looked at his watch, and said,

"Half past twelve—my watch is fast. However, every minute is numbered by God, and every day. We do not live a minute longer than He allows."

He was a Mohammedan and a fatalist. Thirty seconds later, the brains that controlled his speech and formed his words were dashed out on the road. I shudder every time I think of it.

As soon as we got the injured native out of the ditch and sent for the ambulance, I took the driver for a walk. He was a "nearly-white" and very intelligent. But his speech was almost incoherent at first. I pointed out to him that he had been miraculously spared to support his wife and child. I asked him if he had been prepared to die. The coloured folk are naturally religious, and I was not surprised when he told me that he had neglected God. Half an hour later, while we were waiting for the police, I sat beside him in the ditch and listened attentively to his prayer in Afrikaans. He was pleading with God for forgiveness of sin. I believe that the horror of the smash brought him to repentance and saving faith. He vowed his whole life's service to God, and kept assuring me that the Lord had sent me to him in his need.

All day, the memory of the scene was vivid before me—two men in a motor smash: one beyond spiritual help and the other miraculously spared to make his peace with God through Jesus Christ.

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The population of the Transvaal is nearly three and a half million, a quarter of these being Europeans (820,000), Indian and Coloured accounting for 70,000, and the remainder are natives—about

two and a half million. The Transvaal has become more prosperous since the rise in price of gold, and Johannesburg, the biggest city in South Africa, has grown by leaps and bounds.

Some 400,000 natives work in the mines, and these are drawn into service from all over South Africa and Central Africa. Among the natives, many languages are heard—Zulu, Xhosa, Sesuto, and a host of others. The Johannesburg gold-mines provide one of the greatest opportunities for missionary work—perhaps we could say unrivalled anywhere. The men go back to their tribes—sometimes after learning the vices of civilisation: sometimes after learning the way of salvation.

I shall never forget the Sunday morning that I spent in the native compound of the City Deep mine. We started at nine o'clock, gathering a big crowd around us in the open-air. My interpreter was a Mr. Baker, whose knowledge of native ways is profound. By fluent language and by descriptive gesture, he conveyed my message to them—a simple message of the Cross of Christ and the Cleansing of Sin. They listened well. I left Mr. Baker to make an appeal. He got them all kneeling and praying, and then invited those desirous of seeking forgiveness of sin and salvation to come and kneel at a form. Soon twenty men were kneeling in the dust before us. Mr. Baker led them carefully, step by step, to accept salvation. It was heartening

to hear them pray together. These professed converts were of the Xhosa, Shangaan, Bechuana and Basuto tribes.

As the meeting continued, we sang hymns in Zulu. A look of consternation and amazement came over the faces of the European onlookers when I stepped up on the form again, and told the leader to tell the natives that I would sing by myself in Zulu. I sang it correctly, I think; and the natives were delighted. The words were something like this:

Wa ku fel' u Jesu:  
Wa ngi fela mina:  
Wa ha fel' abantu bonke  
Bese ba sindiswe.

I had heard the chorus only twice before that morning, but as it had a "catchy" tune, I soon picked it up. The meaning might be rendered thus:

Jesus died for you  
Jesus died for me:  
Jesus died for all mankind,  
That they saved might be.

ery enthusiastically, they passed a vote of thanks, asking me to return and work with them for three months. I thoroughly enjoyed the meeting.

The Johannesburg campaign was arranged by the Evangelistic Committee of the Witwatersrand Church council, a council representative of the Churches of the district. Mr. Michael Fleming,

evangelistic secretary, carried the heavy end of the organising burden, and carried it well. The campaign was a great success from the commencement, being completed with many hundreds of conversions.

My fondness for Scandinavians in general and for Norwegians in particular has been well-known to my friends around the globe. In almost every place I have asked such folk to come up and shake hands with me. I remember well—it was in Durban—meeting an old Norwegian lady ninety years of age who insisted upon coming to talk to me in Norwegian. I exchanged a few words with both her and her companion, a middle-aged, motherly, warm-hearted Norwegian lady from Port Shepstone. They were both good Christians.

A long time afterwards, I heard the details of their attendance at my meetings. The lady from Port Shepstone had suffered injury in a motor car, and was receiving attention in Durban. As she got better, she came to the meetings. Her youngest daughter was keeping house in her absence, patiently waiting the return of the mistress of the home. Day after day she received a letter from her mother—‘I am enjoying the Orr Campaign so much that I think I’ll stay another day’—and so forth. Finally the daughter wrote to say that she had better stay until the mission was over.

In Johannesburg, a couple of Norwegian girls came up to speak to me. I cross-questioned them

in Norwegian right away, proudly trotting out what little I knew of their mother tongue. The younger of the girls was a sweet young thing dressed in blue—a typical blonde-haired *Norske pige*. Unknown to me, she was the daughter of my Durban friend referred to: and besides that, I discovered that her sister was married to an Irish friend of mine in the ministry. Both parents of these girls were Norwegians who had settled in Natal half a century ago coming from Aalesund in Norway. There were eight children in the family.

All these things interested me greatly, for Norway and things Norwegian have been a great hobby with me. The Norwegian ‘*Girl in Blue*’ and our mutual friends had several meals with me. But I soon discovered that *nationality* was not the only attraction to me—I was dismayed to find that *personality* was an even greater attraction, and worst of all, I was not sleeping very well. These things disturbed me greatly. But as I had made a vow to God that I would remain free for the duration of the world tour, I set about the work of repressing my feelings. On Monday morning, I left Germiston Aerodrome. Among the friends who came to see me off—and the last one to say Good-bye—was the ‘*Girl in Blue*.’

From Johannesburg, I arranged to fly to Bloemfontein, where Sherriff had motored down with the express purpose of making a dash to Queens-town. By any other means of transport it would



have been impossible. I arrived at ten-fifteen at the Bloemfontein Aerodrome to find the indefatigable Stanley Thomas and our good friends Dr. and Mrs. De Wet to welcome me. Sheriff turned up a minute later.

During the long and wearisome drive I confided in Sheriff about the affair which was disturbing my peace of mind.

"Oh, well," said he. "You ought to marry her."

"Don't be an ass," I retorted.

"I'll gladly act as best man," he assured me.

"What's the good of falling in love unless you go and get married?"

"Well," said I, "I'll just fall out of love again, because I vowed that I wouldn't consider it while on this tour."

This resolution was an exceedingly painful one to carry out, but after a couple of long distance calls north, I dug a big hole in Capetown and buried the bitter-sweet affection there.

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Queenstown—8,000 European population—is a beautiful town situated in picturesque country and used as a holiday resort by many South Africans. When we arrived there, people were filling the Town Hall for the meeting. We reached East London, over a hundred miles away, at noon next day. From East London we motored to Grahamstown, and arrived there at 6.30 next evening. On the following Monday morning at

8.40, we motored out of Port Elizabeth and had a tiring journey of 264 miles by car to Beaufort West, an important railway junction and airport. There we had a great time in a crowded meeting, and stayed overnight. Next day, after travelling 309 miles, motored into Capetown about 5.30 p.m., the car covered with dust. Our first business was to see Mr. P. B. Shearing, the hon. organiser of the Capetown Campaign and of the South African tour. Sheriff had already met him, and his adjectives, he assured me, fell far short of the impression he wanted to convey regarding the splendid character of Mr. Shearing. Our hon. organiser is well known in South African business circles as the Managing Director of Stuttford's, a firm known all over the Union.

Like Sheriff, I find myself rather short of adjectives. P. B. Shearing is, first of all, kindness personified: secondly, his calm, cool, collected way of doing things takes the ordinary person's breath away: he is a deeply spiritual man with a remarkable degree of common sense: and he is a sport. The quiet efficiency of his work makes a very deep impression on everyone.

Of the Cape, Sir Francis Drake wrote: "This is a most stately thing, and the fairest Cape we saw in the whole circumference of the earth." Certainly Capetown is situated in most wonderful surroundings. The city was founded by Johan van Riebeck in 1652 as a station of the Dutch East

India Company—at first it was meant to be nothing more than a refitting station, but inevitably it became the gateway to the southern portion of Africa.

The population to-day is 280,000, of which 150,000 are Europeans by descent. The remainder is a mixture of races. Capetown is the legislative capital of South Africa, and is a most important port.

The climate in this part of the globe is somewhat like that of the French Riviera or Naples. There is plenty of sunshine: any rain is of the sudden, heavy variety.

Table Mountain is 3,549 feet high—indeed a very beautiful mountain. The scenery around the peninsular is very attractive. Indeed, I think that the scenery in this part of the Western Province is as beautiful as any elsewhere in Southern Africa. The City itself and its suburbs are well laid out. Sheriff and I, with Miss Shearing and Mr. Rowland (of whom almost everything written of his close associate, P. B. Shearing, could be repeated. He, too, was very kind), went up to the summit of Table Mountain to see the view. It was magnificent—I mean, what we saw of it, the visibility being nothing more than three yards in any direction. What thrilled us, no doubt, was the magnificent grandeur left to the imagination. And so, we descended by the same method whereby we had ascended—the cable car. Some folks have described Table Mountain as incomparable—I did not find it so, for it reminded me strongly of Snowdon,

Wales's highest peak, which (I well remember) was completely draped in clouds with visibility *nil* just like Table Mountain. In fact, the scene which greeted my eyes at the top of Snowdon was exactly the same as at the top of Table Mountain—I could not see anything.

I was thoroughly tired in Capetown. As a matter of fact, I felt so tired that I went to see a doctor, who ordered me off from all meetings, and gave me a bottle of medicine as well. It is possible that this was a decided factor in the Capetown Campaign, for although I went on as usual, I felt exhausted each night and morning.

I went along to Lionel Fletcher's "Farewell to South Africa" service in the Methodist Church and listened to a stirring message to the young people.

Up at Germiston, Mr. Fletcher had told me, with great gusto, of an amusing incident which happened on the Rand. A native was giving evidence in court regarding an accident case, and he rather convulsed the court by saying that it was the fault of "a Presbyterian." He meant *pedestrian*, of course. The magistrate thereupon told the native, "You don't know what a Presbyterian is," and the native, still thinking *pedestrian* insisted that he did. Finally, when pressed for his definition, the native explained that "a Presbyterian is a man that doesn't know where he is going."

Now in Capetown, in one of my addresses, I made reference to some Presbyterian friends, and

then—with accurate detail—recounted the incident referred to. I made no mention of Mr. Fletcher in it. Next evening, at his farewell, what happened but that the Empire Evangelist told his audience about the native and his Presbyterian, recounting the story in precisely the same words that I had used publicly. I felt my face getting warmer and warmer: Sheriff sniggered beside me: the crowd laughed a great deal more when Mr. Fletcher told the story than when I did: and I noticed that the chairman gave me a distinct grimace of amusement. If ever Mr. Fletcher sees this in print, he can take it as an apology—I will never do it again.

Next day, Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher sailed away home to England. They left a trail of blessing behind them, many thousands being won for Christ during their all-too-brief, second visit.

Mr. Fletcher caught my arm that evening in the Methodist Church and said:

"I say, I want you to meet a converted prize fighter. . . ."

And I shook hands with a convert of the Lionel Fletcher Capetown Campaign. The pugilist immediately told us:

"And my mate, another boxer, was converted in Mr. Orr's meeting the night before last."

After closing meetings in Stellenbosch—a beauty spot and a University centre—we motored back to Capetown, our last journey in South Africa.

\* \* \* \* \*

The ignorance found in all parts of the world regarding South Africa gives me the *raison d'être* for these details of information to which I add my own impressions.

A friend of mine, a South African lady, went to visit some people in the United States. One of her hostesses came to the train to meet her, but was unfortunately handicapped by the fact of never having met her guest. The hostess waited on the platform: so did the guest: and at last the guest made known her name. Her hostess was much embarrassed.

"I thought you would be black—are not South Africans black?"

And Americans are no worse than British people. Mention the Ivory Coast to some Englishmen, and they will say:

"Oh, yes. It's in the *Empire* somewhere. It's in *Africa*, I believe."

Whereas it belongs to France.

South Africa may be properly described as that part of the Dark Continent to the south of the Zambesi—but as the Union of South Africa, a much smaller area, is often called *South Africa*, the term that we shall use is *Southern Africa*.

The earliest inhabitants of Southern Africa were in all probability the Bushmen, primitive people living by hunting just as they do in the Kalahari Desert to this day. The Hottentot, a stage further advanced, is rapidly dying out. There are certain

similarities between the Hottentot and the more primitive Bushmen. Their languages are extremely primitive, and abound in "clicks" and peculiar sounds. These people must not be confused with the dark-skinned Bantu tribes. Both Hottentot and Bushmen possess yellowish skins.

The origin of the majority of natives in Southern Africa—the Bantu—is obscure. They are distinct from the pure negroes—some say that they are negroes with a strong admixture of Hamitic blood from Egypt. It will surprise most people to know that the Bantu peoples are recent invaders of Southern Africa—indeed white men had settled in the Cape before the Bantu tribes had conquered what is now Zululand. The Bantu tribes came across the Zambesi in two distinct lines of march. The name *Bantu* has been given to all the peoples of kindred language—including Xosa, Zulu, Sesuto, Karanga, there being 274 different dialects.

In the meantime, Dutch settlers arrived at the Cape, followed by English. Their advance north and east put a barrier in the way of the conquering Bantu tribes. Bantu history, from that period onwards, is the story of war and conquest, the rise and fall of kingdoms, the massacre of whole tribes, indeed a bloodthirsty record. Zululand was incorporated in Natal: the Transkei is administered by the Cape: but Basutoland, Swaziland and Bechuanaland are direct Protectorates of the British Crown.

Missionary enterprise with the arrival of the Moravian, George Schmidt, in 1737: but he was driven out by the Dutch, who refused permission to build churches for the natives until the arrival of the British. Since then, the London Missionary Society, the Wesleyans, the Rhenish Mission, the Paris Evangelical Society, and the Berlin Mission have set up work which rapidly succeeded. The Anglicans spread their work from 1848: and the Dutch Reformed Church has done a great work among the Coloured people. Missionary effort has been the pioneer in the matter of native education.

There are two million or more white people in Southern Africa. Portugal was the first European country to take an interest in Southern Africa (1486). A century later the Dutch fought the Portuguese and began to drive them off the seas. Then followed the British, who finally took the Cape in 1806, and nine years later British possession was ratified by the payment to Holland of £6,000,000. At this time the population was 26,700 Europeans, holding as many slaves. The condition of the Colony greatly improved, but friction between the Government and the Boers culminated in the great Boer Trek of 1835, resulting in the foundation of the Orange Free State and the Transvaal.

In 1876, the independent government of the Transvaal was at the end of its resources: its exchequer was empty: and Cetewayo was preparing to pour his Zulu armies into the country. So

to save the country from collapse, and to prevent a massacre of the white population, Sir Theophilus Shepstone annexed the Transvaal. A promise of home-rule was given (1877) which, had it been carried out, might have made the Dutch settlers loyal citizens of the Empire. Rebellion came in 1880, and Britain gave up the country again. Friction continued with blame on both sides, until Dr. Jameson's raid in 1895. In 1899, the Uitlanders appealed to Queen Victoria against the Transvaal Government: and a few months later, the Transvaal and the Free State declared war. Both sides, of course, justify themselves: but one good thing that came out of the evil was the Union of South Africa in 1910, uniting Cape Colony, Natal, Orange Free State, and the Transvaal. One factor causing a great deal of bitter racial animosity was the memory of the concentration camps—a harsh measure designed to bring to a close the continued fighting. But it has been truthfully said that English-speaking and Dutch-speaking South Africans would have settled down long ago had it not been for party interests trying to keep the bitterness alive. In 1933 the two leading parties, broadly-speaking representing the two sections of Europeans, formed a Coalition and then fused, bringing (some say) political peace hitherto unrealised in South Africa. Comparative prosperity has come to the country since 1933 when the Gold Standard was abandoned.

At the present time, the population of the Union of South Africa consists of about two million Europeans and eight million natives and half-castes. The official languages are English and Afrikaans—the latter is extremely easy to learn. The census showed that 57% of the Europeans were Afrikaans; 34% British and British Colonial, 4% Jews, 2½% Germans, ½% Hollanders. English is understood over the greater part of South Africa. Bilingualism is increasing. It is noteworthy that the first authorised Afrikaans version of the Scriptures made its appearance as late as 1933. The Afrikaans Bible, published by the British and Foreign Bible Society, aided by the Afrikaans Churches is a masterpiece of literary effort. Over a quarter of a million copies were sold in the first year.

Many people have asked me for a comparison between South Africa and other countries. Here are a few ideas.

First of all: South Africa is *not* and never will be a white man's country. It may be a country dominated by white men, but it is not a white man's country like Australia or Canada. The Europeans are outnumbered by 4 to 1: and the natives are increasing much more rapidly than the whites. South Africa benefits from a superabundance of cheap labour and suffers from it, too.

Of course, there are many sides to the question of colour prejudice. It is a bread-and-butter matter,

for unless the native and coloured person is made "to keep his place" someday he may displace the white man. In Natal, there is a great outcry against the Indians. But who brought the Indians there? The white man who wanted cheap labour. In the Cape, comments are made about the increasing number of coloured people. Who brought them there? The white man's interest in native woman is the cause. The Bantus themselves are very intelligent, and respond tremendously to education. So that, either they must be kept ignorant or else they will demand a share of civilised life that the white man is not prepared to give them. My sympathies are with South African legislators—they have evergrowing, complex problems to deal with year by year.

Another feature of South African life which makes it different from other Dominions is the number of small towns. The Afrikaner is more responsible for this than the Englishman. There are no cities over half a million in population; and there are only three over quarter of a million. But small towns are scattered throughout the country—a splendid idea for the development of the country. But South Africa's population will always be limited by the lack of water.

But I believe that South Africa has a great future. It has multiple problems; but it has also the strength of character of both Boer and Briton now working for the common weal. It has a fair

share of statesmen, now happily uninterested in racial self-seeking. Hertzog and Smuts the world knows; but I might predict that Jan Hofmeyr—incidentally a devout Christian—is a coming leader. One rather looks for Christian leaders, for South Africa is one of the most religious countries of the world.

## CHAPTER XX

### MORE ROMANTIC JOURNEYINGS

It is September 28, 1936.

I am on board the R.M.M.V. *Stirling Castle* which is homeward bound after breaking the England-South Africa record. We are travelling north-west at the speed of twenty knots—and we expect to break the homeward record as well. A large party of South African friends were down at the quayside to see us off. Nobody in England knows that we are on board this vessel, believing us to be on a later boat, so we are anticipating a surprise arrival in London.

Away to starboard, is South Africa—a direct easterly line from here would cross the Zambesi, where this narrative began. Some day I hope to go back again with all the zeal of re-visiting interesting spots.

September 28: that puts me in a reminiscent mood. It is the fulfilment of a vow, a vow that

was made in fear and trembling three years ago exactly. Here is the flyleaf of my Bible:—

"*The Promises of God are sure—if you only believe*":  
the dying words of General Booth.

Satisfactorily proved in:—

Northern Ireland	Bulgaria
England	Rumania
Irish Free State	Turkey
Scotland	Greece
Wales	Palestine
Norway	Italy
Denmark	Spain
Sweden	Portugal
Finland	Newfoundland
Soviet Russia	Canada
Estonia	United States
Latvia	Mexico
Lithuania	Cuba
Danzig Free State	Jamaica
Poland	Colombia
Germany	Panama
Holland	New Zealand
Belgium	Australia
France	South Africa
Switzerland	Northern Rhodesia
Czechoslovakia	Southern Rhodesia
Austria	Bechuanaland
Hungary	South West Africa
Jugoslavia	Madeira

\* \* \* \* \*

And so the travelling is about to finish and with it the preaching.

Quite as important as the itinerant ministry of preaching has been the ministry of the pen. My publishers will not mind my declaring that they hesitated a long time on the problem—this unknown Edwin Orr's books, to be or not to be—published. I told the friendly but cautious publishing director—"I know that it seems out of the question, but I feel that the proposition is of the Lord: I'll write you a series of *seven* books and you'll publish at least a quarter of a million of them." That was regarded as another of my jokes—but now the 250,000 figure has been passed. I have known of many, many conversions through those books: and of much eagerness for revival: to God be the praise. I know that the earlier books contain much that is immature and imperfect: but at least they are honest pictures. It may interest critics to know that the author does not touch the royalties for personal purposes, but instead supports a number of missionaries in different parts of the world thereby.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sheriff and I had a very happy voyage home, and we had the added thrill of being on the ship when she broke the record. We went one better. Being the first through the Customs with our two suitcases, we hired a taxi, caught the express train from Southampton Central Station, and were

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in London an hour and a half before anyone else from Capetown. From the first moment, we had a royal welcome back. Certain friends had arranged a Welcome Back Luncheon followed by a Public Meeting of Welcome in the Central Hall, Westminster. To restrict the numbers, tickets were issued for the Public Meeting: and weeks before the event, the organisers were turning down applications . . . some 1,500 applications were refused. 4,000 people gathered.

Here is a newspaper cutting from the London *News Chronicle*, by Hugh Redwood. . . .

*The least conspicuous figure on the platform at the Westminster Central Hall last night was the man whom everyone came to hear. And they came in astonishing numbers. They filled the great main hall to capacity and they filled the overflow accommodation below.*

In the presence of this assembly sat Edwin Orr, 24 years of age, until a few years ago a Belfast clerk, now an evangelist of world-wide repute. . . .

Only a boy to look at, and a little chap at that. But when he arose to his feet he became a flame and a scourge—still very much of a boy in his speech, but a boy ablaze with conviction, and perhaps in some danger of burning himself out, though he won't mind taking the risk. . . .

When this great meeting was over, I was tired out. Beside it, I had to tackle similar gatherings in Cardiff, Belfast and Glasgow. Accompanying me on this trip were Sheriff, Stanley Donnan, Evan John, and A. J. Russell. Sheriff needs no introduction; Donnan, readers will remember as the clever young evangelist who was with me in 1934; Evan John is a converted Welsh opera singer; and A. J. Russell is world-famous as the author of *For Sinners Only*—a delightful man whose friendship dwarfs the many theological debates that I have with him. We made a happy crowd.

Our first stop motoring was Shrewsbury, where we called on a splendid friend, the police constable who had befriended me years before. Then up north. We had an all-night run through to Stranraer: over to Belfast: then to Glasgow: then to my Uncle's house in the Tyne Valley.

At this time, there were many hundreds of letters awaiting attention. My doctor told me that I badly needed rest, so I resolved to disappear quietly. Making a rendezvous in Newcastle—secretly—with Donnan and John, we took the fast motor-vessel, the *Venus*, to Bergen in Norway. We had some fun.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Aaaaaaaaah."

"What's the matter?"

"Ooooooooooh."

"Is anything wrong?"



Stanley Donnan laughed sympathetically at my question.

"It's Evan—he's feeling seasick."

"What about yourself, Stanley?"

"Oh, I'm all right."

Not long afterwards, Donnan felt the same. I escaped.

We were all glad to reach Bergen, for the North Sea is not pleasant in the middle of the winter. I was the only one with an appetite. At last we got to Oslo—what a thrill it gave me. Loving Norway as I do, thinking the world of Norwegians—well, I felt delighted.

"Brother Orr, Brother Orr," said the first friends we met, "we are so glad that you have come to Norway for a rest. You will have a nice, quiet rest here. But we hope that you will speak at our meeting to-morrow night, and . . ."

There was obviously no rest to be found in Oslo, so we disappeared again, this time to Brumunddal, in Hedmark. Donnan and John stayed with Doktor Lundby, who made an excellent host: and I stayed with my old friend, Alfred Dahl.

I remember walking along the road with Donnan and John. It was cold, so we stepped out briskly to keep warm. To our great surprise, along came a very ancient Ford—an old T-model of twelve years' standing. To my surprise, Evan's surprise, the driver's surprise, and the passenger's surprise, Donnan raised his hat very politely.

"What did you do that for?" I asked.

"Aw, y'never know," he replied, "it may be on its last journey."

All three of us spent our time chiefly in exploring the country. It was healthy, and it was interesting: and so we visited lakes and hills, all the while relishing every contact with the wonderful Norwegian people. They have a droll sense of humour: and of course, we managed to see the funny side of everything. How would you like to be informed, as we were:

"Ycs, my friends, I speak English very good and muchly. Vill you please seet down very much? Ja, tank you, tank you."

Perhaps their mistakes in English were no worse than ours in Norsk. Many Norwegians speak excellent English. I was delighted to notice that Donnan and John had been so quickly converted to my point of view—great admiration for Norwegians, one and all.

Leaving Donnan and John preaching<sup>1</sup> in the district, I made a long trip north, still in search of peace and quiet. I decided to go up to the Arctic regions—through Oslo, Örebro, Stockholm, Kiruna (in Lapland) to Narvik—on the coast. In Örebro, I spoke at the College: and in Stockholm, I had many friendly contacts—one outstanding one was with Prince Oscar Bernadotte,

<sup>1</sup> They had a most successful time in many parts of Norway, and had the honour of being received by King Haakon.

the brother of the King of Sweden and an excellent Christian man.

It was bitterly cold when I reached Kiruna. Deep snow lay everywhere. I did not stay long enough to inspect the iron ore mines there. At last, I crossed the border into Polar Norway, and reached Narvik. Bjarne Taranger and a party of friends had come to meet me.

"Oh, we are so glad to see you in North Norway," they assured me. "We are so glad that you have come up here to the Far North for a rest. We have arranged a meeting to-night for you at eight o'clock: and then another in the local cinema at eleven until after midnight: and another to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock: and one at five in the afternoon: and another at eight o'clock in the evening. And we can arrange more as soon as we know how long you will stay. We are so glad you have come to North Norway for a rest."

It was dark all day and all night in the Polar regions. The sun had set—as far as Narvik was concerned—in Middle November, and it would not rise again till mid-February. It was cold, too—plenty of snow everywhere. I stayed with friends of Bjarne's and greatly enjoyed it. Bjarne had come all the way from the island of Sommaroy to meet me. We had a local revival in the Narvik churches. But I was unable to stay—I was afraid of my health.

\* \* \* \* \*

It so happened that when I stayed with Alfred Dahl, he was on his honeymoon. He and his charming little bride had just set up house together. It made me feel my loneliness all the more. Then I went to the house of a doctor friend—he too was just married and was very happy. So while up in the Far North I gave much thought to the question of marriage. It will be admitted that I had reason to be lonely after travelling for thousands and tens of thousands of miles around the world without the comfort of a permanent home. I had vowed that I would stay free for the duration of my world tour—now that it was over, why not look for a wife? The thought made me extremely nervous.

I remembered hearing of an Irishman who was told by the priest:

"You ought to get a wife, Dan."

"Ah, sure, father, and I might get a bad one."

"Now Dan, you ought to trust to Providence."

"Ah, yes, father, but hasn't Providence to get rid of the bad ones as well as the good ones?"

The thought of Providence making a bad choice for me did not enter into my calculations at all. I was scared more by the thought of the latitude which Providence sometimes allows when a man insists on his own way in making a choice of this sort. And I was also thinking of the many blunders made by Christians who *thought* that they were in God's will.

However, after many days of mental turmoil, a comforting thought came with memories of days in Latvia. A Latvian friend of mine was discussing the question of marriage with me.

"But," I had asked, "would you not be afraid of getting the wrong girl?"

"Fancy a question like that from you, Orr!" he said.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, your favourite text in my church has been 'My God shall supply all your need—' Well, if I felt convinced that I ought to be married, I would simply kneel down, and pray 'Lord, send me a wife.' And in good time, there would be my wife."

"Splendid," said I. "But would not that be very *unromantic*?"

"God would provide the romance, too," was the substance of his reply.

To make a long story short, in the Far North I decided to pray for a wife—and all the while I was not a bit in love with anybody. I was still hopelessly bewildered when I reached Copenhagen. Unable to keep the problem to myself any longer, I unburdened myself to one of my special friends.

"Well," said he. "You were a factor in my getting right with God. I had a problem, and two years ago, when I talked with you, this is what you said. You said: '*If you are willing for God's will, God will make His will known to you.*'"

*And remember, God generally gives guidance enough only for the first step. You must step out by faith.*"

Now, brother Orr, are you willing, to surrender your loneliness to God, and apply the words that God gave you to your own problem?"

I had no choice. I let go my own ideas, asked God for a wife, and asked Him what to do. As is inevitable in such cases, several of my choicest girl friends came to mind, but the guidance seemed to be a thing apart from my own desires at the time.

"Go by the next boat to South Africa."

I knew what that meant. Before I left Copenhagen, I went with another Danish friend to the Telegraph office, and cabled South Africa—telling the little '*girl in blue*' that I was coming out in the New Year, etc., using Norwegian.

"Well," said my friend, "who is she?"

"She," I explained, "is a Scandinavian—Norwegian actually."

"And are you hopeful of getting 'Ja' as an answer?"

"Humanly speaking, *no*. Everything is against it now. But I cabled because I thought it was God's will: and I am sure that *He* will manage it."

"I hope—sincerely I hope that you get 'Ja' for an answer."

That night I crossed the Kattegat to Sweden. It was a starry night, and I was supremely happy.

I smiled when I pictured the consternation that my cablegram would cause—but I had not a shadow of doubt as to the ultimate sequel. Next evening I was talking to Donnan in Norway.

"Well, old man, I have good news for you. I am getting married in the New Year."

He thought I was jesting.

"Well, all right then," he said at length. "Whom are you marrying?"

I told him.

"But when did you ask her?"

I explained about the cablegram.

"But you can't have had an answer!"

I told him no.

"How do you know she'll have you?"

I said that I did not deserve her, but that God would persuade her, no doubt.

"But if she says no, what will you do?"

"I don't know. But we'll see."

And in due course—I had given a Norwegian address—the reply came. I was visiting friends some distance away. Donnan phoned me.

"I have got your cablegram," he said excitedly.

"All right. Read it to me."

There was a long pause.

"Agh, man. It's in Norwegian and I can't make it out."

"All right. Just stick it under Alfred Dahl's door, please, and I'll get it there in three hours' time."

An hour later my host had occasion to ring Stanley Donnan's host.

"Ask Donnan to speak to me," I asked.

"Here you are!"

"Hallo, is that you, Stanley? Orr speaking."

"Yes."

"Did you put that cablegram under the door?"

"Ye-es."

"Agh, you *paghal*. I'm sure you took it home *first* and translated it with your Norsk-English dictionary."

He laughed quietly.

"How did you know, Edwin?"

"Well, that's what I would have done myself, Stanley, if I had been you."

"Well, Edwin, it says something like this. 'I am undecided, but if you come, you are welcome.' And he read it through."

"Hurrah," said I. "That means I'll go by the first boat."

"Agh but you are a terrible man," was Donnan's only comment.

When I had time to think, I understood why my *intended* was undecided. We were barely acquainted for one thing. But, if this were the woman of God's choice, what was the good of worrying?

I caught the train to Oslo, crossed Norway to Bergen, caught the *Venus* to England, arrived in London, told my friends that I was going for a cruise, told mother that I would bring her back

a daughter-in-law, and secured a berth on the *Carnarvon Castle* the day before she sailed. I wired the 'Girl in Blue' saying that I would "arrive in the New Year, spend three weeks there, return *Stirling Castle*"—finishing the magnificent effort in Norwegian with the words "I hope also with you." Before the ship left Southampton, I got off again and booked a return cabin for Mr. and Mrs. J. Edwin Orr, paying the money to Cook's Southampton office.

\* \* \* \* \*

January seventh, one nine three seven.

I was excited. The old train was puffing its way towards Port Shepstone and very soon I would see my girl. I kept thinking one hundred and one things—"What shall I say first of all?" . . . "I wonder what she'll look like." . . . "I suppose she'll be like her photograph." . . . "Hope my tie keeps straight" . . . etc. How foolish a man's thoughts appear when written in black and white.

I cast my mind back of the past four days since I had arrived at Capetown. It was pleasant to think of the surprise I had caused, with people turning round in the street to stare incredulously. A lady and her daughter had passed me in Stuttaford's. They were strangers to me.

"Look, mother. There's Edwin Orr."

"Don't be silly, my dear," the good lady had replied.

There were similar surprises in Bloemfontein and Durban. The four days, journeying northwards had gone on quickly, and now I was near my destination—now the ten thousand miles in search of a wife were nearly complete.

"Supposing she says no?" . . . "Supposing she says 'wait for four years'?" . . . "Supposing she doesn't care for you enough?" . . . "Supposing you don't care for her?" . . . "Oh, well—it won't be hard to love the girl of God's choice."

The old train puffed onwards—it did not seem to be in as great a hurry to get to Port Shepstone as I was. At last we drew up in Port Shepstone station.

And what a disappointment!

I thought that Port Shepstone would be a huge metropolis, and it wasn't.

But there were two figures that caught my eye. A young Methodist minister and his church organist—the latter being the subject of all my thought. We shook hands gravely. They took me to a private hotel, and, owing to overcrowding, I stayed in a little room where there was not enough space to change my mind if I so desired. But I had not any such desire.

We fell in love all right. But the question of an early wedding seemed more than improbable—it was remote indeed. And even when her father motored us up to Isipingo to stay with her mother

there, the outlook looked bleak instead of rosy. I stuck to my guns, metaphorically speaking.

\* \* \* \* \*

Our engagement was announced on Sunday, January tenth. We were quietly married in Christ Church, Addington, Durban, on Friday, fifteenth—my birthday, and the anniversary of the day of my conversion. The news got out. We were quite overwhelmed with goodness right away, and were receiving shoals of messages. So our good friends the Clarks motored us up to Sarnia for a quiet little honeymoon.

At the private reception we had one good laugh. Certain good friends of ours sent us a telegram and were not careful with the punctuation. It closed, (changing the name), with the words, 'The Lord bless thee and keep thee from the Smith family.'

The Natal Mercury published an excellent photograph, with a large caption, "Ten Thousand Miles to Claim a Bride: Irish Author Marries Natal Girl." So there was no reason for keeping quiet any more. I consented to speak at a specially arranged Godspeed meeting. My Irish nature took full advantage of the opportunities for humour.

"I intend, my friends, to let you into some secrets."

There was an appreciative murmur throughout the packed-out hall.

"After I arrived in Port Shepstone, I took her a walk along the banks of the Umzimkulu River—"

One could have heard a pin drop.

"We sat down under a tree—"

Some people began to smile, but all were silent as mice.

"And what do you think happened?"

It was a tense moment. Then I told them the secret.

"What do you think happened? Why, a mosquito bit me on the back of the neck!"

Our Norwegian mother especially was sorry to say good-bye to her little girl: so were the others in the family. But we had to leave Durban for Capetown to catch the *Stirling Castle*, and we had big meetings of Godspeed in Bloemfontein and Capetown. Carol and I caught the boat on Friday a fortnight after the wedding.

\* \* \* \* \*

I am writing this on the Royal Mail Motor Vessel, *Stirling Castle*. We are lying off the Isle of Wight, and to-morrow my wife and I hope to step ashore at Southampton. My mind goes back over this manuscript. It is the story of one hundred thousand miles of answered prayer. It has a happy ending, but there is a simple moral behind the story. Such things happen, in answer to prayer.

There is a God. His Son died to save us from our sins. Sinners such as we admit we are *can* be reconciled to God. God answers the prayers of His children.

O be ye reconciled to God.



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